The Palmer Journal.

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C. B. FISKE & CO.

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J. W. BOWEN, Editor *Enquirer*.
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LEGRO'S TOOTH POWDER
Is taking the place of all others.
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CALL AND INSPECT, FOR IT IS WELL WORTH A VISIT.

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SICK HEADACHE
POSITIVELY CURED BY THESE LITTLE PILLS.
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ONLY ONE PILL A DOSE.
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Is made of the PUREST, CLEANEST and BEST MATERIALS. For the Laundry, Bath or Toilet it has no rival, saving many times its cost to any household in clothes. The price is less than for inferior soaps of equal weight. Send 20 trade marks from wrappers and get handsome Christmas picture.
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COFFINS, CASKETS, BURIAL ROBES, Etc.
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DR. ELMER E. HILL,
DENTIST,
HATCH'S BLOCK, PALMER, MASS.

A Memory.

Last night, as I sat in the shadows
That gathered on woodland and hill,
I heard, ringing out in the distance,
A whistle so clear and so shrill

That it startled me from my dreaming,
Well I knew 'twas a lover's song
That was whistled in time to heart-beats,
And hurried his footsteps along.

'Twas the old-time song, "Mollie Darling,"
And over and over again
The clear notes rang out in the stillness
And echoed o'er hilltop and glen.

I wondered if she would be waiting
And watching for him at the gate,
And thinking how fondly she'd chide him
For being a few minutes late.

The notes died away in the distance,
I was humming the sweet refrain,
I was wiping away the tear-drops
And fighting the old-time pain.

I pride myself in forgetting,
But the notes of that dear old time
Had opened the flood gates of mem'ry
And brought back that far-away June.

The years had rolled back and I waited
To hear his dear whistle again,
The signal to tell he was coming
To greet me, my king among men.

—*Florence A. Jones, in St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

JACK DOANE.

Jack Doane had always been considered a dull boy by his teachers, by the neighbors, and by his father. He was 17, and James, a younger brother was 15, and a remarkably bright boy. His father destined him for the law, but Jack was to settle down on the farm. He was only fit for a farmer. The farm was situated half a mile from Olean, where the boys attended school. They had completed their studies in the public school, and were now ready for the academy.

Jack was dull; everybody said so—that is, every one except his mother. She seemed to understand Jack and to have confidence in him. She knew that he was slow, but she had learned that he could be depended upon. Father Doane had determined that Jack should go to work on the farm. But Jack possessed a dogged determination; he had decided to go through the academy, and he enlisted his mother on his side, and between them they prevailed, and the opening of our story sees both boys beginning a three-years' course—James at the head of the class, and a great favorite, Jack at the foot, and regarded as very dull, to say the least.

Jack excelled in one thing—mathematics. He was slow, to be sure, but he mastered every principle as he went along. He labored under one great difficulty in school. He could not explain the principles fluently and clearly, but he could work the most intricate problems, give him time. He never gave up. Once he worked two weeks on a test problem given to the class, and he solved it but never made it known. Jack never got the credit he deserved. Often he would come home with his teacher's harsh words ringing in his ears and his schoolmates' sneers rankling in his heart, and found consolation in his mother's hopeful words.

'Never mind, Jack,' said she; 'you will come out all right. The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. You have perseverance and determination; you are steady, sober and earnest, and these very qualities will bring you through. Remember the fate of the hare and the tortoise.'

And then she would tell him of eminent dunces, such as Sir Isaac Newton, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Scott, Dean Swift, Gibbon, Dryden, Shakespeare, Milton and Daniel Webster. These were all dull boys at school; they could not be crammed with knowledge; they had to reason and think out their conclusions.

And Jack would be comforted, and go out from his mother's presence with lifted head and brave heart, resolved that he would not disappoint her in any particular. And so he plodded on the three years, studing hard and faithfully, and never leaving a lesson until it was mastered. He was never content to leave anything until he fairly understood it, and this, more than anything else, caused him to fall behind his class, so that at the end of the course he failed to pass.

It was observed in the final examination that he was perfect up to the last year, not missing a question, but beyond this he stood low. His brother James graduated with great eclat, however, and went into the office of Briggs & Morton to study law. Jack staid one year longer at the academy, and graduated, and then came the trial of his life.

The day after his graduation he requested his father to send him to the——Scientific Institute. Mr. Doane looked at him in astonishment.

'I won't do it!' he exclaimed, in anger; 'you are only fit to be a farmer, and you have education enough for that. I've spent all the money for your education that I intend to, and you might as well settle down on the farm and go to work; I'll give you a good chance.'

But this was not Jack's plan. He had determined his course, and nothing could drive him from it. He acquainted his mother with his intentions, quietly packed his clothes that night, and the next morning left home before any of the family were stirring. His disappearance caused nine-days' talk, and then the matter dropped. Mr. Doane made no effort to find him, saying, "He'll be glad enough to come back of his own accord." His mother kept her own counsel, and Jack thought of her with a lump in his throat, for he knew that the $150 he had in his pocket represented the accumulated savings of 20 years of her life.

* * * * * *

Five years had passed away, and not a word had been heard from Jack. James had been admitted to the bar, and settled down to a small practice in Olean, was a jolly good fellow, a favorite with the ladies and society generally, but the more staid citizens began to whisper that he was getting too fond of the glass. It was only a whisper, and most of the people resented the insinuation. He was still the most brillant, fascinating member of the bar and the pride of Farmer Done in partienlar.

The railroad boom had reached Olean and citizens rushed recklessly into speculation. Farmer Doane had taken $10,000 of stock in the new road, which was to make Olean a large city and its citizens all millionaires. But the bubble burst before it had been fairly blown, and the farm was advertised to be sold by the sheriff. The process by which this was affected was a long one, occupying some months, and they were sad ones to Farmer Doane and his wife. James upbraided him for his folly, and declared that he deserved to lose his farm.

"If Jack was only here," said Mrs. Doane, he would be such a comfort—something to lean upon."

"Jack is a worthless dog," said Farmer Done, in reply, "and I'll warrant is begging his daily bread, or working for his board at best! He would be a poor stick to lean on."

The day of sale came, and a large crowd was attracted to the farm, for it was the best farm in the county, well worth $20,000, but these close times, and at a public sale, would not bring much over half that amount.

The bidding was slow. A stranger in the crowd, with his overcoat buttoned up around his ears and his cap pulled down well over his eyes, watched the bidding closely, until it reached $10,000. This was the bid of Mr. Wyant, the rich banker of Olean, and he chuckled as he thought of the rich chance the speculation offered. No one, he thought, could go much above this. The farm would be his, and in three years he would double his money. But his exultation was cut short by the clear, firm voice of the stranger:

"Eleven thousand!"

Banker Wyant caught his breath at the audacity of a man who would advance $1000 at on bid, the auctioneer dwelt on the $11,000 for some time before the banker recovered enough to make another bid of $11,100. But this was promptly supplanted by the stranger's $11,200. The bidding now was left entirely to these two, and it went up gradually slower until it was knocked down at $12,100 to the stranger.

"What name, sir?" asked the clerk.

"Jack Doane," was the quiet reply.

But if the answer was quiet the sudden commotion it created was not. In a minute he was surrounded by fifty old acquaintances all trying to shake his hand and asking a thousand questions. Jack stood it all calmly, and finally shook himself loose and strode toward the house, but half-way there he met his mother, and behind her his father, who had heard, as they sat in the darkened room mourning over their misfortunes, that Jack was the purchaser of the farm.

Never did the village of Olean experience such a sensation. It was just like a novel, every one said, when they learned that Jack had developed into one of the best civil engineers in the country, and had cleared $20,000 by superintending the opening of the great —— silver mine in Colorado, and was now engaged at a salary of $8000, in the construction of an important railway of the West. He was a tall, solid, splendid-looking man, who looked as if he knew what foundation he was standing on, and that it was sure.

Jack deeded the farm to his mother, telling her it was "only principal and interest on the loan you made me when I left home, and a little payment on the motherly comfort you afforded me during stupid, plodding school days."

Inquiry among Jack's employers revealed the fact that the high-priced quality in Jack's composition was his deliberation.

"You can depend implicitly," said the principal owner in the mine referred to, "on all of Jack's decisions, for he won't make one until he knows he is right. I've been out of patience several times at his apparent slowness, but found him right every time. He never made a mistake and we never wasted any labor. In the end we came out ahead of other enterprises with less careful engineers at their head. Jack is worth his weight in gold."

Jack is still at his profession, and stands at the head of it. No large enterprises are undertaken without consulting him. Riches have come to him almost unasked, and for all he gives his mother entire credit.

James sank into dissipation, lost his practice, and is indebted to Jack for a position that affords him a livelihood.

Over the door of the handsome villa in which Jack resides, with a loving wife, he has placed a motto:

"THE RACE IS NOT TO THE SWIFT."

HOW TO DUST A ROOM.

The proper way to dust a room is to begin with the walls. Pin several thicknesses of cloth over a broom and sweep the walls down thoroughly, leaving, at the same time, all the doors and windows open. The matter of sweeping the walls is important, and should be done once a week in rooms that are much used. Then, with a damp cloth, wipe off the picture cords or wires, the backs of all the picture frames. If there is any danger of injuring pictures or frames with a damp cloth, use a dry one, but wipe them all off carefully.

As often as you can get a good draught which will carry the dust out of the window, shake and beat the curtains, whether they be Holland lace, or what-not, for they are prime sinners in the matter of harboring dust. The window—sash, sill and glass—should also receive attention. Use a large cloth, with half of it well dampened for dusting, the dry end being useful to wipe off small articles that might be injured by dampness—and be careful that you manipulate the cloth so as to wipe the dust into it and keep it there. If it gets dirty, have a clean one, and always wash them out and scald them after using.

If there are inside shutters to the windows they need to be cared for almost as tenderly as a baby. A thorough cleaning every week, carefully wiping both upper and under sides of the slats, is the only thing that will keep them in decent order. A room is not thoroughly dusted until all the furniture and woodwork and gas fixtures have been cleaned with a damp duster. Upholstered furniture should be taken out, brushed all over and then wiped with the damp cloth, not forgetting the under side.

AN AFFECTIONATE WIFE.—In several of the villages of the Pyrennees the mountaineers are in the habit of training animals for the purpose of exhibition. The perfect of Perpignan passed through one of them in company with an official of gendarmes. The latter pointed out to the magistrate a woman whose husband—a bear trainer—had been devoured by his pupil at a moment when instinct got the better of education.

"I have nothing left said the woman;" "I am absolutely without a roof to shelter me and the poor animal."

"Animal!" exclaimed the astonished prefect; "you don't mean to say that you keep the bear that devoured your husband?"

"Alas!" she replied, "it's all that is left to me of the poor dear man."

Force of Habit.—Elder Darkcloud—"I moshun to app'int Brudder Simpson to tek up de collection!" Dominie Hardpan—"What yer got ter say ter dat, Brudder Simpson (who has been sleeping)—"Not guilty your honor!"—*San Francisco Wasp.*

Marguerite.

Contented in her golden cage,
Freedom denied, with temper sweet,
In storm and calm, she flits and sings—
My pet canary, Marguerite.

Fair captive, when life's whelming cares
Invest my weary, struggling feet,
May I a lesson learn of thee—
My pretty, patient Marguerite.

MR ALICE WEAVER.

WORSE THAN THE STAKE.

We had camped down on the plains of Texas one noon to boil a cup of coffee and get a bite to eat, and while Private Malony was getting the coffee ready three or four of the men stretched out for a quarter of an hour's sleep, says a New York Sun writer. There were seven of us, United States dragoons, searching for some horses which had broken away, and "Big George," as we called him, who was a sergeant, was in command. I was very wide wake, having caught sight of a snake moving off as we came up, and as the sergeant lay on his back, his face sheltered from the sun, I looked him over and admired his proportions. He was a man who stood exactly six feet tall in his stockings, weighed 218 pounds, and it was no trick at all for him to take two of the strongest men in the regiment and hold them at arm's length or dance them about like little puppets.

It might have been 10 minutes after he lay down that I suddenly caught sight of a tarantula on his breast—the largest and most horriable looking specimen I ever saw, and I lived for seven years among them. The sergeant had on the regulation calvalry jacket, and it was buttoned all the way up. He lay on the broad of his back, arms down beside him, and I had no sooner caught sight of the big spider than I saw that the men's eyes, which I could see under his red handkerchief, were open. He saw the tarantula perhaps before I did. I turned my head to the right, and Malony, who stood upright at the fire, was looking at the sergeant, with face as white as snow. I turned to the left, and the two other men who had not sought sleep were also gazing in horror.

Not one of us dared move. Should we do so, the spider might spring away in alarm, but the churches were that he would bite before doing so. I was only a foot away from the sergeant's feet and on a line with his face, and I could look into his eyes and read his thoughts. He was a game man. He had been tested over and over, but never in such a manner. How would he stand the ordeal? The spider had a curiosity regarding the brass buttons on the jacket. He hovered over the fifth one from the top for three or four minutes. I read in the sergeant's eyes surprise, repugnance and calculation. I carefully watched the muscles of his face. He might as well have been dead for all the movement I could detect.

Now the spider moves up a button—now back two. Those shining metals are a new sight to him. As he moves down I read relief in the sergeant's eyes. As he moves up again I read anxiety. Not a finger moves. His chest heaves as regularly as the beats of a clock.

Now the spider moves up to the second button from the top and shakes himself nervously. He is right under the sergeant's clean-shaved chin, and not over a foot from his eyes. Now fear comes to the man's eyes, and I see beads of perspiration start out on his big red hands. He has been hemmed in by Indians, chased by hungry wolves, lost on the trackless plains without loosing his nerve. It is going now. The spider shakes itself, and the look of fear gives place to one of terror. We know and the sergeant knows that the insect is angered and that its next move will be upward.

The coffee is boiling over into the fire, and two or three of the horses are looking at us in an interrogative way, as if puzzled at our attitudes. I fairly ache to shout—to spring up—to do something; but I dare not move a finger.

Flash! The great spider jumps into the center of the handkerchief spread over the sergeant's face and glides here and there in wonderment. The sergeant's eyes express hope. The horrible thing my leap from his face to the earth. No! It crawls slowly down to the lower edge of the handkerchief, and the sergeant's eyes speak horror and desperation, and his hands are as wet as if plunged into a bucket of water. Now the spider crawls off the handkerchief on to the sergeant's chin, and for 30 seconds is entirely motionless.

The man is doomed. His eyes tell me so. His soul is sick with horror, but what nerve to hold himself down and take the chances! Not one man in a million could do it. Not a muscle moves; not the slightest change in the heave of his breast. He is in more torture than the man at the stake, but his nerve is not broken.

The spider suddenly shakes itself, inflicts its bite, and is gone like a flash, springing clear over one of the other men. Then, with a scream of despair, the sergeant springs up, eyes full of terror and face distorted, and goes rushing away on foot over the plains. We saddle up and pursue, but he dodges, turns and twists about, and it is an hour before we can catch him. Then he sinks helplessly down, and inside of two hours is dead.

STRAIGHTENING THINGS.

Patrick Maginnis went to confession, and, among other things, confessed to the good father that he had stolen Mrs. Muleahy's pig, the loss of which had been a great blow to the poor woman. The priest looked at Pat very severely and said:

"Stole Mrs. Muleahy's pig, did ye? That's very bad, Patrick—very bad. Don't ye know, Pat, that to steal a pig is a haynious sin, and to steal Mrs. Muleahy's pig is worse? What will ye say on the day of judgment when Mrs. Muleahy confronts ye before the Lord an' charges ye with stealin' her pig—what'll ye say?"

Pat looked rather glum at this onslaught, but at this point he perked up and said:

"Sure, yer riverance, Mrs. Muleahy won't be there."

"Indade, an' why not, Pat Maginnis? Mrs. Muleahy will be there and the pig'll be there, and when yer asked why ye stole the widdy's pig what'll ye say, I'm wantin' to know?"

"Will Mrs. Muleahy be there?" asked Pat, a great idea illuminating his face.

"She will," said the good father, severely.

"And will the pig be there?"

"Certainly."

"Then, begorra," said Pat, "I'll say, 'Mrs. Muleahy, there's your pig.'"

WHY ARE YOU HERE?

Did you ever wonder why you are here? Did you ever stop to ask the question? And did you ever try to answer it?

You are not here to live for yourself alone. You are not here solely that you may eat, and drink, and put money in the bank. You are not here for the sake of giving big sums to churches and colleges when you die, and so transmitting your name to posterity. You are not here to tread down and trample under foot those weaker than yourself; neither are you here that you may be happy and prosperous.

You are here to mould your mind and your character—to fashion all that part of yourself which will survive death—into an individuality which you will inherit in the next life.

Try to remember that whatever you are here, that you will be there. Do you for a moment suppose that death has the power to change a mean, stingy, revengeful man into a generous, charitable, high-minded being, who will be a living joy to all with whom he comes in contact?

Why, the thing is not possible.

You might as well plant a potato and expect a crop of Hubbard squashes.

When you consider that the character you are making here is the one which is going to stick to you through countless ages, it is worth your while to put yourself to a little inconvenience to form it so that it will be a comfort to you and not a distress.

It will pay you to be honest. It will pay men here to do things about right. You will sleep better, eat better, digest better, need fewer pills and tonics, and be a better looking man generally, if you are true to yourself, than if you switch off from the main line of business integrity on to the side track of selfishness and double dealing.

It may be hard for you always to give the full measure and the right weight. You may be tempted to pass on some unsuspecting friend the half dollar with a hole in it that has been filled. You may be tempted to sell that spavined horse of yours for a sound one. You may want to get out of church before the contribution box comes round. It may be that you would rather your wife's cousins and her mother did not come quite so often to your house and stay quite so long. It may be that you are tempted to be glad when your enemy fails in business, or when his son marries the hired girl.

Temptations come to the best of people. They will never hurt you if you do not yield to them. And every time you resist you are laying up a fund of strength for the fight next time.

And it is in the little things of life that your danger lies. The hasty word, the unfeeling taunt, the small kindness refused, the lack of thought, the little meanness practiced when you thought nobody saw you, the small sin committed which nobody knew. Ah! but you knew it all yourself, and the knowledge that you have done it has blotted the whiteness of your soul, and stained the purity of your conscience; and the consequences will be felt in eternity.

Think well of it, then, before you live any but a pure and honest life, and remember that here as well as hereafter you have the power of shaping your own destiny.—*Kate Thorn, in New York Weekly.*

HOW THREAD IS NUMBERED.

Every seamstress, whether she wants No. 30 or 50 or 120 thread, knows from the number what size the thread will be and what kind of sewing it can be used for; but how the numbers came to be just what they are and just what they mean not one person in a thousand knows, yet it is a very simple matter to explain, providing you only know the points and how to elucidate them.

When 840 yards of yarn weigh 7000 grains (a pound of cotton) the thread makers mark it No. 1. If 1680 yards weigh a pound it is marked as No. 2. For No. 50 yarn it would take 50 multiplied by 840 to weigh a pound. This is the whole explanation of the yard measurement as used by the spool cotton manufacturers. The early manufactured thread was of three instead of six-cord, the number being derived from the number of yards to the pound, just as it is to-day. No. 60 yarn made No. 60 thread, though in point of fact the actual calibre of No. 60 thread would equal No. 20 yarn, being made of three No. 20 strands twisted together.

When the sewing machine came into the market as the great thread consumer, unreasoning in its work and inexorable in its demands for mechanical accuracy, six-cord cotton had to be made in place of the old and rougher three-cord, it being much smoother. As thread numbers were already established they were not altered for the new article, and No. 60 six-cord and No. 60 three-cord were left identical in both size and number. To effect this the six-cord has to be made of yarn twice as fine as that demanded in making the three-cord variety. The No. 60 six-cord is made of six strands of No. 120 yarn. The three-cord spool cotton is always made from yarn double its number. Thread is a simple thing, but, simple as it is, there are 2000 kinds of it, and each kind goes through hundreds of different processes.—*St. Louis Republic.*

"Can you tell me where I'll find the senator?" said the wife of a prominent servant of the public to a page at the capitol. "Yes, ma'am; he is in the ante-room." "Dear me! That man seems to think of nothing but cards."—*New York Weekly.*

Great statesman (to married daughter)—My dear, your husband will never amount to anything if you don't spur him on. Why don't you persuade him to go into politics? Daughter—But, pa, he has tried, and he can't stand it. The whisky makes him sick.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A rare chance: Waiter—Very sorry, sah, but we haven't any veal. Veal is mighty scarce dis time of year, an' we haven't had no veal for a week. Can I bring you anythiug else, sah? Guest (hastily)—Yes; double order of chichen salad.—*New York Weekly.*

Stranger (to Oregon granger)—"How much of a rainfall did you have in this section last winter?" Granger—"About forty feet." Stranger—"Forty feet! You mean forty inches." Granger—"No, I don't; I mean forty feet." Stranger—"How did you make the measurement?" Granger—"Do you see that barrel under the spout at the end of the house? Well, sir, that barrel is four feet deep, and I dumped it ten times last winter."—*The Racket.*

A crowd always thinks with its sympathy, never with its reason.—*Alger.*

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 2, 1890.

AN attempt was made in Congress the other day to defeat the appropriation for the civil service commission, and 61 votes were mustered in support of this sneaking way of breaking down the reform system. Of this number 25 were Republicans. Such Republicans are not the kind wanted in public life, and they should be marked for defeat at the next election.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S first veto is a disapproval of a bill authorizing the city of Ogden, Utah, to increase its indebtedness to a point amounting to about $37 per capita, and he follows it up by another in which he objects to an appropriation of $200,000 for an addition to a public building in Dallas, Texas, as architects say that only $100,000 is needed. The president starts in very sensibly in the veto line.

"PERPENDICULAR drinking will be known no more in Massachusetts," says the Boston *Journal*, referring to the failure of the attempt to have the Legislature repeal that part of the license law which prohibits public bars. But the *Journal* had better not feel too sure about this. The bars must go in Boston, so it is decreed, but the rest of the state may not follow suit, though an awakened public conscience ought to insist that there shall not be a bar in the state.

THE world's fair bill was signed by President Harrison last Friday, and the national commission, consisting of two members from each state and territory, to be appointed by the president within a month, must meet and organize at Chicago before the 25th of June. When the commission is satisfied with the financial prospects of the fair and has so certified to the president, he will announce by proclamation the holding of the fair, and invite foreign nations to participate in it.

A BOSTON clergyman made a strong plea last Sunday for a general Saturday half-holiday, arguing that this would be a suitable compromise between employers and employes who are demanding a working day of eight hours only. He showed that for 50 years the half-holiday has been in vogue in Manchester, Eng., and has worked beneficially. It is well known that the Saturday half-holiday has for some time been observed to quite an extent in the larger cities, and is growing in favor steadily, while New York has made the day a legal half-holiday.

WITH an appropriation of $50,000 from the state, $25,000 from the city of Boston, and a guarantee fund of from $25,000 to $100,000 by the citizens of the Hub, there is good foundation for a really grand time at the Grand Army encampment in that city August 12-14. It is estimated that 70,000 veterans will be reviewed by the president on the opening day, and no effort is to be spared to make this the most notable reunion of the old soldiers since the close of the war. The Hub will be packed as never before, and civilians who care more for comfort than sight-seeing will be apt to turn their steps in some other direction.

THE Boston police commissioners have thrown a firebrand into the saloon-keepers' camp by deciding that there shall be no more public bars in that city, but that the plain letter of the law shall be obeyed, and if sales of intoxicating liquors are made over bars the licenses will be forfeited. This is truly refreshing, and if this can be done in the city of Boston it can be done in every other city and town in the state where liquor is sold. The Legislature has just refused to remove the ban from public bars, and city and town officials who have sworn to faithfully execute the laws assume a grave responsibility if, in the fact of this clear and explicit prohibition, they allow liquor to be sold where a public bar is maintained.

BALTIMORE was visited last Sunday by a hailstorm of uncommon proportions, the hailstones being as large as the human fist, it is claimed. Probably 100,000 panes of glass were broken, and the heavy rain which followed pouring in through demolished windows and skylights, did great damage. Portions of the South have suffered greatly this spring from wind and water. A heavy storm the latter part of last week raised the streams in Northern Texas to an unheard-of hight, partially submerging the city of Dallas, destroying bridges and railroad tracks, and stopping all railroad traffic, while the damage wrought by the turbulent Mississippi is almost incalculable. A large part of the state of Louisiana is under water, levees almost without number are broken, and the ever-recurring problem of how to confine this mighty stream within bounds is again pressed upon the attention of the country. It probably never will be done until the national government takes hold of the matter and calls to its aid the best engineering talent to be obtained, backed by ample appropriations from the treasury.

A Blow to Prohibition.

A decision of far-reaching importance was rendered by the United States surpeme court on Monday, in a case from the state of Iowa. An Illinois firm sent a quantity of beer to Iowa in kegs to be sold. The kegs were seized under the Iowa prohibitory law, and the lower courts upheld the claim of the state that its proposed sale was not lawful. This decision is reversed by the supreme court, which holds that under the federal constitution one state cannot prohibit the sale in the original packages of importations from another state of beer or any other commodity; in other words a state has no power to enact a prohibitory law which will prevent any person from bringing into the state, by any available mode of conveyance, any amount of liquor, large or small, which he may desire for his own use; and in the case of a non-resident he has the right to sell it, as long as it is sold in the original package, whether it is a cask or a flask. The opinion was delivered by Chief Justice Fuller and was concurred in by all the judges except Messrs. Gray, Harlan and Brewer. In his dissenting opinion Justice Gray says:—

"If the statutes of a state restricting or prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors within its territory shall be held inoperative and void as applied to liquors sent or brought from another state, and sold by the importer in what are called original packages, the consequence must be that the inhabitant of any state may under the pretext of interstate commerce, and that without license or supervision of any public authority, carry or send into or sell in any or all of the other states of the Union intoxicating liquors of whatever description, in cases or casks, or even in single bottles or flasks, despite any legislation of those states on the subject, and although his own state should be the only one which had not enacted similar laws."

This decision of course does not interfere with the state regulation of the retail traffic, but it pretty effectually puts an end to absolute prohibition of liquor selling, as long as the toper can obtain his drinks in original packages of any desired quantity from dealers in another state. Under this condition of things it will be necessary to appeal to Congress to authorize the state to regulate or prohibit the importation of liquors within their borders.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Money loaned on personal security. S. H. Hellyar.

Don't use rosin soaps when you can buy 7 bars of Brussels soap (which contains no rosin) for 50 cents at Dwyer & Sullivan's.

Sewing Machines, Belts, Oils and Needles at F. M. Eager's.

Nearly every family in Palmer must be using Brussels soap (no rosin), judging from the large quantity C. W. Robinson is selling.

New patterns of wall paper brought every week from my Springfield store. E. J. Wood, Church street.

A year ago Brussels soap (no rosin) cost 10 cents a bar. To-day W. E. Stone is selling it for 8 cents, or 7 bars for 50 cents, and a patent soap tray free.

PALMER NEWS.

Dandelions are in bloom.

No Republicans need apply.

Fruit trees are commencing to bloom.

LeGro & Lynde have their soda fountain in operation.

J. A. Palmer has purchased the Reed farm in Brimfield.

Three persons were added to the Baptist church by baptism last Sunday.

Preparations have begun for the opening of Forest Lake for the summer.

A new bill-board has been put up on the east end of the Converse House block.

Mason and Cole will run a 10-mile race on the park to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

J. H. Gamwell has sold his residence on West Main street to S. W. Smith, for about $6000.

The interior of Royce's restaurant on Commercial street has received a fresh coat of paint.

Rev. J. F. Albion, pastor-elect, will preach at St. Paul's Universalist church next Sunday.

A son of Gilbert Mumford at Blanchardville cut his leg severely yesterday while chopping.

O. P. Allen has put in an elegant new soda fountain at his drug store, made by Puffer's Sons of Boston.

L. E. Moore has moved into his new house at Temcyville, and L. E. Chandler has moved into the house vacated by Mr. Moore.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Ware River Railroad Company will be held at the Weeks House next Wednesday at 12 m.

A party of 12 Monson wheelmen took an early spin yesterday morning and came to the May breakfast at the Congregational church.

Prof. W. R. Shipman of Tufts College preached at St. Paul's Universalist church last Sunday, and was the guest of A. H. Willis.

The Ladies' Aid Society will give an apron and necktie party in Holden's Hall this evening for the benefit of the Father Mathew Temperance Society.

The memorial hall building committee has accepted plans submitted by Architect Robertston of New York, and after a few changes they will be ready for inspection.

There will be Episcopal church services at the Universalist church next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, by Rev. J. B. Wicker, general missionary of the diocese.

E. L. Davis, C. W. Robinson and O. P. Allen have new awnings over the entrance to their stores in Holden's block, and J. B. Shaw also has one over his store front.

The directors of the Masonic and Odd Fellows Building Association met Wednesday evening and accepted plans made by Gardner, Pyne & Gardner of Springfield.

Frank Hennessey, who will be remembered as one of the Hennessey brothers with the old Whitmore & Clark Minstrels, died of consumption at Milford last week Wednesday.

Representative Sanders takes exceptions to the statement of our Boston correspondent that he voted "no" on the biennial elections question. Horace wants it understood that he voted yes.

The annual May breakfast and dinner of the ladies of the Congregational society was largely attended yesterday and the meals served were excellent in every way. The ladies' will clear about $225.

Have you lost anything and do you want to find it? want to buy or find a purchaser for any article? have you a tenement to rent? want anything? A short advertisement in the columns of this paper will accomplish your desire every time.

The selectmen have granted these licenses: Palmer, H. C. Strong and John Feeney; Three Rivers, Mrs. Honoria Dunn; Bondsville, Maurice Moriarty; Thorndike, Michael Roche. Druggists, Le Geo & Lynde and O. P. Allen at Palmer, W. B. Grover at Three Rivers, A. P. Adams at Thorndike.

Judge George Robinson and daughter were thrown from their carriage in front of the JOURNAL office Monday afternoon by a runaway horse, but fortunately neither was much hurt. The animal was a new one which they were trying with a view to purchasing, and it is needless to say they will not keep him.

A union meeting of all the churches in the town will be held at the Congregational church parlors in this place next Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. It is expected the officers of the Children's Aid Society for Hampden county will be present and make short and informal addresses, in the interest of the society, and matters of great interest to each community will be brought up and discussed. It is hoped there will be a large attendance at the meeting.

At the district court last Saturday the cases of A. M. Dutcher for being a common drunkard, and of the Dutcher children for being neglected children, were postponed one month, Dutcher pleading guilty to the charge against him. William Taylor and George Pratt were assessed $6.93 and $8.69 for drunkenness. Pratt paid, but Taylor was without funds and was sent up. The case of J. A. Palmer for the illegal cutting of shade trees on the highway was also heard. Mr. Palmer was found guilty and fined $5 and costs, from which he appealed. No defense was offered.

J. W. Weeks took a load of 35 to Wilbraham on his tally-ho coach last Saturday to see the ball game between the Palmer high school nine and that of Wesleyan Academy, in which the latter was victorious. The Palmer boys had the game well in hand at the start, but lost it in the third inning by careless playing. The high schools made 10 hits with a total of 14, and the Academys 8 with a total of 10. The score was:

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Wesleyan Academys,	1	0	6	1	0	1	4	1	—	—14
Palmer High Schools,	4	4	2	0	0	1	0	2	0	—13

To-morrow the High Schools will play the first nine of Three Rivers, at Three Rivers.

Mrs. M. E. A. Gleason, superintendent of the department of narcotics of the W. C. T. U. at Boston, spoke at the state primary school at 9 a. m. last Sunday; at the morning service in the Union church at Three Rivers she spoke on "Narcotics;" in the afternoon at three she addressed a union meeting of the Sunday-schools of this village in the Universalist church, and in the evening spoke on "The Responsibilities of the Liquor Traffic," at the Congregational church. Monday afternoon she spoke to ladies on "Social Purity" at the Baptist church. She is a very entertaining speaker.

The new signal for grade crossings adopted by the Boston and Albany road—two long and two short whistles—was first used by the Pennsylvania road, and has come into quite general use on the western roads. Some eastern lines have taken it up, and since the introduction of a bill into the Legislature to compel all roads to give at least three blasts of the whistle, the Boston and Albany has adopted it. The claim is made that it is a much better warning to travelers on the highway than the one long whistle, they being more likely to hear it. As the single long whistle will be used only on approaching stations, passengers will now be able to easily distinguish between the signal for them and that for crossings, which they could not do before.

The directors of the United States Central Railroad, the new line projected from Worcester to Hartford, Ct., held a private meeting at the Weeks House yesterday forenoon. Although none but interested parties were allowed admission, it is known that it was voted to build 12 miles of the road. John Gilman of Worcester, the president of the road, C. N. Prouty of Spencer, Mayor Fitch and other prominent Rockville, Ct., men were present, and Mr. Gilman stated that $30,000 per mile had been pledged by New York parties, a sum nearly sufficient to build the road. A part of Mr. Gilman's plan is a 10 mile branch from Brimfield to Palmer, one of 5 miles from Sturbridge to Southbridge, and one of 8½ miles from Pascoag to East Thompson, Ct., thus completing the old Providence, Southbridge and Palmer line, talked of years ago.

A Bit of Unpublished History.

A subscriber at Monson writes: "I have never read anything about the wolf's depredations a few rods north of your office in any of the histories of Palmer, but as near as I can remember some 55 years ago one of the neighbors there—they were not very near each other in those days—saw a wolf coming over the hills near the Phinney farm. He reported what he had seen, but it was not believed. The next morning, however, when Col. Knox went to his barn he found that his sheep-fold had been raided, and on looking around the barn discovered the depredator sitting beside a tree. He got his gun and saluted the wolf with a charge of small shot, upon which he left in a southeast direction. As I was a small boy at that time and the wolf was headed in the direction of our place I kept pretty close for a few days, but he was not seen again until he reached Union, Ct., where he was shot by a Mr. Bugbee. I remember he told me how he loaded his gun, taking lead and pounding it down to ¼ inch thickness, then cutting it into ¼ inch squares."

Personal.

Dr. O. A. Squier is soon to move to Springfield to practice.

C. A. Brown has so far recovered that he is able to ride out once more.

Mrs. E. A. Kirk of Holyoke has been visiting her brother, Eugene Griswold.

Miss Mary Loomis has returned from a long visit with friends in New Haven and other places.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Sistare of Springfield spent Sunday with Dea. G. F. Brown, Mrs. Sistare's father.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Camp went to Brattleboro last Saturday to attend the funeral of Mr. Camp's sister.

Conductor G. F. Warner of the Ware River road has been taking a vacation this week, his place being filled by Conductor Osborn.

Miss Kate Curley, who has been telegraph operator at the Western Union office for the past two years, proving very efficient and giving universal satisfaction, ceased her duties Wednesday and is succeeded by Miss Gertrude Taggart of Northampton.

THREE RIVERS.

C. A. Bogne has been appointed truant officer.

Miss Webb resumed her duties in school last Monday.

Miss Jane Thompson has returned from a long visit at Coleraine.

Mr. Gardner has resigned his position as overseer for the Palmer Mill Co. to accept a more lucrative position at Amesbury.

Mrs. A. A. Warriner's pleasant face is much missed by her house full of boarders, she being confined to her room by sickness.

WEST WARREN.

A. W. Crossman & Son have begun work on their new block.

J. W. Brown is building a large barn near his residence on High street.

The cotton mills commenced on their summer time table Monday, giving the employes a half holiday on Saturday.

A new base ball association has been formed with these officers: President, W. Richard Sheehan; vice-president, Timothy Collins, Jr.; secretary, A. C. Brooks; treasurer, A. E. Watts; directors, J. B. Sullivan, A. E. Watts, Charles Crafts, Alexander Dufresne and Jerry Sheehan; manager, D. J. Haley.

THORNDIKE.

Miss Nellie Riley is visiting her sister in Springfield.

Miss Mary Hartnett and Miss Nora Broshnan have gone to Fitchburg to live.

Medcalf & Lawton have dissolved partnership, Lawton being now sole owner.

John Farrell, formerly of this place but now of Northampton, spent Sunday with friends in town.

Daniel Crowley, an old resident, who was injured last week while at work on his farm, is able to be around again.

Miss Lucy Talmage, Miss Hattie Smead, Miss Maud Murdoch and Mr. Smith attended the Christian Endeavor convention held at Enfield on Saturday.

Lyons & Lunman's orchestra will furnish music at Palmer this evening for the dance given by the Ladies' Aid Society in aid of the Father Mathew society.

The committee on street lights has done good work, and is now having the posts turned for the lamps, and in a few days the street lights will be put up.

Some miscreants who have been destroying property and doing other acts unbecoming young men, painted the front of John Keefe's building on Church street the other night and put him to the trouble of repairing the damage. It will not be very pleasant for them if they are caught.

The entertainment given by the Christian Endeavor Society at the Congregational church vestry the other evening was well attended and much enjoyed. Credit is due the young ladies' and gentlemen who took part in the drama, and the rendering of "Paul Revere" by Miss Eva Hobbs deserves special mention. The society cleared about $15, which will go towards paying for their organ.

About the License.

There seems to be an expression of surprise on the countenance of several citizens regarding the license granted here and the manner in which it was done. The feeling toward Michael Roche, the lucky one, seems to be one of approval, but the sympathy of the community is with William Medcalf, who upon the strength of one of the selectmen's promise leased a room from his former partner at a sum of $400, and now is shut off from a license. Mr. Medcalf would not have leased the building were it not understood that he was to be granted a license. There were many promises made by this same selectman to the Thorndike people previous to his election, but he has gone back on all of them, and has given his best supporters here the cold shoulder. They are only waiting an opportunity, as they say, to bury him so deep that he will be entirely forgotten in political life if he ever turns up for reëlection. * *

KEMMLER, the New York murderer, who was to be executed by electricity this week, gets another respite. It was supposed that his last hope was gone, the state court of appeals have decided that the law for executing criminals by electricity is constitutional, but now the United States district court steps in with a writ of habeas corpus, returnable June 17. The United States courts are not likely to reverse the decision of the state courts in this case, but the electric light companies using the alternating current, which was to be used in the execution, are believed to be behind this further effort in the culprit's behalf; and a significant occurrence in this connection was the passage of an act by the New York Assembly, yesterday, abolishing capital punishment. It is said the Senate will concur in this action.

BORN.

At Ludlow, 1st, a son to Dr. and Mrs. J. W. HANNUM.

At Belchertown, 27th ult, a son (Robert Longley) to R. L. and ELIZABETH M. BRIDGMAN.

MARRIED.

At Ware, 30th ult, by Rev. A. T. Perry, GEORGE POIST and BETSEY M. BRECKENRIDGE.

DIED.

At Ware, 27th ult, Mrs. P. G. SAGENDORPH, 82.
At Amherst, 20th ult, WILLIAM H. ALBEE, 50.
At Amherst, 21st ult, RACHEL M. CHURCH, 78.
At Amherst, 21st ult, JULIA C., wife of the late Francis Richmond of Hartford, Ct.
At Amherst, 22d ult, RACHEL H. HAWLEY, 58.
At Springfield, 24th ult, AZUBAH S., widow of Henry Ripley, aged 92.
At Lynn, 22d ult, GEORGE H. CUSHMAN, formerly of Amherst.

WANTED—Girl for general housework.
1-5 MRS. EDWIN P. BALL.

TO RENT—Two tenements.
5-tf O. W. STUDLEY.

TO RENT.—Two tenements.
45tf GEORGE W. LYMAN.

TO RENT—May 1st, very desirable tenement for small family.
2-tf REV. A. W. WEEKS, Palmer.

TO RENT.—Three tenements. Inquire at office of
tf-50 C. L. GARDNER, Palmer.

FOR SALE—Nice black walnut writing desk, nearly new. Cost $18, ask only $8.
1-5 JAMES PENDERGAST, Monson.

LOST—In Depot Village, a pair of silver-bowed spectacles. Finder please return to JOURNAL Office, Palmer. 1-5

WANTED—A lady clerk in a dry goods and shoe store. One of experience desired. Inquire at the NASSOWANNO HOUSE, Palmer. 2-5

FOR SALE—$300 phaeton, almost new, for $200 cash. Kimball Bros., Boston, makers. Apply at POST OFFICE, Brimfield, Mass. 2-4

FOR SALE—A one-horse Job or Farm Wagon for $45. Lot of manure. One light 2-seated wagon, 1 light side-spring buggy, 1 pair double harness. 3-3 D. F. HOLDEN, Palmer.

EGGS FOR HATCHING—Light brahmas, choice stock. A. D. NORCROSS.
Monson, Mass., April 24, 1890. 2-4

THE Misses O'Connor and Molloy respectfully announce to the ladies of Palmer and vicinity that they are prepared to do dressmaking in all the latest styles at their rooms, corner of Main and Thorndike streets. 3*5

PASTURAGE—Cattle or Horses. High ground, large run, pure water, sweet feed.
A. D NORCROSS.
Monson, Mass., April 16, 1890. 3-3

FLOWERS.

CUT FLOWERS AND FLORAL DESIGNS.

PLANTS: Pansies, Verbenas, and other flowering plants.
Tomatoes, Celery, and other vegetable plants.

AT GREENHOUSES OF
4*3 S. BLODGETT, Palmer.

MUSIC FURNISHED
For Balls, Parties, Weddings, Commencement and Graduating Exercises at short notice. The best of Musicians employed and prices right. Correspondence solicited. Can furnish from one piece to a whole brass band if desired. Address
JOHN F. LUMAN, Manager
5-tf LYONS & LUMAN'S ORCHESTRA, P. O. Box 81, Thorndike, Mass.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of John H. Bell, late of Palmer, deceased; and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to MRS. MARY E. BELL, Adm'x.
Palmer, April 12th, 1890. 3*3

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Emery Beanehamp late of Three Rivers in the town of Palmer in the county of Hampden, deceased; and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to NATALIE P. BEAUCHAMP, Adm'x.
Three Rivers, April 28, 1890. 3-5

BURNSIDE ASSOCIATION, 36TH REGIMENT, MASS. VOLUNTEERS.
The reunion of the 36th Regt., Mass. Vols., is to be held in Palmer Sept. 2, 1890, and the citizens of Palmer and all members of Co. E of said regiment residents of Hampden county are cordially invited to meet on Thursday evening, May 15th, at 7.30 o'clock, in G. A. R. Hall, for the purpose of taking such action in the matter as may be deemed advisable. Signed,
S. C. WARRINER, GEO. O. HENRY, J. B. DAVIS, } Committee appointed by the Association.
2-5

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.
By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Julia Harness to Amory W. Crossman, dated July 1st, A. D. 1887, and recorded with Hampden county, Massachusetts, deeds, in book 435, page 374, which said mortgage deed has been assigned to Albert W. Lincoln by assignment dated March 3d, A. D. 1888, and recorded in said registry of deeds in book 443, page 104, and for breach of conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction near the building on the premises, on Saturday, the 24th day of May, A. D. 1890, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, viz.: Certain tracts of land situate in Palmer, Hampden county, aforesaid, on both sides of the highway leading from Warren to Palmer, and known as the "Pool Place," bounded easterly by the Quaboag River, southerly by land of Jonas Blodgett, westerly by land of Jennie Elmer and highway leading to Palmer Center, and northerly by land of Geo. H. Gilbert M'f'g. Co. and heirs of Marcus Foskit, containing thirty-five acres, more or less.
Said premises will be sold subject to unpaid taxes. Terms Cash.
ALBERT W. LINCOLN, Assignee of Said Mortgagee.
Warren, Mass., May 1st, 1890. 3-5

OPENING
—OF—
SPRING MILLINERY.

Our general stock of Millinery Goods is particularly attractive this season, and we take pleasure in inviting all who will to call and examine the same.

In addition to our well-selected stock of Millinery we would call attention to our

Fine Line of Fancy Goods.

MISS FLORA BARTON of New York will attend to your wants in the Millinery line.

Mrs. L. E. CARPENTER,
59 MAIN STREET, PALMER, MASS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Denis Sugrue, late of Palmer, in the county of Hampden, deceased; and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to CORNELIUS M. FOLEY, Executor.
Spencer, Mass., April 9, 1890. 3*2

E. A. BUCK & CO.

SEEDS.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Choice Flower Seeds, Garden Seeds, Grass Seed.

WE GET OUR SEEDS DIRECT FROM THE GROWERS AND ARE

THE BEST TO BE HAD.

E. A. Buck & Co.
PALMER, MASS.

Agricultural Implements

We can furnish anything the trade wants and keep the following in stock:

Oliver Chilled Plows,
NATIONAL STEELED METAL PLOWS,
YANKEE SIDE-HILL,
NORTH AMERICAN SIDE-HILL,
THE CONICAL PLOW,
The "NEW DOE" HARD WELD PLOW,
—AND—
THOMAS' SMOOTHING HARROWS,
THE YANKEE PULVERIZER AND HARROW,
STEEL FRAME CULTIVATOR,
STEEL FRAME HORSE HOE,
WHEELBARROWS, SHOVELS, FORKS, HOES.

E. A. BUCK & CO.,
PALMER, MASS.

Paints and Oils.

AGENTS FOR
Union Pure White Lead
—AND—
Cereth Pure White Lead.

THE SHERWIN & WILLIAMS
Ready Mixed Paints.

BAY STATE PASTE PAINT.
DETROIT READY MIXED CARRIAGE PAINTS, ALL COLORS.
Colors in Oil and Sapan. Varnishes, Shellacs, Japans, Liquid Dryer.

Fishing Tackle
AND
CUTLERY.

THE BEST ASSORTMENT IN TOWN OF
POCKET KNIVES,
CARVING KNIVES,
BUTCHER KNIVES,
KITCHEN KNIVES,
SCISSORS AND SHEARS.

Split Bamboo Fishing Rods,
LANCEWOOD FISHING RODS.
REELS, FLIES, LINES.

FOLLOW THE
Graduating Class

The Monson Academy Students this year (the same as in past years) have decided to accept no other Artist than A. N. GAOUETTE to do their work.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

A GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE has taken effect at A. N. GAOUETTE'S for a short time only.

Remember, there will be no reduction in the quality of work. We have a reputation and we are bound to retain it.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

in every way. Please give us encouragement. If you come once you will be pleased to come again.

Yours very respectfully,
A. N. GAOUETTE,
13-4 MONSON, MASS.

The Granite State
—AND—
TRIUMPH LAWN MOWERS.
The Best Machines on the market.
Window Screens
—AND—
Screen Doors
For sale at Very Low Prices by
C. A. BROWN & CO.
4-5

GILL'S ART GALLERIES
Special Fine Exhibition of
Dainty Water Colors
By several Noted Artists.

BAMBOO PARLOR EASELS
Well made. Six feet high. New lot. Only 75 CENTS AND $1.00 EACH.

Our overstock of goods in the
PICTURE LINE,
PICTURE FRAME LINE,
BOOKS, STATIONERY
And BLANK BOOKS,
Will until Greatly Reduced afford
Rare Good Bargains
From the highest to the lowest possible prices, on desirable goods.

50 STYLES OF MOULDINGS,
Well suited to Frame Etchings, Water Colors, Chromos and Amateur Oil Paintings, at
20 Per Cent Discount
—AT—
GILL'S ART STORE,
13-4 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

HAMPDEN COUNTY MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.
Second Music Festival.
CITY HALL, SPRINGFIELD, MAY 5, 6 AND 7.
SIX GRAND CONCERTS.
SOLOISTS.
MISS MARY HOWE.
MRS. CORINNE MOORE LAWSON.
MRS. JENNIE PATRICK WALKER.
MISS CHARLOTTE WALKER.
MISS GERTRUDE EDMANDS.
MISS ALICE S. LINCOLN.
WM. J. WINCH.
THOS. L. CUSHMAN.
W. W. WHITNEY.
GARDNER S. LARSON.
Association Chorus, The Orphens Club Superb Orchestra of 50 Performers.
GREAT WORKS.
Redemption. Hymn of Praise, with other choral works, and Grand Miscellaneous Concerts.
Season Tickets, transferable.....$5.00
Single Concert Ticket..... 1.00
Rehearsal Ticket..... .50
Sale opens Friday, April 18, at Taylor's Music Rooms, 346 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.
Full information, dates, prices, selections, mailed free. 3-5

AT C. W. ROBINSON'S
—A LINE OF—
FANCY CROCKERY.
GIVE HIM A CALL.
A full line of Fresh and Choice
GROCERIES
New goods received every day,
TEAS
Fancy 70. Choice 60. Fine 50.
COFFEE
Fancy 38. Choice 35. Fine 30.
MOLASSES
Fancy 65. Choice 50. Syrup 65.
12 POUNDS REVERE FINE SUGAR 99 CENTS

SEEDS! SEEDS!
GEM COLLECTION.
Thirteen Packages First Quality Seeds for 25c, namely:
Asters, Balsams, Larkspur, Mignonette, Petunias, Phlox, Clarkia, Alyssum, Pinks, Calendula, —Verbena, Pansies, Zinnia.—
EUREKA COLLECTION—13 Packages Flower Seeds, and 18 Choice Flowering Plants for $1.00.
SPECIAL OFFER.—12 Assorted Geraniums, 50c; 12 Assorted Chrysanthemums, 50c; 12 Assorted Ever Blooming Roses, 50c; 12 Assorted Verbenas, 35c; 12 Assorted Pansies, 25c.
All of the above free by mail at prices quoted.
Send for Catalogue.
N. J. HERRICK,
287 Main Street, Opposite New Post Office,
4-4 Springfield, Mass.

DINNERS IN SPRINGFIELD.—Ladies and families wishing a quiet and pleasant place to take dinner or lunch while in the city should visit The Vendome, centrally located on Vernon street just off from Main. Choice bill of fare, good service, and reasonable prices. Mrs. A. F. BLACKMAN, formerly of the Blackman House.

Meekins, Packard & Co.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Stylish Paris Novelties
—IN—
LADIES'
Top Garments.

This being our First Spring Season our styles are all the latest. Shapes correct. Material the finest. Prices the lowest. Special attention to

LADIES' SILK AND LACE
DAINTY TOP GARMENTS,
Cloth and Silk Wraps,
GLORIA SILK TRAVELING
GARMENTS.

Water Proof Garments in
BLACK SEIGES.

Stylish Cloth Traveling
GARMENTS.

They are long—with and without capes. You will find our Styles very durable.

Meekins, Packard & Co.,
355 to 359 Main Street,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Smith & Murray.

CARPET DEPARTMENT

We have closed out the entire stock of a very large manufacturer of Moquette Carpets at one-third less than the usual price. We mean that we will sell you regular $1.50 Moquettes for $1.00. Your choice of fifty different patterns.

The above is an opportunity of a life-time to buy new, choice designs for one dollar per yard.

Also a lot of short lengths, some long enough for a room, at seventy-five cents per yard.

Samples of Moquette.

Four hundred samples of Moquette. Each piece measures one and a half yards, finished at both ends for Rugs. Your choice of this lot 35c each piece. Come early and get first choice.

SPECIAL SALE.

Just to make it interesting to every one in need of Carpets, we have closed out several lots of Extra Super and Tapestry CARPETS which we have put in this sale at extremely low prices.

20 pieces Ingrain at 25c.
15 pieces Ingrain at 29c.
25 pieces Heavy Ingrain at 37c.
35 pieces Extra Heavy Ingrain at 45c.
30 pieces Extra Heavy All-Wool at 50c.
40 pieces Extra Fine All-Wool at 58c.
40 pieces Tapestry Brussels at 55c, worth 75c.
50 pieces Extra Tapestry Brussels at 62½c, worth 85c

China Mattings.

We were one of the largest buyers at the great Auction Sale of Mattings last week, where we bought at our own price 500 rolls.

Good Straw Mattings at 17c, worth 25c.
Very Fine and Heavy at 20c, worth 37½c.
Extra Fine China Matting at 25c, worth 50c.

Every one should see our stock and examine our goods before buying. We can save you money every time.

Smith & Murray,
4-5 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 2, 1890.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.

Mrs. S. E. Baker and family are spending a few months with her parents at Allston, pending the completion of their new residence at River Forest, Ill., one of the suburbs of Chicago.

WILBRAHAM.

Following are the officers of "Philo" society of the academy for the remainder of the term: President, John J. Smallwood; vice-president, John Mason; secretary, F. S. Parsons; assistant secretary, T. L. Davis; critic, H. C. Millington; assistant critic, F. G. Gates; treasurer, J. E. Enman; auditor, H. C. Millington.

BRIMFIELD.

What has become of the improvement society?

John Converse lost one of his valuable horses Monday.

Mrs. Rogers of Wales has been visiting her niece, Miss Ursula Shaw.

Marcus Hitchcock, who has been very ill for two weeks, is improving.

Louis Brown's efficient clerk, Bert Smith, has been on a week's vacation.

Mrs. Mary Wheeler leaves this week for a visit to New York and Baltimore.

James Warren and daughter Fannie of Worcester spent Sunday in town.

Charles Tarbell entertained Mr. Parkhurst of Springfield a few days this week.

Col. Buffington and family of Springfield have been guests at the hotel during the past week.

Addie L. Griggs, a bright little miss of 11 years, has coupleted a bed-quilt which contains 1872 pieces on the outside. She has done this work in less than a year.

Dr. Sawin moved to his new home Tuesday. It has been thoroughly repaired and presents a decidedly different appearance. Principal Russell occupies the house vacated by him.

LUDLOW.

George Mackintosh, who for the past two years has been a blacksmith in town, sails for Scotland next Monday. Last Saturday evening a party of friends called on him and presented him with a gold locket and a traveling bag.

An examination of the bridge over the stream adjoining the Harris saw mill the other day showed that it was in a dangerous conditiou owing to the rotting of the timbers. Supports were placed under it and signs put up cautioning persons to walk their horses, and the town will have an opportunity to erect a new bridge there. An iron bridge is looked upon with some favor, although the best thing for the town in the long run would be to put in a good brick arch. It might cost more to begin with, but the extra cost would soon be saved in repairs.

The dedication of the Hubbard memorial building will be to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock. Dedication exercises will be held in the new mill just finished. Charles W. Hubbard, treasurer of the Ludlow manufacturing company, and others will be present from Boston. The exercises will consist of prayer by Rev. Edward Day, explanatory remarks by the chairman, C. F. Grosvenor, presentation of the building to the town of Ludlow by Charles W. Hubbard. The library, containing 2000 volumes, will be presented to the town by John W. Stebbins of Springfield, one of the directors of the company, and remarks will be made by ex-Gov. George D. Robinson of Chicopee, Edward Atkinson of Boston, and others, and singing by the Ludlow Glee Club and the school children of the village. A cordial invitation is given to all the townspeople to attend. The building will be open to the public for inspection during the day. The upper story of the new mill is lent to the overseers of the corporation for a hall in the evening, the proceeds to be used to furnish newspapers for the reading room.

WARREN.

Arbor Day passed with its usual unobservance.

Henry Benson will have charge of the cemetery this year.

The Tuesday Club met with Mrs. Albert Lincoln Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Fairbanks of New York spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Joseph Patrick of Chicopee was the guest of Dr. J. W. Hastings last week.

The Home Missionary Society met with Mrs. Joseph Hitchcock, Wednesday afternoon.

The Odd Fellows celebrated the 71st anniversary of the establishment of the order, Tuesday evening.

Rev. F. E. Sherman of Kansas, spoke at the Congregational chapel Sunday evening on "Christian Education in Kansas."

The ladies of the Round Table entertained their friends with a "cobweb party" at Mrs. Albert Whitney's, Wednesday evening.

The Scientific Association will hold an open session to-night. Some interesting papers will be read and D. G. Hitchcock will exhibit his phonograph.

The pews of the Congregational church were rented Tuesday afternoon. The highest bidders for choices were J. W. Chadsey and Wilson Fairbanks, who paid $25 and $20.

Dr. Cutler is preparing a lecture on Japan. The Doctor's long residence in that country renders him especially fitted to convey much knowledge that would be beyond the reach of the ordinary traveler.

Is our Village Improvement Society sleeping the endless sleep that knows no waking? We offer them this suggestion, borrowed from another town, that a committee be appointed for the improvement and care of each street.

Dr. J. W. Hastings goes to Washington next week as delegate from the State Board of Health to the convention for the revision of the "United States Pharmacopoeia." This convention is made up of delegates from the medical colleges, medical societies and schools of pharmacy of the different states, and convenes once in ten years.

Since the failure of the "bucket shop" in New York some of the knowing ones are somewhat interested as to how much it may have affected those of our citizens who display some interest in the stock market. Suffice it to say their curiosity is not satisfied. Faces show the serenity which is either a herald of success or the heroism of failure, and only their purse-strings could tell the tale of shrinkage or inflation.

There is quite a strong feeling on the part of many citizens, that the soldiers' monument should be placed on the ground prepared for it at the cemetery, where it will be surrounded by all that will keep it sacred and hallowed. We take it to be a monument to the brave dead—it is only in the small towns that one finds these monuments erected in the centres, and it seems to us that the dust and turmoil of our busy mart are hardly suitable surroundings for this memorial.

MONSON.

Meetings at Moulton Hill and Pease districts next Sunday.

Marcus Keep Post has voted not to rent its room to the Grange.

The mock trial reported to come off May 6th, is postponed until May 20th.

S. F. Cushman is having his Main street residence painted by E. J. Osborn.

Painter Wood is newly painting Miss Ruby Blanchard's house on Grove street.

Dr. P. W. Soule has traded his noted black colt for a bay, with Wilbraham parties.

Next Sunday is the anniversary and reorganization of the Universalist Sunday-school.

The Academy Glee Club will give a concert in Central Hall on the evening of May 16th.

The sewers at Gage & Reynolds' straw shop are running on extra time to fill the many orders.

Israel Boynton of Belchertown has been employed by L. Hutchinson to do his carriage trimming.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent Society at the Methodist church vestry this evening.

E. P. Keep has purchased of Seneca Conant his horse shed near the Congregational church.

The sociable at the Universalist church on Tuesday evening was well attended. About $27 was netted.

The "Parish Guide and Year Book" of the Methodist church will be ready for distribution next Sunday.

The village schools, as well as the shop operatives, have been photographed this week by out-of-town parties.

Norcross Bros. exhibited a 4¼ pound sucker in their store on Wednesday, caught by Ollie Holdrich of East Hill.

The following jurors have been drawn by the selectmen: Wm. H. King, Eugene Ferrell, Orrin McCray.

H. D. Moulton started the street sprinkler on Wednesday, and it has changed its color from a blue to a dark green.

The Monson Consolidated Band is to furnish music for the G. A. R. Post at Palmer on Memorial Day in the morning.

Special sermon next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. Theme, "is our New Testament a record of facts, or full of myths?"

The road machine has arrived and made its first bow on the Tobyville road. The road men have all been at work, and some of the roads have been completed.

At the Universalist church Sunday morning, there will be a sermon on the "Service of Christ." In the evening, "Draw near unto God." All cordially welcome."

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Alice Brockbank to Dr. P. R. Watts of Stafford Springs, Conn., next Wednesday at 6 o'clock p. m., at the home of the bride.

Rev. L. H. Fisher of the Universalist church has invited the Marcus Keep Post to attend that church the Sunday morning preceding Memorial Day, and the invitation has been accepted.

Rev. F. S. Hatch will deliver a lecture in the Academy chapel, Friday, May 9th, at 8 p. m. Subject, "A Vacation in Winter; or what I saw in the South." General admission 25 cents; children, 15 cents.

The strike at the Quarry has been satisfactorily settled to both parties, the men returning to work Tuesday morning. It was settled by arbitration, the arbitrators being Rev. J. F. Lee, John Leahy and William Beattie.

The following board of fire engineers has been appointed by the selectmen: A. D. Norcross, C. E. Smith and W. A. Needham, and they organized with A. D. Norcross chief, C. E. Smith treasurer, and W. A. Needham clerk.

At a recent meeting of the King's Daughter's at G. W. Seymour's on Main street, the meeting was somewhat disturbed by boys throwing peas and other articles at the windows, and other acts of a similar nature have before been done. Some action ought to be taken to stop such work.

H. A. Felton, who has been overseer of the weave room of Cushman's mill for some time, has been promoted to the superintendency of the Branch mill, also owned by Mr. Cushman, in place of Charles McKendrick, resigned, who takes the superintendency of the Dell mill at Wales. Anson Shaw takes Mr. Felton's place at Cushman's mill.

The Young Ladies' Working Club of the Congregational church will give entertainments in the lecture room next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Tuesday, children's old folks' concert; Wednesday, the humanephone; both to be followed by a sale in the parlors, to which the public is cordially invited. Refreshments will be served each evening.

The St. Vincent De Paul society of the St. Patrick's church has elected the following officers: President, John S. O'Brien; vice president, Martin Hanley; secretary, John R. Cuddihy; assistant secretary, William Cantwell; treasurer, Bartholomew Donovan; visiting committee, William Shannon, Timothy Lynes, Martin Hanley; spiritual director, Rev. J. F. Lee.

There is to be a teachers' meeting in the grammar school room of District No. 1 to-night, when C. L. Jewett, teacher of the grammar school in No. 8 will give an exercise in grammar, and Miss Florence Converse, teacher of intermediate school of the same district, will give an exercise in map-drawing, scholars of the above schools being present to participate in the exercises.

Yesterday morning 12 of our local bicyclists took a run to Palmer to attend the May breakfast at the Congregational church. They left town at about 6.20, reaching home at 9 o'clock. There were seven of the large wheels and five safeties. The party consisted of Messrs. Flynt, Keeney, Lord, Rhoades, Martin, Squier brothers, on the large wheels, and Messrs. Dustan, Randall, Jenks, Gaonette and Bradway on the safeties. It was a very enjoyable trip, and it is hoped that more runs may be had in the near future.

The members of Marcus Keep Post are making special efforts to make the exercises on Memorial Day interesting, and to have it observed as it should be instead of making it a day of sports. They have engaged Colonel Hopkins of Worcester to deliver the address, the Monson Consolidated Band to furnish music, and A. D. Norcross to have charge of the singing. The Post has invited all sons of veterans 12 years old or over, whether their fathers are or are not members of this Post or any other, to unite with them in the exercises on Memorial Day, and they are requested to report to W. H. Ricketts as soon as convenient.

The following is taken from the Mishawaka (Ind.) *Enterprise* of the 25th ult. regarding the death of William A. Deichmann, who resided here for so many years and was known by many of the townspeople:

> The community was greatly surprised and shocked to hear of the sudden death of Prof. W. A. Deichmann, father of Mrs. J. E. Roper, which occurred at the residence of Mr. Roper yesterday. He was found dead in his bed about one o'clock. Apoplexy was undoubtedly the cause of his sudden death. The deceased was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1828. He came to America in 1849, first locating in Buffalo and then coming to Mishawaka. Later he removed from here and resided in various localities, including eight years in South America, and for many years was a professor of languages at Monson, Mass., and elsewhere. For the past year he has been making his home here with his daughter, Mrs. J. E. Roper. Mr. Deichmann was a well educated man, a thorough linguist and a most sociable and companionable gentleman, whose death will be greatly regretted. The funeral takes place this afternoon from the residence, Rev. W. K. Wright officiating, and Monitor Lodge, 286, I. O. O. F., of which he was a member, in charge.

Mr. Editor:—I noticed in the Monson items a few weeks ago that a Frenchman for four cords of two-foot wood delivered two cords of four-foot wood cut in two. Perhaps the Frenchman was right according to custom where he had lived. When I first came here 18 years ago I bought a cord of wood, seasoned, for $2. I was under the impression that wood was very low, but when I saw my cord of wood, my impression vanished, I found that a cord of wood here was a pile 8 feet long 4 feet high and the wood 18 inches long, and that is the way it is sold here to-day. If you engage a cord of wood, that is what you will get if nothing is said about length. Custom has made it so. If we want two-foot wood we have to so state, and we will get the 8 feet long and 4 feet high of it for one cord. C. C. TOBEY.

Walton, N. Y.

Personal.

William Crosley of Milford, Conn., was in town this week.

Mrs. William Bugbee of Springfield was in town this week.

Mary C. McDonald, who has been very sick, is now convalescent.

Mrs. T. C. Martin and children are visiting friends in North Dana.

Miss Carrie E. White spent last Sunday with friends in Orange.

F. J. Entwistle of Spencer spent last Sunday in town with friends.

Mrs. Charles Stebbins has gone to Springfield to work in a repair shop.

Mrs. Ebenezer Thresher of South Framingham visited her home here this week.

W. B. Dadman of Worcester has been visiting his friend, G. L. Jenks, this week.

Lorin Squier has returned from Florida, where he spent the winter photographing.

Miss Carrie King of Middletown, Conn., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. King.

Clyde W. Moore of Bennington, Vt., has been visiting his cousin, Mrs. A. H. White, this week.

Charles McKendrick and his son Walter have moved their household goods to Wales this week.

Charles Whitney has moved from Bridge street to the Hancock farm in the west part of the town.

W. H. Gath is to move from Lincoln street to the house occupied by Timothy Feather on Bridge street.

R. S. Coltman and wife of Westboro spent last Sunday with Mr. Coltman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Rogers.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bates of Amherst, formerly of this town, are visiting Mr. Bates' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Bates.

Julius N. Graves has moved from the tenement house in the rear of Central block to the Calkins tenement on Washington street.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Gates of Kennebunkport, Me., were the guests of Mrs. Gates' cousin, Miss Bradford, on Wednesday.

Station Agent Stiles has moved from the Calkins house on Washington street to the house owned by Mary A. Shaw, near the depot.

Rev. F. S. Hatch is expected home to-day or to-morrow from the South, and will occupy his pulpit at the Congregational church next Sunday.

Moulton Hill and Monson Center Electric Motor R. R. Co.

ADVANTAGES TO THE FARMERS AND SUMMER VISITORS TO ACCRUE FROM THE PROPOSED UNDERTAKING — SCHOOL CHILDREN AND TEACHERS BENEFITTED BY THE ENTERPRISE.

The suggestion is made and being discussed of a street railroad to Moulton Hill. It is evident that there is a *slight* demand for better and more frequent transportation between the village and this healthy, desirable summer resort, more than would be naturally expected. The value of exchanges can never be absolutely estimated. Neighborhood commerce benefits those even who are not directly concerned. No enterprise like the projected road, which brings people into close contact with each other, can fail to produce good results to all concerned. The natural outcome which gives life to business and enlarges and broadens the medium of exchange would be plainly visible in the increased enterprise and business thrift. Such an enterprise might meet with objections from croakers, but the suggestion of a motor road between Moulton Hill and this village seems to have many weighty reasons for the endorsement of the scheme. The slow one-horse team infrequently passing prevents that social intercourse between the two localities, and cannot furnish that public accommodation which is needed if our city cousins come by the hundreds to locate at the "Hotel de Moulton" and the various annexes which will be constantly in demand. Then, too, if the Center schools are overcrowded how better can they be sent into the out districts than by the motor line? Then probably the intervening country would be built up, and we might be counted in the next census as rivals of Minneapolis, St. Paul and other live towns. For power to run a motor road we have an abundance; the water from the Saw Mack farm can be conducted in three-foot tiling to the edge of the west hill opposite the village, then by framework have it project 300 or 400 feet, then suddenly *drop* about 300 or 400 feet, thus furnishing ten thousand horse-power, enough to furnish electric lights, electric motor, water for sprinkling streets, water for fires, water for all purposes. It is not desirable to have the town too thickly settled, but all which contributes to frequent and steady business and social intercourse and enterprise is in the line of progress, and it is not surprising that any suggestion of a motor road to Moulton Hill should be so quickly and cordially endorsed. SCENTER.

WARE.

The site for the new high school building has not yet been decided upon.

Herbert H. Turner, who was quite sick last week, is now back in the store.

John Dexter is soon to sell one of his new houses on West street at auction.

A fine American flag was raised above Hitchcock's new block this week.

Coombs, the corn-curer, is in town and will remain as long as business is good.

Rev. B. W. Pennock preached at the Unitarian church in Chicopee last Sunday.

Work has again commenced on the sewers, and gangs of Italians are here to do the digging.

The school committee is contemplating engaging a teacher of drawing for the public schools.

David E. Brown has left the Otis Co's. office to go to Worcester to learn the business of frescoing.

Sheldon's block on West Main street is rented for the week for an auction sale of silver-plated ware and fancy goods.

Perry Cheever, with a gang of men, is to go to Connecticut soon to cut off the wood on a lot belonging to Mr. Cheever there.

The residence of J. T. Sheehan, which is rapidly approaching completion, is one of the finest in town. H. A. Magrath is the contractor.

Mrs. P. G. Sagendorph died at her home on Prospect street Sunday evening. She was 82 years of age, and the mother of P. H. Sagendorph, the retired jeweler.

Out of nearly 300 dogs in town only about 50 were licensed the first of May. Somebody may loose their pets, if they do not walk up and pay the license.

The Social Science Club will be given an address by President H. H. Goodell to-morrow afternoon, on "Charitable Institutions of the Middle Ages."

A select assembly was held at Hitchcock Hall Wednesday evening, and an enjoyable time is reported by those present. Music was furnished by Thayer's orchestra.

John B. Shea has rented a room in Leland's block and is to move his cobbler shop there, leaving the place under Cutler's where he has been for many years.

George M. C. Barnard, who has been for the past year studying dentistry at the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, is spending his vacation with friends in Ware.

Miss Lillie Pierce of Natick is to give a reading in the Methodist church next Tuesday evening. She is spoken of as a very fine elocutionist, and a good entertainment is promised.

H. F. Barnes' block, recently damaged by fire, has been repaired and Bassett and Barnes are putting in a new stock of goods, the damaged stock having been sold out by the insurance companies.

There is a reported demand for more stores on Main street, from parties out of town who would like to locate here, although to most people it would seem that nearly every kind of business is already overdone.

If we are rightly informed the granting of a liquor license to the proprietor of the Mansion House settles the matter of the location of the post office, as it is said that the authorities will not allow it to remain in a building where liquor is sold.

Aaron Smith, aged 69, died at his Florida home on Monday, where he has been to spend the winter for several years. His remains arrived here to-day and were buried in Aspen Grove cemetery. He leaves a wife, two sons and two daughters.

An enjoyable meeting of the Brookfield Medical Club was held with Dr. E. H. Gnild of Ware at his residence on Pleasant street on Wednesday. Dinner was served, and an interesting paper was read by Dr. Guild on "Diet in Acute and Chronic Diseases."

Rev. William Gordon preached at the Methodist church last Sunday morning, and in the evening Rev. C. M. Hall preached a sermon on "Some Steps Toward Success" before the Epworth League and the young people's societies of the East Congregational church.

This evening Flavia Colie and R. A. Dunuary, with their excellent company, will present "Del Reno" at the Town Hall, and to-morrow evening another of their popular plays. This company has many friends in town and will doubtless have good houses.

Dr. J. Owen of Boston, the well-known optician, will be at the Mansion House next week. All who have imperfect sight he will be pleased to serve with his newly-invented crown lens, ground on a new and improved principle. The Doctor is highly spoken of through New England.

There was a fair attendance at the auction of second-hand carriages last Saturday at the S. R. Parker & Son new carriage repository. The prices brought were rather low, but a good number were sold. There is a fine show of new carriages there which it will pay any one to see.

Frederic Bryton and company appeared at the town hall last Friday evening in the great play "Forgiven." There was a good audience, the verdict being that few companies have been here that could equal them. Arrangements have been made for the company to play a return engagement on Tuesday evening, May 6.

The Ware Young Men's Union has received its charter of incorporation, the incorporators being F. D. Gilmore, W. S. Hyde, Frank M. Sibley, James Marland, C. W. Duffield, R. H. Loomis, H. P. Cummings, Franklin Henshaw, C. C. Hitchcock, T. J. O'Connell, C. A. Stevens, S. S. Hallett, J. H. G. Gilbert, E. H. Gilbert and W. H. Hall. The union has nicely fitted quarters at Music Hall and has about 80 members.

A great attraction this week, and one we trust that has given much pleasure to those who have stopped to look, has been the elegant chair made of Texas steer horns exhibited in the window of Blood's drug store. It was designed and made by C. W. Eddy from horns collected by him while in Texas. It is upholstered in golden-brown and old-gold plush and is pronounced "a thing of beauty" as well as of utility, having been tested to hold about three hundred and fifty pounds.

The Ware Rod and Gun Club is taking active measures to build a club house this season. A regular meeting of the club is to be held next Tuesday evening, when plans will be submitted and authority asked to borrow money, contract and build. Their fishing grounds at Beaver Lake are beautifully situated, and when the work being done is completed it will be one of the finest resorts of this kind in this part of the country. On Monday afternoon the members of the club are invited to drive over and see for themselves the extent and beauty of the grounds.

The selectmen have granted licenses to the following persons to sell intoxicating liquors: F. F. Gilmore of the Mansion House, first class; W. J. Volk, North street, second class; James Neville, Water street, first and fourth classes; H. W. Reed, Water street, first and fourth classes; John Hennessey, Bank street, first and fourth classes; Caryl Bros., Bank street, third and fifth classes. The prices to be paid are reported to be, 1st and 4th classes, $1400; 1st class, $1100; 3d and 5th classes, $500; 2d class, $400. Charles E. Blood, W. A. DeMerritt and Richard B. Yale, druggists, were also granted licenses. Those who applied for licenses but who were denied are: James O'Connor, Arthur Kane, Owen McArdle, Owen F. McMahon, Moses Sorell and Tuffield Provost.

The ladies of the Woman's Circle of the East Congregational church served a May-Day dinner at the chapel yesterday, which was patronized by about 200 people. The King's Daughters held a "Festival of Days" during the afternoon and evening. The booths, one for each day of the week, were very neatly fitted up for the sale of articles appropriate to the day. The mottoes over the booths were appropriate: Sunday, "Peace;" Monday, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," motto made of clothes pins; Tuesday, ironing, "Making the rough places smooth;" Wednesday, "A stitch in time saves nine;" Thursday, Reception day, "Welcome;" Friday, "A New Broom Sweeps Clean;" Saturday, confectionery, "Eat, Drink and be Merry." In the evening the chapel was crowded and the whole affair was a grand success financially and socially.

Church Council at Ware Center.

The mutual council to consider the differences between the Congregational church at Ware Center and its former pastor, Rev. E. S. Huntress, met at the church on Wednesday at eleven o'clock. The following Congregational churches were represented by pastor and delegate: North Brookfield, Barre, Ware, East Greenwich, Warren, Spencer, Gilbertville. The following distinguished divines were also present: W. S. Alexander, D.D., of Cambridge; Rev. Joshua Coit of Bostou, Michael Burnham, D.D., of Springfield; Rev. G. H. Morss, formerly of West Warren. Dr. Coit was moderator, and Rev. Mr. Mills of North Brookfield scribe. Charges were preferred by the church against Rev. E. S. Huntress, in substance that he had acted in a manner unbecoming a Christian in the abuse of his wife and son, and in his criticisms of the action of some of the church members. Mr. Huntress not appearing to answer to the charges, he was suspended Jan. 2, 1890, and excommunicated Feb. 22. Rev. Jasper P. Harvey, acting pastor of the church, presented the case to the council, Mr. Huntress speaking for himself. After a session lasting until midnight, Mr. Huntress having brought no evidence to show but what the charges brought against him were true, the council decided almost unanimously that, while there might have been some technical errors on the part of the church, they had dealt in fairness with Mr. Huntress, and in their financial settlement with him had paid him all that was his due. The council further could not recommend the church to restore him to membership. The finding of the council was expressed in about 400 words, of which the above is the substance.

LEGISLATIVE MATTERS.

BOSTON, April 30, 1890.

A correction is due to Mr. Sanders of Palmer on his vote for biennial state elections. He voted for the amendment with all the other members from Hampden county, except Mr. Buckley of Holyoke. Messrs. Sanders and Thurston of Enfield were recorded for the poll tax amendment, and Mr. Gage of Monson was paired against it.

The committee on agriculture reported a new oleo bill in the Senate Thursday afternoon of the same practical purport as the bill which was defeated.

Relief in a modest way is proposed for the poor veterans of the war and for their families by a bill to permit cities and towns to help them in their own homes or elsewhere outside of public institutions.

The committee on taxation has reported a bill to levy a tax of five per cent upon all legacies and successions of over $1000 which proceed from estates worth over $10,000. Exceptions are made in favor of relatives in direct line two generations each way, of brothers and sisters, brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, and of children by adoption.

The House on Thursday reversed its action of Wednesday, and by vote of 82 to 50 passed to be engrossed the bill to permit the deposit of public money with safe deposit, loan and trust companies.

A long debate occurred in the House Thursday on the bill to permit appeals from the insurance commissioners to the supreme court. A large majority finally voted for it after it had been perfected.

The tour-workers in the paper mills had their annual turn before the Legislature on Thursday, but they were badly defeated, for they had only 47 votes to 89 against them.

The House on Friday had its first discussion of the caucus reform bill, and it went rather hard for the bill. Member after member criticised it in some particular, but the point which was most obnoxious was the application of the act to every town, large or small, as well as to the cities. Amendments to exempt towns altogether, or towns below a certain size were made, and the city members objected to the long hours required. A few members defended the measure, but so much was brought against it that it was recommitted to the committee on election laws.

A city charter was reported to the House for the town of Marlboro. In it is the provision which was also in the Chicopee charter by which executive officers are to have seats on the floor of the aldermen and common council, with the right to take part in the debates, but not to vote. This gives the executive department direct communication with the legislative, informs the latter of the financial and other needs of the former, and is a precedent for giving cabinet officers seats on the floor of Congress under similar conditions—a reform which has long been agitated.

In the Senate a bill has been reported to make the state pay part of the cost of building or repairing public bridges when the work is done by the county commissioners under authority of the Legislature.

What is likely to prove the end of the free carpet wool episode in the Legislature has been reached this week. The resolutions which were offered in the House last week and were referred to the committee on federal relations came back from the Senate with the indorsement that the Senate refused to concur in the reference. Then Mr. Sohier of Beverly, one of the leaders on the Republican side of the House, moved that the House insist upon its reference. This was done by a party vote. So they went back to the Senate and there they were laid on the table on motion of Senator Metcalf of Hampden, and as the Senate has a strong Republican majority, they are likely to remain there for the remainder of the session.

But, for political purposes, the case is made up already, and it is easy to see how the parties will conduct themselves in the fall campaign in view of the course of the Legislature in refusing to adopt any resolutions relating to the tariff. The Democrats will say that Massachusetts industries are suffering, that millions of dollars have been lost by depreciation in the iron industries, that the proposed tariff on hides struck a heavy blow at one of the largest interests of the state, that a higher tariff on wool, especially carpet wool, will be ruinous to our woolen manufactures and that the belief of all business men, without regard to party, is that the business situation demanded of the Legislature the passage of resolutions to defend the interests of Massachusetts.

On the other hand, the Republicans will say that it was beyond the province of the Legislature to interfere in the details of such a national matter as the tariff, that the protective policy must be adjusted for the benefit of the whole country, not of any particular section, and that the representatives of the states in Washington are competent and patriotic men, located on the spot where they are better qualified to judge than are the members of the Legislature, and that they were left to themselves to act according to their judgment. These two positions will be the outcome of the agitation in the Legislature this session about the tariff.

Without any opposition the bill to appropriate $50,000 for the entertainment of the Grand Army at the national encampment in Boston in August has passed through the Legislature.

At the first debate on the bill to change the law of compulsory school attendance from 20 weeks to the entire school year, the time was fixed at 30 weeks, and at that, a margin of two weeks was allowed for which a child may be absent without being liable to the penalty for non-attendance.

The Senate on Tuesday defeated the House bill to prevent fines for imperfect weaving by vote of 19 to 19, but on Wednesday, by vote of 17 to 15, they reconsidered and then postponed the matter to next Tuesday.

The House has amended the bill to fix a minimum penalty for burglary by making it four years' imprisonment for night entry without a weapon and six years' for day entry with a weapon.

By vote of 53 to 22 (when a full quorum of 100 was present) the House has engrossed the bill to make nine hours a day's work for laborers, workmen and mechanics employed by the state or by any city or town.

There was a great surprise at the vote of 174 to 20, and only two pairs, on Wednesday morning on the resolve to abolish the poll tax as a suffrage qualification. No speech was made against it and only one for it—by Mr. Greenough of Wakefield. Eleven of the 20 noes were from the five western counties.

The public service committee reported back the caucus reform bill on Wednesday, but in a form that applies to cities only. In that form it will encounter far less opposition than before.

The House on Wednesday voted, 45 to 67, against a bill to prevent employers from discriminating against employes, 85 to 65 in favor of the state normal college at Boston to train teachers, and 64 to 46 for the bill for public liquor agencies, having amended it so that the agencies must be open for the entire 24 hours. LANDON.

May Magazines.

In the May *Century* our national life and history are made notable by the number of articles bearing directly upon them. "Archibald Robertson and His Portraits of the Washingtons," "Some New Washington Relics," "Original Portraits of Washington"; all these are freely illustrated. There is a series of articles referring to Memorial Day—"A Decoration Day Revery," by Brander Matthews; "Theodore O'Hara," by Robert Burns Wilson; a poem, "Twilight Song, for Unknown Buried Soldiers North and South," and a Memorial Day ode, "The Fallen." There is the first installment of Mrs. Mason's "The Women of the French Salons"; Mr. Jefferson's Auto-biography continues; "Friend Olivia" grows more and more attractive. Of profound interest is George Kennan's paper on the methods of the Russian Censors, called "Blacked Out," with a fac-simile of two pages of one of Mr. Kennan's *Century* articles on Siberia erased by the government censors. There are many other articles of great interest and value; also an unusually good collection of poems.

St. Nicholas for May has a characteristic sketch of Virginia colonial life called "The Passing of General Bacon," by Miss Alice Maude Ewell. Walter Camp, author of "Inter-collegiate Foot ball," will please and help the boys with the beginning of a new series, called "Bat, Ball and Diamond." The little folks will regret that this month closes the "Bunny Stories," but the serial, "Lady Jane," is a beautiful story, and there are two interesting dog stories. "Crowded Out o' Crofield" is full of interest, while "A Sub-Marine Ramble" and "In the Lumber Woods" are very attractive. As usual the number is well illustrated.

Good Housekeeping closed its tenth volume with the number for April 26. This is a good time to subscribe for one of the best household magazines ever published. At least send for a sample copy to Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

Scribner's for May is unusually rich in illustrations. "Barbizon and Jean-Francois Millet" is the first of two articles by S. H. Bartlett. "Co-operative Home Winning" shows some practical results of Building and Loan Associations. "The Theatres of Japan" describes the development of dramatic art in Japan and the accuracy and taste of costumes. Madame Dr. Stael's adventures in Italy and correspondence with the poet Monti are for the first time fully told by Eugene Schuyler. "As Haggard's of the Rock" is an unusually fine ghost story by Mary Tappan Wright. "Glimpses of Napoleon" is by Clarence Deming, and Francis Lynde Stetson publishes his second paper on "The Rights of the Citizen," showing him as a user of the public streets.

A dry, hacking cough keeps the bronchial tubes in a state of constant irritation, which, if not speedily removed, may lead to bronchitis. No prompter remedy can be had than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which is both an anodyne and expectorant.

The value of a remedy should be estimated by its curative properties. According to this standard, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best and most economical blood medicine in the market, because the most pure and concentrated. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.

To become happy, read about the improved Medical Discovery in another column.

Tried and True

Friends are scarce, but if you are suffering with that horrible disease, scrofula, you will find Sulphur Bitters will cure you as it did me, after suffering eight years, and paying out hundreds of dollars to doctors and druggists.—Jeannette Hanscom, Troy, N. Y.

No Other

As good. This is the statement of Professor Smith, Analytical Chemist: "I have analyzed all of the popular blood purifiers and medicines now sold. Many of them I found to be worthless, some dangerous to use. Sulphur Bitters contains nothing poisonous, and I think it is the best blood purifier made."

100 Ladies Wanted,

And 100 men to call on any druggist for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. It is the best spring medicine ever used. Large size package, 50 cents. At all druggists. 4-2

Arrested and Set Free.

Dr. J. H. Hanaford says in the *Western Plowman*: "If the first cough is properly treated, the first step in the direction of consumption arrested, the lungs developed, the breath set free, we need not fear consumption." Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs is the proper treatment for the first cough. No other remedy has saved so many from consumption. At all druggists. Large bottles, 50c and $1. Sample free. 4-2

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.
2y31

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. 1y-23

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

FOR SALE.

CONCORD BUGGIES,
HANDY WAGONS,
ROAD WAGONS,
TOP CARRIAGES
OF ALL KINDS.

A first-class shifting carriage-pole for $10.

If you want any kind of a wagon or cart, call on me, and I will give you as low a price as they can be sold for.

Plain Horse-Shoeing, $1.25.

G. O. HENRY,
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EASTERN HAMPDEN
REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE.

MONSON OFFICE, GEO. H. NEWTON. PALMER OFFICE, A. E. FITCH.

Now is the time to hand in your list of Real Estate FOR SALE, EXCHANGE OR RENT.

—o—

We are PREPARING OUR BULLETINS, and you ought to have your list inserted.

—o—

CALL AND SEE US FOR TERMS, ETC.

GEO. H. NEWTON. A. E. FITCH.

Telephone Talk.

THE MONSON MIRROR publishes to-day a column and a quarter article on the Telephone Service in this vicinity, advocating a reduction of rentals in favor of more general use, and consequently more efficient service.

* * *

Mr. Morris's paper on "Associate Members," read at the quarterly meeting of the Eastern Hampden Christian Endeavor Union at Enfield, is published in full.

* * *

Spring and Summer Sports in this vicinity are treated in a column article, showing the personnel and prospects of some of the local base ball clubs, etc.

* * *

Those interested in Farm Life and Management will always find in THE MIRROR a comprehensive and valuable Agricultural Department, while its General News Summary is wonderfully complete.

* * *

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"IN DARKEST AFRICA"

The Complete Story of Stanley's recent thrilling adventures and the disclosure of his important discoveries will appear for the first time in the work WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, entitled "IN DARKEST AFRICA." In two volumes, profusely illustrated, price $3.75 per volume. Do not be deceived by any of the so-called "Stanley books" now being offered as "genuine and authentic." To no one of these has Stanley contributed a line.

—— AGENTS. ——

The work will be sold by subscription only. We are now ready to appoint canvassers. Applicants should state experience. Remember that

Stanley's Own Book,

The only one in which he has a personal interest, will bear our imprint on the title page. Address

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
22 Hawley Street,
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DR. HART'S KING OF REMEDIES,
—FOR—
RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA, LIVER AND KIDNEYS, MALARIA, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.

SOUTHINGTON MEDICINE CO.

Dear Sirs:—I can truthfully and cheerfully say that having procured one bottle of your "King of all Remedies" for my wife, it has benefitted her very much. She has great faith in it. For months her appetite was very poor, but after taking one bottle of the medicine her appetite has increased, and she wishes me to express her thanks for this timely and valuable remedy. Yours,
CHARLES A. WAY.

Holyoke, Oct. 21, 1889.

SOUTHINGTON MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen:—One year ago last February my wife fell down stairs and received injuries which brought on a severe illness from that time until the early part of the present month. She has suffered with almost continuous pains, especially in her bones. Hearing of your great remedy, she tried it, and at the present time, after using two bottles, feels as well as ever, and her pains have entirely ceased. In connection with the Remedy she used Cyclone Liniment. Respectfully yours,
ROBERT BOWEN.

So. Hadley Falls, Mass., Oct. 3, 1889.

For sale by all druggists. One dollar per bottle, or six for $5. Prepared by SOUTHINGTON MED. CO., Southington, Conn. 52-35.

CASTORIA.

CASTORIA promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatuleney, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any preseription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.
82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it speeially adapted to affections of children."
ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D.
1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an exeellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent-up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its exeellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD.
Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
77 Murray Street. - - New York.

FORBES & WALLACE'S.

SPRINGFIELD, MAY 1, 1890.

Time to be thinking of Graduation Dresses.

It's a sorry thing to believe that brilliant efforts are often obliterated by poor impressions. But it is the way ofthe world, and so, to "look lovely," the dress must be right. Here are the fabrics catalogue eloquent:

White and Cream Silks.
- Crepe de Chine, 24 inch $1.25.
- Faille Francaise, 20 inch $1.25.
- Surah, 19 inch 55 and 75c; 24 inch $1.00.
- China, 22 inch 55c.
- India, 24 inch 35c.
- Figured India, 24 inch $1.00.

Dress Goods (pearl white).
- Brilliantine, 42 inch 75c to $1.12½.
- Striped Brilliantine, 47 inch $1.25.
- Henrietta, wool, 46 inch $1.
- Henrietta, silk warp, 40 inch $1.
- Cashmere, 30 inch 50c.
- Batiste, 39 inch 50c.

Dress Goods (cream).
- Albatross, 39 inch 50c; 40 inch 75c.
- Cashmere, 36 inch 25 and 37½c.
- Brilliantine, 38 inch 50c.
- Brilliantine, 40 inch 75c and $1.
- Batiste, 39 inch 50c.
- Striped Batiste, 39 inch 75c.
- Foule, 38 inch 75c.
- Henrietta, 46 inch $1.
- Striped Silk-and-wool, 44 inch $1.
- Serge, 40 inch 75c.
- Serge, 46 and 48 inch $1.
- Tricot, 38 inch 50c.
- Twilled Flannel, 38 inch 50c.
- Plain Flannel, 50 inch 75c and $1.

White Goods.
- Bordered Lawns, 40 inch 12½ to 33c.
- Hemstitched, 42 inch 25 to 55c.
- Hemstitched and tucked, 62c to $1.25.
- Hemstitched with border, 60 to 87½c.
- Muslin Flounciugs, 45 inch 50c to $1, in all the newest wrinkles of hemstitching; tucks, pleats and points. All Overs and edges to match.

Sashes.
- By the yard 75c to $1.50.
- Reversible, 4 yard $7.
- Roman Striped, 4 yard $4.
- Fringed and knotted Surahs, $4; or you may have the work done to order by skilled hands in the store.

Ganzes (white and cream).
- Striped Silk Gauzes, 45 inch $1.50 to $1.75.
- Silk Lace Nets, 48 inch $1.50 to $3.

Gloves and Fans and Trimmings or whatever other thing is right, in good form, tasteful, correct, or beautiful, is here, if it's anywhere.

If there is anything not represented, that ought to be, just tell us, please, and get our thanks.

Can we not send you samples of something in Dress Goods?

FORBES & WALLACE.

SULPHUR BITTERS.

For those deathly Bilious spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS. It will cure you.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up, and make you strong and healthy.

Do you suffer with that tired and all-gone feeling? If so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in-doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

$1000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich, and strong, and your flesh hard.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; It never fails to cure.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting thro' the skin in Pimples, Blotches and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

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FIRST-CLASS IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS —AND— GENERAL MACHINE REPAIRS.

WE have in stock, or make to order at short notice: Plow Points of all kinds, Cultivator Teeth, Scrapers, Stall Collars and Guards, Hitching Posts, Lawn Settees and Chairs, Umbrella Stands, Sinks, Kettles, Wagon Shoes, Window Weights, Building Columns, and all kinds of iron and brass castings.

We also do all kinds of machine repairing promptly and in the best manner, at reasonable prices.

2-tf. J. P. PERO, Proprietor.

WHITE FROST FLOUR AT SMITH & CO'S.

A Touch of Nature.

A little maid upon my knee
Sighs wearily, sighs wearily;
"I'm tired of dressin' dolls
And having stories read," says she.

"There is a book, if I could see,
I should be happy puffickly!
My mamma keeps it on a shelf—
'But that you cannot have,' says she!"

"But here's your 'Old Man of the Sea,'
And 'Jack the Giant!'" (Lovingly
I tried the little maid to soothe)
"The interestin' one," says he.

"Is that high up one!—seems to me
The fings you want just has to be
Someting you hasn't got; and that's
The interestin' one?" says she,
—*Annie F. Burnham, in St. Nicholas.*

AMONG THE PARAGRAPHERS.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

The festive fly is thawing out,
For 'tis the time of year;
He waiteth patiently about
Until bald heads appear.
—*New York Journal.*

When a girl elopes with her coachman some other man is saved from getting a mighty poor wife.—*Buffalo Express.*

No one donbts the modesty of the woman who retires to another room when she wants to change her mind.—*Scranton Truth.*

It has been judicially decided that corn is fuel. The juice of it has long been known as a great heater.—*Baltimore American.*

First traveler—"Do you suffer from draughts, sir?" Second traveler—"Yes, I've got a wild boy at Yale."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Prepared for Him—Census taker (next June)—"What is your age, Madam?" Mature Lady—"Here's your $100, sir."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Do you think Harrison will get a second term;" "On the contrary I thing the people would be willing to commute his first."—*New York Sun.*

Baritone at the piano sings, "Kiss me, darling, in the spring!" And the fair accompanist murmurs, softly, "What's the matter with doing it now?"—*Boston Gazette.*

"I'd just like to pull your tongue out," roared a weary night editor at a clamoring church bell one Sunday morning as he was trying to get a little sleep.—*Boston Post.*

Nurse—"Come, Bobby, and see the little baby the angels dropped from heaven last night." Bobby—"Well, if it cried like that, no wonder they dropped it."—*Men's Outfitter.*

We have always observed that the man who is loudest in the assertion that "he can take a drink or let it alone," never allows it to get very lonesome.—*Beaver Falls Tribune.*

At the threshold of a Turkish bath: Lean lady to stout lady friend—"You don't mean to say that you come here to get lean! Why, my doctor ordered me here to get fat."—*Philadelphia Record.*

She—"Indeed, it's not an easy thing for a girl to get a husband." He—"Why, a pretty girl can make her choice out of four of every five men she meets." She—"But it's the fifth that she wants."—*Life.*

A facetious St. Louis swell who danced with a couple of Chicago girls at a party recently remarked that although he liked rings on his fingers, he couldn't stand belles on his toes.—*St. Louis Magazine.*

"You've been riding a bicycle I hear," said one department clerk to another. "Just for exercise, you know." "It has reduced your weight some, I think." "Yes, I have fallen off a great deal."—*Washington Post.*

Dilby—"Will you consent to the marriage of Katie and I, Mr. Fogg?" Old Man—"Well, I'll see about it." Dilby—"Thanks; God bless you. Katie said you'd see all about the arrangements, and so forth."—*Life.*

Snodgrass—"Has the difference between Edward Bellamy and Lot's wife ever occurred to you? Snively—"No; what is it?" Snodgrass—"Well, Bellamy made $16,000 by 'Looking Backward.'"—*New York Sun.*

She was right: Mabel—"Did you her that Bessie Willis was married yesterday to Tom Gnzzler?" Maud—Really? "I thought she would be the last person to marry him!" Mabel—"Well, she was, wasn't she?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"What is it, little girl?" said a Dearborn-street grocer to a five-year-old miss, as he leaned over the counter. Little Girl—"Mamma sent me for a lamp chimney, and she hopes it will be as strong as that last butter you sent us."—*Chicago Lyre.*

Papa—"It's no use talking, Emma, these Sunday evening meetings have got to be shortened. My latest gas bill was enormous." Emma—"It's not my fault. It wouldn't be half as big if mamma didn't come into the parlor so often."—*Boston Herald.*

Ardor Subdued by Practical Considerations. He—"Is your love growing less, darling? You did not embrace me with the old-time fervor at the door this evening." She—"I know I didn't, dear, I saw you had a bouquet for me and I was afraid of mashing it."—*Epoch.*

Cause of rupture: Emperor Wilhelm—"Say, Bismark, what was the longest tennis game on record? Do you know?" Bismark—"Give it up, Willie. Wilhelm—"Go and read your Bible, man, and you will find that Jacob served seven years for Rachael.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Where is you hired now, Matildy?" "I'se working now for de most 'spectable, high-toned fo'ks in Austin. Dey am well fixed, shuah." "Has dey got silberware, an' sich?" "I should say so. Dey has silber tin pans, an' de copper biler in de kitchen am pure gold."—*Texas Siftings.*

At the table of a well-known Methodist minister the subject of widows was under discussion, when one of the sons inquired: "What is a grass widow?" "Why, Harry," responded the other, "don't you know? A grass widow is a woman whose husband died with hay-fever."—*Christian Advocate.*

She obeyed orders. Mistress—"Are these the apples I sent you to get?" Bridget—"They are that same." Mistress—"Why have you bitten them all?" Bridget—"Sure, mum, ye towld me to git uothin' but good atin' apples, an' I tasted ivery wan av thim; an' what wid the grane wans an' the wormy wans, I'm like to die!"—*Harpers' Bazar.*

Prof. Zweibeer of the University of Bonn is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problem. The servant hastily opened the door of his study and announced a great family event. "A little stranger has arrived." "Eh?" "It is a little boy." "Little boy. Well, ask him what he wants."—*Humoristische Blatter.*

The Rev. Mr. Wi'gus—"It has been only a short time ago that I read of a drunkard who, in attempting to blow out a lamp, caught fire and was entirely consumed—a genuine case of spontaneous combustion. There is a lesson in that, my besotted friend." The besotted—"There is, fur a fact. He had no business lettin' hisself get so dry."—*Terre Haute Express.*

THE SCOTCH COLLIE.

Those individual proclivities, the result of natural tendency supplemented by long and careful training, which distinguish different breeds of dogs, even more than their form and color, are very prominent in the shepherd dog, or, more properly, Scotch collie, and evidence a high order of intelligence. Scotland is, of course, the native land of this clever and affectionate animal, and there he appears to the best advantage, in the highest development of his peculiar ability, as a guardian and a driver of sheep. The mountains of Scotland are not high enough to prevent vegetation, and their slopes and summits afford excellent pastrnage for countless flocks of sheep, and this is the reason why men's clothes cost about one-half as much in London as they do here.

The aid of the collie dog is invaluable to the Scotch shepherd. His sheep go out to pasture on these mountains and mingle with hundreds of others, from which they would be almost inextricable if he depended on his own efforts alone; but he has a faithful servent whose keen sense is never at fault, and who knows his master's sheep wherever they may be.

Imagine a small stone inclosure, or pen, on some Scottish hillside, near which hundreds of sheep, the property of numerous owners, are grazing together. A shepherd appears with his dog. He owns a certain number of sheep, and is desirious of getting them into the pen. They may be scattered over a large surface and are mixed with others whom they exactly resemble. He wouldn't know them if he should see them, but he waves his hand to his dog, who is off like a shot, and who, barking and bounding and running with speed that never slackens, and endurance that never fails, gradually picks out his master's sheep, collects them in one flock, drives them to the pen, and pushes them in at the gate one by one.

The shepherd counts them, and if, as frequently happens, they are any missing, the dog is sent ont again, for the bright little four-footed shepherd can't count, though he does look sometimes as if he could do everything but speak. Presently he is seen driving in the missing sheep and keeping him going in a straight line, right through a flock of others, if they happened to be in the way.

Whether this characteristic existed in the remote ancestors of this species of dog, or is simply the result of long training, is of course uncertain, but we are interested to note a proof that it is hereditary now in two beautiful specimens of the pure collie that are owned in this city. Both dogs are quite young, hardly a year old, and it is a question if they ever saw a sheep in their lives, certainly not more than one or two, and yet when one started to bark at a passing team, the other, being given the word, went after him and drove him back.—*Nature.*

IOWA'S WONDERFUL LAKE.

The greatest wonder in the state of Iowa, and, perhaps, in any state, is what is called the "Walled Lake" in Wright county, 12 miles north of the Dubuque & Pacific railway and 150 miles west of Dubuque City, says the Burlington *Hawkeye*. This lake is from two to three feet higher than the earth's surface. In some places the wall is 10 feet high, 15 feet wide at the bottom and 5 feet wide at the top. The stones used in its construction vary in weight from three tons down to 100 pounds. There is an abundance of stones in Wright county, but surrounding the lake to the extent of five or ten miles there are none. No one can form an idea as to the means employed to bring them to the spot, or who constructed it. Around the entire lake is a belt of woodland one-half mile in width, composed of oak. With this exception the country is a rolling prairie. The trees must have been planted there at the time of the building of the wall. In the spring of the year 1856 there was a great storm, and the ice on the lake broke the wall in several places, and the farmers in the vicinity were compelled to repair the damage to prevent inundation.

The lake occupies a grand surface of 2800 acres; depth of water as great as 25 feet. The water is clear and cool, soil sandy and loamy. It is singular that no one has been able to ascertain where the water comes from or where it goes, yet it is always clear and fresh.

CARRYING THE MAIL AT LOW RATES.—The mail route between this place and Bridgewater, a distance of six miles, appears to be a star route that does not need a Congressional investigation, but does deserve some notice. For the last four years it has cost Uncle Sam only four cents for a daily mail service on this route, and for the ensuing four years one cent is to pay for the same service. If warrants are drawn quarterly they will call for only one-sixteenth of a cent each, and the contractor will have to wait four years, or until he has received sixteen warrants, before he can draw his cash. William Billings, who is believed by his friends to have seen more years of stage driving than any other man now living, is to carry the mail over this route.—*Woodstock (Vt.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Parishioner (troubled with doubts)—"Mr. Honeyman, I should like to hear you preach a sermon next Sunday or the Sunday following on 'How to Become a Christian,' 'Is Salvation Necessary?' or some such topic." Popular clergyman (reflectively)—"Let me see. Next Sunday morning and evening I expect to preach on 'Economic Problems' and 'Influence of Egyptian Art on Modern Civilization.' My subjects for several successive discourses in regular order will be 'The Illusions of Philosophy,' Relative Importance of Dogmatism and Science,' 'Are Secret Societies Commendable?' 'Bellamyism,' and 'Are We not a Sporting Nation?' I don't think I can get around to it, Mr. Brownson, for a month or two yet."—*Chicago Tribune.*

This may be an old one, but it touches a tradition of local import, and so it goes. "I used to know old Captain B——, who lived not far from Lewiston, years and years ago," said the story teller. "He was a queer old chap, and used to say 'Zounds you' very emphatically. He once was applied to for work by a man who stammered. 'What can you do?' asked the captain. The man told him in his reluctant way, and then the captain said: 'You, sir! What do you want a day for pay?' 'D-d-d-dol-d-d-doll—' 'I'll take you,' interjected the captain. 'Iar'n'ah-h-half' continued the stammerer. 'Zounds you!' shouted the captain, 'just hired you for a dollar.'—*Lewiston Journal.*

Negotiations are going on between the president of the university of Southern California and Alvah Clark of Cambridge for the construction of a 42-inch lens for the biggest telescope in the world, to be erected on one of the lofty mountains near Los Angeles. Clark says he can make such a lens in five years for $100,000. It will be eight inches larger than the Lick telescope and will bring the moon within 60 miles of the earth. The university designs to secure the co-operation of Harvard in astronomical observations. The university has a large lauded endowment and there is much local pride there to have the largest telescope in the world.

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To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

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Peculiar in strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Peculiar in its "good name at home"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

THE IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Pure Blood Makes THE HAPPY BODY.

To coin a good word Dear Reader are you "Blood-happy," or is your blood dragging you through the depths of distress with

Influenza, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Constipation, Scrofula or Kindred Diseases? Then

Free the blood from these poisons. Don't mope along half alive, half dead, but rouse up your system. Give your good old friend, the stomach, a chance to do its work.

Here is the Remedy.

Tried, Trusty and True. The ingredients of this wonderful remedy have been used as a favorite and successful medicine for many years, but like the improvements in the telegraph since Morse, the sewing machine since Howe, and the electric light since Franklin forced the first spark, the new and perfect combination of these ingredients has never been reached until combined as now in FISCHER'S IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

This medicine purifies the blood as naturally as water quenches thirst. *It cures.* This is its history in a nutshell. Grateful testimonials are received every day. Price $1.00.

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G. W. Gregory, Esq.:—In accepting your resignation as Principal Examiner, I take this opportunity to express my sincere regret that the office is to lose your valuable services. By an intelligent discharge of your duties, at the head of one of the most important classes in the Patent Office, you have won not only the esteem and commendation of more than one Commissioner of Patents, but also the confidence of those having business before you.

Very respectfully,
J. M. THATCHER,
Commissioner of Patents.

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I am also pleased to say that I am Agent for

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The best in the world, and have a LARGE COUNTER BOOK for the benefit of all who wish to examine. Orders for Patterns left at my store will receive prompt attention.

I AM ALSO AGENT FOR THE FAMOUS STATEN ISLAND FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT.

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Thank you for past favors and soliciting a fair share in the future,

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BOSTON & MAINE R. R.
CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.

TIME TABLE COMMENCING MONDAY, JULY 1, 1889.

LEAVE BOSTON for Northampton, Hadley, Amherst, So. Amherst, Belchertown and Bondsville, 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN, Northampton, 6.00, 8.15 a. m., 2.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.25 a. m.

Hadley, 6.06, 8.21 a. m., 2.05 p. m. Sunday, 6.33 a. m.

Amherst, 6.45, 8.30 a. m., 2.14 p. m. Sunday, 6.43 a. m.

So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.49 p. m. Sunday, 6.49 a. m.

Belchertown, 6.34, 8.47 a. m., 2.32 p. m. Sunday, 7.03 a. m.

Bondsville, 6.45, 8.57 a. m., 2.42 p. m. Sunday, 7.16 a. m.

LOCAL SERVICE BETWEEN WARE & NORTHAMPTON.

LEAVE, Ware, 6.10, 10.25 a. m., 4.28, 6.33 p. m. Sunday, 4.33 p. m.

Bondsville, 6.45, 10.40 a. m., 4.54, 6.49 p. m. Sunday, 4.50 p. m.

Belchertown, 7.10, 10.50 a. m., 5.05, 7.00 p. m. Sunday, 5.05 p. m.

So. Amherst, 7.40, 11.12 a. m., 5.19, 7.14 p. m. Sunday, 5.17 p. m.

Amherst, 7.55, 11.18 a. m., 5.26, 7.19 p. m. Sunday, 5.23 p. m.

Hadley, 8.21, 11.28 a. m., 5.36, 7.29 p. m. Sunday 5.33 p. m.

ARRIVE, Northampton, 8.38, 11.35 a. m., 5.43, 7.35 p. m. Sunday, 5.40 p. m.

LEAVE, Northampton, 6.00, 8.15 a. m., 2.00, 7.10 p. m. Sunday, 6.25 a. m.

Hadley, 6.06, 8.21 a. m., 2.05, 7.20 p. m. Sunday, 6.33 a. m.

Amherst, 6.15, 8.30 a. m., 2.14, 7.50 p. m. Sunday, 6.43 a. m.

So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19, 8.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.49 a. m.

Belchertown, 6.34, 8.47 a. m., 2.32, 8.30 p. m. Sunday, 7.03 a. m.

Bondsville, 6.45, 8.57 a. m., 2.42, 8.50 p. m. Sunday, 7.16 a. m.

ARRIVE, Ware, 7.00, 9.10 a. m., 3.00, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.35 a. m.

LEAVE BOSTON for Ware, Gilbertville, Barre, Rutland, Oakdale and West Boylston, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN, Ware, 7.00, 9.10 a. m., 3.00 p. m. Sunday, 7.41 a. m.

Gilbertville, 7.09, 9.18 a. m., 3.08 p. m. Sunday, 7.41 a. m.

Barre, 7.35, 9.33 a. m., 3.27 p. m. Sunday, 8.08 a. m.

Rutland, 7.50, 9.48 a. m., 3.45 p. m. Sunday, 8.27 a. m.

Oakdale, 8.28, 10.16 a. m., 4.10 p. m. Sunday, 9.08 a. m.

West Boylston, 8.39, 10.20 a. m., 4.15 p. m. Sunday, 9.12 a. m.

LEAVE BOSTON for New Braintree, Hardwick, Barre Plains, Coldbrook, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN, New Braintree, 7.17 a. m., 3.11 p. m., Sunday, 7.52 a. m.

Hardwick, 7.29 a. m., 3.14 p. m. Sunday, 7.56 a. m.

Barre Plains, 7.28 a. m., 3.23 p. m. Sunday, 8.02 a. m.

Coldbrook, 7.42 a. m., 3.32 p. m. Sunday, 8.14 a. m.

LEAVE BOSTON for So. Clinton and Berlin, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN So. Clinton, 8.44 a. m., 4.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.21 a. m.

Berlin, 8.57 a. m., 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 9.31 a. m.

LEAVE BOSTON for Hudson, So. Sudbury, 7.45, 9.20 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 5.25, 6.25, p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN, Hudson, 6.30, 7.40, 9.08, 10.42 a. m., 12.35, 4.39 p. m. Sunday, 9.44 a. m.

So. Sudbury, 6.48, 7.55, 9.28 a. m., 12.52, 4.54 p. m. Sunday, 10.04 a. m.

LEAVE for WAYLAND, 7.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN WAYLAND, 5.50, 6.55, 8.02, 8.45, 9.36 a. m., 12.58, 2.40, 5.01, 5.15 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m.

LEAVE for WESTON, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN WESTON, 6.00, 7.04, 8.10, 8.54, 9.44 a. m., 1.07, 2.49, 5.09, 5.25 p. m. Sunday, 10.21 a. m.

LEAVE for WALTHAM, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN WALTHAM, 6.08, 7.12, 8.17, 9.02, 9.52 a. m., 1.15, 2.57, 5.16, 5.34 p. m. Sunday, 10.30 a. m.

LEAVE for WAVERLY, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN WAVERLY, 6.15, 7.18, 8.22, 9.07 a. m., 1.20, 3.02, 5.40 p. m. Sunday, 10.36 a. m.

LEAVE for BELMONT, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN BELMONT, 6.18, 7.21, 8.25, 9.10 a. m., 1.23, 3.05, 5.48 p. m. Sunday, 10.39 a. m.

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Hampton, Va.

In May last, my youngest child, fourteen months old, began to have sores gather on its head and body. We applied various simple remedies without avail. The sores increased in number and discharged copiously. A physician was called, but the sores continued to multiply until in a few months they nearly covered the child's head and body. At last we began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a few days a marked change for the better was manifest. The sores assumed a more healthy condition, the discharges were gradually diminished, and finally ceased altogether. The child is livelier, its skin is fresher, and its appetite better than we have observed for months. FRANK M. GRIFFIN.
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CALL AND INSPECT, FOR IT IS WELL WORTH A VISIT.

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DR. ELMER E. HILL,
DENTIST,
HATCH'S BLOCK, PALMER, MASS.

Nearing the Shore.

An old man sits in a worn arm-chair;
White as snow is his thin brown hair;
Furrowed his cheek by time and care;
And back and forth he sways;
There's a far-away look in his dim, dim eye,
Which tells of thoughts of the long gone-by,
For he sits once more 'neath a cloudless sky,
And in childhood merrily plays.

He rests his cheek on the head of his cane,
And, happily smiling, dreams over again
Of that home, the brook, the meadow, the lane,
Dreams all with a vision clear;
Then childhood yields unto manhood's place,
And he looks once more in his bright, bright face,
And down the starry eyes he can trace
A love remembered and dear.

Then he wakes and sighs: "It seems but a dream
That comes to me now like a golden gleam,
Or the shimmering glow of the sun's last beam,
But 'tis pleasant to think it o'er.
That youth was so sweet, but now is past;
Those days of love were too precious to last,
But over yonder their pleasures are cast,
And I am nearing the shore."

He is gliding on his life-boat;
O'er the calm, still water they peacefully float;
But echo full oft brings a well-known note
From the land he has left behind.
But Time will row back for him no more,
And he gazes away to that other shore,
And knows when the voyage of life shall be o'er,
That his dream beyond he will find.

The seeds of youth, which in youth we sow,
Adown through the isles of the future will grow,
And shed on age a beautiful glow,
As they come in memory's gleams.
Loved faces will come to dimming sight;
Sweet words will echo in day-dreams bright,
And circle old age with their halos of light
As they mingle in beautiful dreams.

SERVED THEM RIGHT.

"All is not gold that glitters," runs the proverb. Alfred Lang was a brilliant fellow in the estimation of his friends. He was brilliant, too, in so many different directions, that some who thought they knew him well, marveled that he had not set the world on fire long before he was twenty-one. He dressed faultlessly and in the best taste, which was the more remarkable when it is considered that he never twice patronized the same tailor. He was brilliant in the ease with which he made acquaintances among people in society, and received invitations to all notable society events.

He danced superbly; he was an authority regarding the latest opera, the latest society debutante, the latest novel, and was, besides, thoroughly conversant with the minor details of the latest scandal. He was brilliant in his schemes to make his way in the world without soiling his delicate hands with labor and exceeding brilliant in getting out of dilemmas which would have thrown an ordinary mortal into depths of despair. Yet, with all his brilliancy, Alfred Lang was out of money, always waiting to borrow small sums of intimate friends, and, consequently, in debt to more people than he actually could remember when he sometimes endeavored to ascertain where he stood. One thing was in his favor. His father was comparatively well off, and was known as a man of strictest integrity in the business world, and the son was able to push his way, after the peculiar fashion, largely on his father's reputation.

"Why don't you get married and settle down to business, respectfully?" said a chum one day, who knew him intimately.

"Dence take it, George," he replied, with warmth. "If a man can't support himself, how upon earth can he support a wife, and particularly the sort of a girl I would like to marry?"

"Well," his friend replied, "under the circumstances perhaps there is but one way open for you. Do as many another man has done before you; let the wife do the supporting, or rather, her father."

"But every girl in town knows me," plaintive Alfred Lang observed sagely, "and if she does not her father does, so you see it amounts to the same thing."

"Yes, I see," his companion observed with a sigh. "I pity you." Then after a pause he added, "Why don't you go to work?"

Lang lit a cigar, daintily, and with a derisive laugh blew several smoke rings heavenward and abruptly turned the subject.

"Hump! why don't I go to work?" he mused the next morning, as he awoke at nine o'clock, after a delightful evening at Mrs. La Mode's german. "Egad I shall have to do something disagreeable if the governor cuts down my allowance again." Then he dressed leisurely and sauntered out to get up an appetite for breakfast.

When next he met George Devins, some two weeks later, he had quarreled with the "governor," and was on his way to the railway station to take the train for R——

"The old man has given his check for $2000, to get rid of me," he said with mock seriousness, "and I am going out into the world to seek my fortune. Of course you approve, George, for I shall simply take the advice you so kindly gave me some time ago, and I shall play for my stakes. You will come to my wedding, won't you?"

With the aid of the father's name, and a letter of introduction or two to men of his own age, Alfred Lang was not long without friends in his new surroundings. With engaging manners and pleasant address and, withal, possessing an unlimited fund of the very refinement of cheek, he soon received invitations to this or that event and being reputed a man of means, and the son of a merchant whose credit was "A1," he made rapid progress in society.

Among his new acquaintances was the son of a certain Dr. Delano, Charles by name, and through him Lang soon made the acquaintance of the daughter Kate, a fascinating young lady. Fortune or no fortune, the girl had impressed him at the very first meeting as no women had impressed him before. Love tugged at his heart strings, but he held a tight rein on his affections, resolved not to commit himself foolishly, until he had first learned the precise market value of the dainty bundle of merchandise under consideration. Even a fool can ask questions, and he soon learned, to his eminent satisfaction, that Mr. Delano had a fine practice, and owned considerable real estate in various parts of the city. Moreover, he was very proud of his daughter; and it was whispered that the man who would be able to win her heart and capture the father's affections at the same time, might make up his mind to settle down in life and give himself no further anxiety about the future.

Then Alfred Lang congratulated himself upon falling in love so honestly, and finding a fortune at a single stroke. He felt that the girl was interested—a hundred little things assured him of it—and when, after a somewhat better acquaintance, the genial doctor occasionally called him Alfred to his face, he knew that everything was progressing splendidly. The flame of love was therefore fanned as occasion presented itself.

A few days after this stage of the affair, Lang wrote to George Devins as follows:

DEAR BOY:—I have met my fate, in spite of our little joke about going away to seek my fortune. Have just engaged myself to Miss Delano, the only daughter of a prominent physician here, and a very lovely girl in every way. From remarks casually dropped about town I infer that her father is quite wealthy; however, I will not quarrel with him on that score, for Kate is jolly company, and things have gone so far now, that rather than lose her I would try to be resigned, had her father a dozen fortunes. But do not think me mercenary, for much as I should hate love in a cottage, her sweet smiles and charming disposition would make it anything but unendurable, etc.

The engagement had already ceased to be a matter of gossip when Alfred Lang began to consider the expediency of an early marriage. The doctor was not averse to the suggestion—he had no wish to stand in the way of his daughter's happiness; and Kitty, well, Mrs. Delano did most of the urging with the girl, who consented to a June wedding reluctantly—arguing that their engagement had been of so short duration. Then came those weeks of preparation, which are supposed to fill an expectant bride's heart with joy, and to deplete her father's pocket-book. Spring budded, bloomed and ripened into summer, and the happy day at length arrived.

One morning, two or three days after the return from the wedding tour, Lang lounged into the doctor's office, and tendering his father-in-law a cigar, threw himself upon a window seat. Something was evidently disturbing his usual serenity of mind, for he twisted his moustache nervously between the thumb and finger of his left hand, while he held his cigar idly in the other. Dr. Delano, too, appeared ill at ease during the silence which neither, somehow, was able to break.

"Is there anything you wish to say to me, Alfred?" the elder asked at length, turning his head slightly.

"Oh, nothing special; I'm not disturbing you, I hope."

"Not in the least. Have you seen the paper this morning? I never look at anything but the stock market reports," the doctor returned, laughing faintly.

"I never look at them. Fact is I—I never risk money in stocks, and therefore have no interest in following the quotations. It's only fools and children who play with fire, anyhow. No, sir, I never speculated in my life."

The doctor winced, coughed gently once or twice, and began making dollar marks with a stub pen on a prescription blank.

"But fortunes have been made in speculation, Alfred," the man of physic replied in a moment. The young man making no answer, the doctor went on with pen practice. "There is money in mining stock, just now," he remarked at length. "And, by the way, I was recently offered a rare chance to go into a company at par, where it is possible to double the amount invested in two years. As things are, it would not pay me to make sacrifices in one direction for the sake of investments in another; still, if I could find the right sort of a person to go in with me, I would not mind five or ten thousand."

"You mean that the other fellow shall put in five or ten thousand with you?"

"Yes, that is—of course"—

"Hah?" Lang ejaculated, "I will think it over." He stretched himself to his full length, and then arose to his feet. "It has just occurred to me," he ventured, taking a step toward the door, "I have never thought to ask how Kate's money is invested. Probably not in Mexican mining stock."

"Well, no," the doctor replied, giving the man a quizzical glance. "It would be very foolish, with the little she has, to go into that sort of an investment."

Then the young man whistled softly a few lines of an opera air, and awkwardly left the room.

The honeymoon passed with nothing unusual to disturb its sweetness and serenity. Then came one morning the awakening.

The conversation began with the usual baby talk indulged in by married people of tender experience, rapidly coming down to adult English of unmistakable directness. The young wife had hinted at an allowance of handsome proportions, and suggested the possible future contingency of an establishment.

"That would indeed be charming, Kate, but I suppose that the doctor, your good father, had already settled matters as is customary, when"—Somehow he could not go on. He knew what he wanted to say, but the words sounded strangely when uttered; so he paused.

Mrs. Lang opened her eyes very widely and looked at her husband. "Why, Alfred Lang!" she exclaimed, "one would think you had married me for money."

"Well," he replied, with an attempt at gaiety, "you will admit that money is a good thing to have."

"My father was speaking last night of our future plans," she went on without noticing her husband's reply. "Of course we wish to live independently by ourselves, and the sooner we begin to think about it the better."

Lang crossed the room slowly, with his head bent, and returning, said with a laugh which sounded very affected, "My dear, I am very well satisfied where I am; aren't you?"

"Well, no," she replied with a look of scorn, "decidedly not; and since you are disposed to treat the matter so lightly, I will ask in as many words, what are your ideas concerning the future?"

"Do you wish to know?" he returned.

"I do, most assuredly."

"I have none," he said, coolly, thrusting his hands into his pockets.

"Have none," she repeated.

"Perhaps I've done wrong, Kitty," he continued with a change of manner. "I had no wish to deceive you; in fact, knowing that your father was so well off I have thought little about it, but the plain truth of the matter is, that just at present I am without a business, and haven't a dollar in the world beyond what is in my pocket-book. Charming state of affairs, truly!"

"Are you telling me the truth?" Mrs. Lang gasped, as she attempted to rise to her feet.

"I am."

"But your father——"

"He disowned me several months ago, after a quarrel over the question of an allowance. But that is nothing," he said in a moment, for Mrs. Lang had sunk back into the corner of the sofa in stupefied silence. "I shall soon find a business, and meanwhile, your father——"

"My father!" she repeated, springing to her feet; "shall I tell you the truth about my father? As you have fooled him so completely, you have been beautifully fooled yourself."

"Fooled, Kate?" the young financier repeated; "what do you mean?"

There was a look of wicked triumph in her eyes as she replied, "I mean that he has speculated his fortune away, injured his practice by inattention to business, and is almost on the verge of bankruptcy. That's why he consented so willingly to an early marriage. Charming state of affairs, is it not?"

Lang's reply was a tri-syllabic invocation of his satanic majesty.

"Now you see you will have to support me whether you wish to or not. Oh, sir, this is perfectly fiendish."

Then she buried her face in her hands and gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.

Mrs. Lang cried herself to sleep that night. Dr. Delano was quite cut up at the startling information which reached his ears the next morning, but as the biter had been bitten, there was nothing to be said on either side. It all worked for the best, however, in the end, as the sequel will show.

"Do you really love me, Alfred?" the wife asked one evening a month after the cloud burst. "I sometimes fancy that you don't."

"Love you, my dear girl? can you doubt it?"

"Then why do you not try harder to get into business? I am dying to go housekeeping, and I know we could live cosily and comfortably on a small income, with good managing. I am ready to do my part."

"Do you mean that, Kitty?" he asked, eagerly.

"Every word of it!"

"Then I've married a fortune after all. I received a letter to-day from Dix & Thomas offering a position as salesman in their mercantile establishment. The hours are long and the pay very small for a man of my extravagant tastes, having a wife whose tastes are equally extravagant. I have been looking for something better for weeks, as you know, but, having no qualifications but a fair address and some cheek to recommend me, I fear I shall not be very successful. Now, if you can swallow your pride, here at your home, I'll try to swallow mine and go to work; and, perhaps, with careful management, we may some day be worth something."

"What is the salary?" the wife questioned.

"Only fourteen hundred dollars; but it is sure and regular."

"And will you promise to let me be your book-keeper and banker?"

"Can I trust you, Kitty?"

She looked straight into his eyes as she replied, "Can't you trust me, Alfred? I trusted you once, you know, but——"

"Never mind that now, my dear girl; leave the words unsaid. But I can and will trust you, for we have both learned a lesson that will suffice for life, I hope. I'll take that position to-morrow, Kitty, and we will begin life sensibly at the bottom of the ladder." Then he kissed her fondly.

It is a year since Alfred Lang married, and his wife has indeed brought him a fortune; for his father seeing that he was in earnest, has forgiven him and taken him into his business.

ARAB CHILDREN AND THEIR GAMES.

If the little Arabs are heathen, they are at least picturesque heathen. In their colored clothing, with their dusky skins, their black eyes, and their lithe, active bodies, they are very picturesque. But, it must be confessed, they appear best at a distance; for soap is not so fashionable among them as might justly be expected from the people of a country which manufactures the most cleansing soap in the world. In watching the children at play, one soon notices that the girls do not always have a good time. Arab boys are not trained to be gentlemanly and courteous to their sisters, although they treat their elders with a delightful deference and respect. Little girls in the East are never welcome. When a baby is born, if it be a girl, "the household mourns 40 days." So, in taking a glimpse at the amusements of the Arab children we must be prepared to find that they are chiefly boys' games, in which the girls seldom participate.

A little boy in America asked a person who had lived in Syria if the boys there ever played base ball; and on learning that they did not, he said, "Well, they can't have much fun there." It is very natural for the children of any country to imagine that the children in other countries amuse themselves in the same ways. And the number of games that are in reality universal among children in all countries is really remarkable. For example, the Arab children often play blind-man's-buff (they call it *ghum-mida*) and *biz zownia* or puss-in-the corner, and a game like "button, button, who has the button?" (which they play with a pebble), and *owal howah* or leap frog, and *gilleh* or marbles. But there are other games of which you probably have never heard—such as *kurd, murboot, Shooka, joora, taia-ya-taia, khatim*, and the greatest and most exciting of all their games—the national game, it might perhaps be called *jereed*.—*Henry W. Jessup in St. Nicholas.*

A colored brother was explaining his system of giving to the Lord. "Yes, sir," he said to his visitor, easing himself back on his spade, "I gibes de truck off o' one acre ebbery year to de Lawd."

"Which acre is it?" inquired his friend.

"Wal, dat is a dibberant question. Trut is de acre changes most ebbery season."

"How's that?"

"Why, in wet seasons I gibes de Lawd de low land, and in de dry seasons I gibes Him de top acre ob de whole plantation."

"In that case the Lord's acre is the worst in the whole farm, for in wet seasons it would be flooded and in dry times parched.

"Jest so," rejoined the systematic giver; "you don't allow I'se goin' to rob my family ob de best acre I'se got, did ye?"

And he went on with his digging with a sturdy smile of conscious peace with God.

We are often struck with the wonderful similarity between the colored man and the white man. We think we have known several white men who were just as shrewd in their financial management as this colored man was.—*Journal and Messenger.*

One of our contemporaries, in an obituary of an honored brother says: "For two years preceding his death he was a constant reader of the ——. He was a great sufferer, but grace sustained him." How sad that he did not take to the reading of some other newspaper in time.—*Congregationalist.*

The oldest man ever applying for a marriage license in West Virginia was Reuben Shinn, aged 96, who was given a license at Sisterville to marry a woman 50 years of age.

Shadow and Substance.

Years ago, when you were little,
Not so queenly, grand and tall,
Oft I saw your tiny shadow
Thrown by lamplight on the wall.

Always with the arms uplifted,
Reaching out for my caress,
Was the shadow, till the substance
Found her father's good-night kiss.

And to-night, my fair young daughter,
When I met you in the hall,
I could see again your shadow
Thrown by gaslight on the wall.

Arms thrown out and face uplifted—
Could it be for kisses still?
Here the substance solved the question;
"Pa, I want a dollar bill?"
—*Buffalo Express.*

THE AGE OF PAPERS.

This world has seen its iron age, its stone age, its golden age, and its brazen age. This is the age of paper. We are making so many things of paper that it will soon be true that without paper there is nothing made that is made. We live in paper houses, wear paper clothing, and sit on paper cushions in paper cars, rolling on paper wheels. We do a paper business over paper counters, buying paper goods, paying for them with paper money or charging them up in paper books, and deal in paper stocks on paper margins. We row races in paper boats for paper prizes. We go to paper theaters where paper actors play to paper audiences. We elect paper men with paper votes on a paper issue to represent a paper constituency in a paper Congress and make paper laws. As the age develops, the coming man will become more deeply enmashed in the paper net. He will awake in the morning and creep from under the paper clothing on his paper bed, and put on his paper dressing-gown and paper slippers. He will walk over paper carpets down paper stairs, and seating himself in a paper chair, will read the paper news in the morning paper. A paper bell will call him to his breakfast, cooked in a paper oven, served on paper dishes, laid on a paper cloth on a paper table. He will wipe his lips with a paper napkin, and having put on his paper shoes, paper hat and paper coat and taken his paper cane, he will walk on a paper pavement or ride in a paper carriage to his paper office. He will organize paper enterprises and make paper profits. He will go to Europe on paper steamships and navigate the air in paper balloons. He will smoke paper tobacco in a paper pipe, lighted with a paper match. He will write with a paper pencil, whittle paper sticks with a paper knife, go fishing with a paper fishing rod, a paper line and a paper hook, and put his catch in a paper basket. He will go shooting with a paper gun, loaded with paper cartridges, and will defend his country in paper forts with paper cannon and paper bombs. Having lived his paper life and achieved a paper fame and paper wealth, he will retire to paper leisure and die in paper peace. There will be a paper funeral, at which the mourners, dressed in paper crape, will wipe their eyes with paper handkerchiefs, and a paper preacher will preach a paper sermon in a paper pulpit from a paper text. He will lie in a paper coffin wrapped in a paper shroud, his name will be engraved on a paper plate, and a paper hearse, adorned with paper plumes, will carry him to a paper-lined grave, over which will be raised a paper monument. The papers will record his paper virtues, while paper angels with paper wings will clothe him in a paper robe and waft his paper spirit from this paper world to the paper gates of a paper paradise, where all is paper, and fire-proof at that.—*The Paper World.*

IT LASTS.

Dr. Maclaren of Manchester voices with peculiar sweetness this basal truth of Christianity:

The peculiarity of Christianity is the strong personal tie of real love and intimacy, which will bind men, to the end of time, to this Man that died nineteen hundred years ago. We look back into the wastes of antiquity; the mighty names rise there that we reverence; there are great teachers from whom we have learned, and to whom, after a fashion, we are grateful. But what a gulf there is between us and the best and noblest of them! But here is a dead Man, who to-day is the object of passionate attachment, and a love deeper than life to millions of people, and will be to the end of time. There is nothing in the whole history of the world the least like that strange bond which ties you and me to Jesus Christ, and the paradox of the apostle remains a unique fact in the experience of humanity: "Jesus Christ, whom, having not seen, ye love." We stretch out our hands across the waste, silent centuries, and there, amidst the mist of oblivion, thickening round all other figures in the past, we touch the warm, throbbing heart of our Friend who lives forever, and forever is near us. We here, nearly two millenniums after the words fell on the nightly air on the road to Gethsemane, have them coming direct to our hearts. A perpetual bond unites men with Christ to-day, and for us, as truly as in that long-past Paschal night, is it true, "Ye are my friends."

There are no limitations in that friendship, no misconstructions in that heart, no alienation possible, no change to be feared. There is absolute rest for us there. Why should I be solitary if Jesus Christ is my friend? Why should I fear if He walks by my side? Why should anything be burdensome if He lays it upon me, and helps me to bear it? What is there in life that cannot be faced and borne—aye, and conquered—if we have Him, as we all may have Him, for the Friend and the home of our hearts?

Lady—Here, come back, you promised to saw that wood when I gave you your dinner. Tramp—Madam, I am obliged to break my promise. The song you gave me produces a G sharp tone, which does not harmonize with my favorite song in F, which I always sing when working. Either the saw or my voice must be changed before I can work.—*Lawrence American.*

You shouldn't have taken 'No' for an answer so readily, Charles, said his more experienced friend. Don't you understand that a girl's 'No' often means 'Yes? She didn't say 'No', Jack, responded Charley, utterly without hope. So said 'Naw.'—*Boston Beacon.*

Do you think, Miss Passeigh, said a society young man, that marriage is a failure? I don't know that marriage itself is a failure, but I know of efforts in that direction which have been, and she sighed dismally.—*Washington Post.*

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 9, 1890.

ONE more city in Western Massachusetts, Chicopee having decided to put on municipal robes next year.

THE musical festival at Springfield this week has been a grand success in every way. Worcester will have to look after her laurels.

BOSTON has more banking capital in proportion to population and business transacted than any other city in the United States.

THE Greenfield *Gazette* forcibly says of the proposition to remove the poll tax requirement: "The voter will be only less a man, and so the smaller pattern of a citizen, who contributes nothing to the treasury."

CONGRESSMAN ROCKWELL made a mistake in voting against the international copyright bill the other day. The bill appears to be fairly framed for the protection of literary men, and our congressman should put himself right at the first opportunity.

TO-MORROW afternoon the members of the Massachusetts Press Association start from Boston on their 12-day trip to Virginia. The party will number thirty or more, and if they do not have a fine time it will not be the fault of the Virginians, who propose to lay themselves out in the way of drives, banquets and the like to an extent which threatens to test to the danger point the digestive abilities of even the Yankee editors.

No lawlessness, and only nine arrests in a year; such is the record which gives the citizens of Brattleboro, Vt., a pardonable pride in their town of 7000 inhabitants. This record covers several public days, when many strangers were in town, and is really a remarkable showing. The town officials ascribe it to the faithful enforcement of the prohibitory law, but there must be a healthy moral sentiment in the community to begin with, or the law would not be so faithfully enforced.

THE big strikes expected all over the country, and in other countries as well, with the opening of May, did not prove as extensive as anticipated, although there have been demonstrations in many places. At Chicago 10,000 employes in the sash, door and blind factories and planing mills went out on Friday, and have gained their eight-hour day, while in New York nearly 220 out of 225 firms have already yielded to the demands of the carpenters for an eight-hour working day. This makes a good beginning for the workmen, but one swallow does not make a summer, and it will be a good while yet before the eight-hour day becomes general.

THE South is booming and being boomed at an astonishing rate these days, and a credulous reader of the flaming advertisements in the daily papers must believe that a new El Dorado has been discovered. And in a sense there has, for the South has just awakened to a realization of its industrial possibilities, and the influx of Northern energy and capital is accomplishing great things in developing its mining and other natural resources. But the pressure is getting pretty high, and prices likewise, and investors will need to exercise considerable caution, lest some of these booms collapse as disastrously as their predecessors in some other sections have done.

SENATOR BECK of Kentucky dropped dead in the Baltimore and Potomac depot at Washington last Saturday afternoon, of heart paralysis, falling almost in the same spot where President Garfield was shot by Guiteau. Premonitory symptoms of this trouble appeared about two years ago, and since that time Mr. Beck has devoted himself to the hunt for health, dropping his public duties almost entirely. He had just returned from a trip to New York with his daughter, and was walking through the station when the fatal attack came. In his death the Democratic party loses one of its greatest leaders, a man of sterling integrity and wise foresight. There will be several candidates for his position in the Senate, among them Gov. Buckner and Representatives Carlisle, Breckenridge and McCreary, all able men.

A SHOCKING calamity occurred at Longue Point, P. Q., about ten miles below Montreal, Tuesday, in the burning of the St. Jean de Dieu insane asylum. There were 1300 lunatics incarcerated in the building, a six-story brick structure 600 feet long, with eight wings. It was situated in an inaccessible district, without any water supply, fire appliances, ladders or fire-escapes. The institution was managed by the Sisters of Providence, with whom the Province of Quebec had farmed out its insane at $100 a head per year. Expenses accordingly had to be kept as low as possible, and nothing was done for fire protection. When the fire started it spread rapidly, with nothing to hinder its progress, and the building was soon a mass of flames. It is not known how many lives were lost, for all the records were destroyed, but fully 100 inmates were roasted to death, and possibly more. The nuns and attendants worked heroically, but many of the unfortunate inmates could not or would not be rescued. The provincial government owes it to humanity to see that its insane are better cared for in the future. A similar calamity on a smaller scale occurred at Preston, N. Y., Wednesday night, when the Chenango county poorhouse was burned, and twelve idiots perished in the flames.

An experiment of much interest in railroad management has been in progress in Hungary since the first of last August. The railroads were divided into zones, or stretches of from 15 to 25 kilometers, and the passenger fare is regulated by zones, being the same to all stations within a zone. The rates are remarkably low, as well; a corresponding rate in this country would make the fare from Chicago to New York $2.92, and from New York to Philadelphia 29 cents. This system of course greatly reduces the number of distinct tickets, so that where a large office formerly had nearly 700 kinds the number is now only 92, while tickets are placed on sale like postage stamps at post offices, hotels and other convenient places. The most significant thing in connection with the experiment is the increase in passenger traffic, which has gained over 133 per cent, while the receipts under the new system are more than 18 per cent larger than under the old. If this is so in such a country as Hungary, what would be the result in a nation like this? We do not have nearly as many passengers in proportion to the population as England, but our people have always responded promptly to every concession of the railroads, and while it may not be practicable at present to put the zone method into practice here, it would be interesting to note the result of a reduction, say, to one cent a mile on our leading railroads. We apprehend that there would be such an increase in traffic as to paralyze the railroad managers with surprise.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Money loaned on personal security. S. H. Hellyar.

Extravagance drains the pocket book, but the patent soap tray Smith gives with Brussels soap drains only to save.

Sewing Machines, Belts, Oils and Needles at F. M. Eager's.

The people of Palmer believe in patronizing an article of real merit. That is why W. E. Stone is selling so much Brussels soap.

If you want the best cigar sold in Palmer call at W. E. Stone's and try the A. & N. 10 cents.

The last shall be first and the first last, but the people say that nothing makes soap last like the patent soap tray C. W. Robinson gives with Brussels soap.

PALMER NEWS.

The assessors are making their annual rounds.

The milkmen have commenced making two trips a day.

Jerry Dowd has the foundation in for a new house near Holden's mill.

W. A. Barnes and O. P. Allen have their soda fountains in running order.

The ladies of the Baptist society held a social at the church Wednesday evening.

The store in the Cross block recently vacated by C. L. Saunders has been rented to a milliner.

Rev. Dr. Biddle of Cambridge is expected to preach at St. Paul's Universalist church next Sunday.

One person was received into membership on profession of faith at the Congregational church last Sunday.

The trustees of the state primary school held their quarterly meeting at the institution last Friday evening.

The agent of the Forepaugh show was in town Monday, making arrangements for the great show's coming, June 14.

After the rain of Monday forenoon and all day Tuesday the farmers certainly cannot complain of a lack of moisture.

The W. C. T. U. will hold a meeting in the parlors of the Congregational church next Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Strawberries have appeared in the local markets. The price has been 28 cents, but the fruit has not been very plentiful.

Main street has been "fixed" this week, a lot of the worn-out worthless soil on top having been scraped up and carted off.

There will be a union temperance concert of the Sunday-schools at the Congregational church a week from next Sunday evening.

Dogs got into George W. Ely's flock of sheep last Friday night, killing 12 out of 13 of the old ones, and two out of seven lambs.

The houses of J. B. Shaw and H. H. Sanders on West Main street, and Mrs. Albert Loomis on Pleasant street are receiving new coats of paint.

The teachers at the state primary school have been having a vacation this week, but will return to-morrow and resume duties next Monday.

Some of the business places on Main street take up rather more of the sidewalk with their display of goods than is for the comfort of pedestrians.

L. E. Moore is having water brought to his new residence at Blanchardville from a fine spring about 1000 feet distant from and 75 feet above the house.

Lambert Ferry has returned from the West with another carload of 21 horses, making the fourth carload that he and Blanchard have disposed of.

A large number of Palmer people attended the concerts of the Hampden County Musical Association at Springfield the first three days of this week.

The Legislative committee on charitable institutions paid a visit of inspection to the state primary school on Monday, taking dinner at the Weeks House.

The Episcopal services announced to be held last Sunday afternoon at St. Paul's church were postponed on account of the illness of Rev. J. B. Wicks, who was to preach.

The body of Mrs. Julia A. Ward of Orange, N. J., was brought here for burial yesterday. She was 83 years of age. The body of her husband, Calvin Ward, was brought here March 7.

The fire district engineers have appointed these officers for the newly organized fire company: Foreman, W. A. Weld; 1st assistant, H. T. Huntington; 2d assistant, J. T. Donovan.

The 10-mile race between Mason and Cole did not take place last Saturday afternoon as advertised. Mason was all ready and anxious to run, but Cole failed to put in an appearance.

The electric lights were out from about 7 to 7.45 last evening, occasioned by a hot box on the engine. The lights were started July 7, 1888, and this is the first shut-down since, an unusually good record.

S. S. Nichols had a leg somewhat hurt Tuesday by getting it caught in the wheel of his milk wagon when the horse started suddenly. M. J. Sisk's son also received a terribly black eye, but neither accident was serious.

All citizens of the place who are interested in the reunion of the 36th Reg't. Mass. Volunteers, to be held in Palmer September 2d, are requested to meet at the G. A. R. hall next Thursday evening at 7.30, to take any action which may be deemed advisable.

The Daughters of Rebekah at their meeting next Tuesday evening expect to initiate nine new members. There will be a large visiting delegation from the lodge at Warren, and after the exercises in the lodge room there will be a collation at the Converse House.

The Grand Army post has accepted an invitation from Rev. C. H. Hanks of the Congregational church at Thorndike to attend service there the Sunday evening before Memorial Day. The Monson Consolidated Band has been engaged to furnish music for May 30.

The county commissioners will give a hearing next Thursday at 9.45 a. m. at the union station at this place on the petition of the selectmen of Brimfield and the Boston and Albany Railroad Co. for a change in the location of two grade crossings at West Brimfield.

The district court sends one case to the grand jury, two appealed criminal cases and three appealed civil cases to the term of the superior court now in session at Springfield. Jerre Horan is the grand juror from Palmer, Amos Olds and John Donovan being the traverse jurors.

As the season advances the applications for lodgings at the tramp room become gradually less. The atmosphere of the tramp room is not to be compared to that of a couch in some shady nook under a tree, and then there is the three hours stone-breaking which are gotten rid of by lodging out-of-doors.

The Universalists are preparing an entertainment to be given in connection with their annual strawberry festival. There is to be a spelling school, the primary class of which will consist of George B. Kenerson, W. W. Leach, Mrs. G. W. Shumway, Mrs. Geo. A. Holdsworth and other feather-weights.

At the district court last Saturday Michael Danihea paid $9.13 for a second conviction for drunkenness, while John Thornton was so unfortunate as to be without money, and was sent to jail. Yesterday Patrick O'Brien was sent up in default of $11.55, assessed for an assault on J. M. Allen. To-day Charles Colburn paid $7.53 for drunkenness.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Ware River Railroad Company was held at the Weeks House Wednesday noon, and these directors chosen: J. A. Rumrill of Springfield president, C. A. Stevens of Ware, E. B. Gillett of Westfield, C. E. Stevens of Hingham, H. B. Chapin of Boston, C. S. Sargent of Brookline, C. E. Stevens of Ware.

Daniel C., aged 20, youngest son of Daniel Morrison of Bridgeport, Conn., died last Saturday, and the remains were brought to Palmer for burial Monday. He suffered an attack of the grippe last January, from which he never fully recovered. Mr. Morrison, senior, was for a number of years a resident of Monson, and a few years ago purchased the Orcutt farm in West Warren, where he lived a few years.

The irrepressible English sparrow makes work for the man who takes care of the arc electric lights. Near the top of the conical cap over the lamp is a cross-bar, making a nice place for the nests of the birds, and the attendant finds about two quarts of hay and other nest material there each morning. It is thrown out, of course, but there is just as much there the next morning, the birds seeming tireless and undaunted in their efforts.

The meeting at the Congregational church Wednesday afternoon in the interest of the Children's Aid Society of Hampden county, was quite well attended. Addresses were made by Messrs. Lewis and Benton, and Mrs. Bemis, Mrs. Mowry and Miss Stone of Springfield. Considerable enthusiasm was aroused, and a number of members and contributions secured. The present committee will solicit memberships, and an endeavor will be made to interest the whole town.

Ralph Gray, a freight conductor on the New London Northern road, had his right foot and ankle crushed at Stafford Springs, Conn., Wednesday. He was standing beside the tracks while some cars were being switched, and thought he was far enough away to clear the cars, but was struck and knocked down by the tender of the engine. He was brought to his home at Palmer, where the foot was amputated by Dr. Holbrook. A few years ago Gray lost his right arm by the cars at Brattleboro.

Why can't we have a constable on the street evenings to make people "move on," and not hang around in front of the stores, obstructing the sidewalks and making passage difficult, and oftentimes for ladies very unpleasant? It is not allowed in other places, and should not be here. The same thing is true of the Sunday loafing along Main street. There is no reason why our wives and daughters should be obliged to run the gauntlet of a row of curious eyes, followed at times by ungentlemanly remarks and profanity, while picking their way through puddles of tobacco juice. Why not put an end to it?

Three persons were baptized at the Baptist church last Sunday evening. During the past three months the church has received 41 members by baptism, 7 by letter and five by experience, a total of 53 new members. Of this number 16 are husbands and wives, and 10 are either husbands or wives. When Rev. O. D. Thomas began special meetings in the church the last of January, the interest which had been felt in the meetings for some time under the faithful labors of Pastor Weeks sprang at once into active flame, and converts came out in numbers. The interest has continued up to the present time, quiet but deep, and as the figures above show, the church has been blessed as never before in seeing a large number put on Christ.

Base Ball.

There will be a game on the park to-morrow afternoon at 3.30 between the West Warrens and the Palmer Brotherhoods.

The Palmer High Schools defeated the first nine of Three Rivers, 17 to 3, in a five-inning game at Three Rivers last Saturday afternoon. To-morrow afternoon the boys will go to Thorndike to play the Temperance nine of that place. Next Tuesday they will play the Holyoke High Schools at Holyoke, and a return game will be played here June 7th.

Dead In Bed.

Mrs. William Colgrove, a woman about 45 years of age, was found dead in her bed in one of the carpet mill tenements this morning, heart disease being the cause. A daughter about 16 years old, who slept with the mother, went to her work in the mill as usual, not noting anything wrong, as her mother has been out of health for some time and has not been in the habit of rising early. When found a little later by some of her neighbors it was evident that the woman had been dead some time. She leaves two children, a girl and a boy of 16 and 14, and a husband with whom she has not lived for several years.

A Former Palmer Citizen Dead.

Our older citizens will remember Dr. Reuben Barron, the botanic physician who practiced here for years many years ago, living at the corner of Church and Pleasant streets. He removed from here in 1858 and located in Salem, where he has since lived and practiced, also having an office in Lynn for some time. Warm-hearted and generous, he never accumulated much property, and with the infirmities of age came total blindness, and he had been in somewhat straitened circumstances of late. He was an earnest Spiritualist, and last Friday he passed over to the spirit world, at the age of 80 years and 9 months. The Odd Fellows officiated at his funeral Sunday, he having been a member of the order since 1845. He was never married.

More About the Wolf.

After reading the item published last week Mr. Erasmus Gates of Monson says he remembers that a Mr. Paul of Canada, who was visiting a brother on the Plumley (then Widow Taylor) farm, saw the wolf pass over the river on the ice towards Mr. Knox's farm, where his sheep were. He went and notified Mr. Knox of the wolf passing toward the sheep barn, telling him he had better take care of them. Mr. Knox thought he could not have seen one, that it must have been a dog, so did not take any precaution. Next morning, going to his sheep, he found some killed, on which the wolf had been feasting. The next day people turned out to try and find the wolf, but on account of a fall of snow they could not track him. After two or three nights they found his tracks where he had been resting on Mount Dumplin. Leaving the mountain he passed south through Monson, over what is now Flynt's Park, then southerly towards Connecticut. Mr. William Bradway, the fox hunter, got on his track, but before he overtook him he was feasting on a carcass supposed to be that of a calf owned by the man who shot the wolf.

Personal.

Dr. John Wilbur has returned from his Western trip.

Mrs. A. E. Barlow is visiting her mother, Mrs. S. C. Hunt.

Mrs. Ernest Buffington and son are guests of Nelson Whiton.

Mrs. C. A. LeGro and family are visiting friends in Amherst.

Miss Mina Ball was home from Smith college over Sunday.

Miss Ada Wing is taking a special course of studies at Wellesley.

Mrs Brown of Chicago is visiting her brother, John A. Squier.

Mrs. L. M. Burleigh has returned from an extended visit at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Mary Sedgwick has returned from a vacation trip in the eastern part of the state.

Ernest L. Whiton, formerly of Palmer, now of New London, was in town over Sunday.

Mrs. H. T. Huntington has been called to South Gardner, Me., by the illness of her mother.

Dr. G. H. Wilkins and wife have been spending the week with relatives in Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. H. A. Clark and children of Springfield are the guests of Mrs. Clark's father, W. A. Barnes.

Miss Clara Willis entertained a small party of friends at her home on Thorndike street Tuesday evening.

Miss Eastman sang soprano at St. Paul's church last Sunday, Miss Effie Stone being absent on account of sickness.

C. W. Robinson has been confined to the house since last Friday by sickness, and H. H. Paine is taking his place in the store.

M. E. Holdsworth and Miss Ada Bartlett of Turners Falls were the guests of Mrs. George Holdsworth Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Carrie Tuthill is still teaching the school at Blanchardville, Miss Grimes not having recovered sufficiently to resume her duties.

Mrs. E. Wheeler of South Britain, Conn., who has been visiting at Overlook Farm, died suddenly yesterday after an illness of only about 26 hours.

Velorus Taft, father of S. S. Taft of this place, is very sick at his home in Upton, and Dr. Holbrook of Palmer was called in consultation Wednesday.

Judge George Robinson and wife attended the grand jubilee of the Royal Arcanum council at Lowell, Tuesday evening, held in celebration of the order attaining a membership of 100,000.

C. B. Fiske and L. E. Chandler, of the JOURNAL, with their wives, leave for Boston to-morrow, to join the Massachusetts Press Association on its excursion to Virginia, to be gone until the 22.

Harry Willard, who has been employed at the electric light station since its starting, leaves in a week or two to learn more of the business in the eastern part of the state. His place here is taken by E. Tibbitts of Brockton.

Shall the Post Office be Moved?

A "still hunt" for a change in the location of the post office has been going on recently, and an inspector from the post office department was here Wednesday looking over the ground. A petition had been quietly circulated and signed by 25 or 30 citizens, asking that the office be removed to the vacant store at the east end of Holden's Block, corner of Main and Central streets. Nearly all the signers of the petition live or have business interests in the square bounded by Main, Central, Pleasant and Church streets, and most of the others are residents of South Main street. Not a business place west of Central street is represented, (except the Massasoit Worsted Co., whose manager lives in the square mentioned) although the bulk of our business is located west of that street. Although the petition contains some representative names, it clearly cannot be said to represent the desires of our business men as a whole. The office is now situated about as near the center of the village as it can be, and we fail to see any sufficient reason for moving it to one side. At any rate, before a removal is attempted let's have an expression of opinion from our business men generally as to their preferences in the matter, and then intelligent and satisfactory action can be taken. The proposed location is entirely unobjectionable in itself, but we do not see that it will accommodate our merchants any better, or quite as well. In the business section of Main street between Thorndike and Church streets there are now about as many stores on one side of the post office as the other; but if the proposed change were made all but two or three of them would be west of the office.

It is argued by advocates of a change that the present quarters are small, dark and inconvenient, and that the crowd of loafers hanging about that part of the street make it very unpleasant for ladies; and there is force in these objections. The absence of light from the rear makes it too dark behind the boxes much of the time for work except by artificial light, while the space in front for the public is not as large as it should be, and the angle in the boxes makes many of them difficult of access when another person is standing at the stamp window. As to the loafers outside, those ought to be disposed of wherever the post office may be, and they would be just as likely to hang around the office in any other place under the present lack of police arrangements. It is suggested that in the other location the boxes could be arranged something like the letter U, in the center of the room, the space for the public being on the outside. This would be a very desirable arrangement, but the store mentioned is hardly wide enough to give the room needed either behind or outside of the boxes under that arrangement. The room in Cross's Block just vacated by J. J. Moynahan is wider, has good rear light, and is as near the business center as the other place. If any change is to be made it would be well to take this place into consideration with the rest. This location would be delightfully convenient for the JOURNAL office, which probably sends and receives more mail matter every week than any other single establishment in the place.

The present post office is a shade over a quarter of a mile from the railroad station, and the government has to pay for transporting the mails to and from the station. If the office were removed to Holden's Block it would throw the expense upon the railroad, and this fact may have quite as much weight with the post office department in settling the question as any consideration for the convenience of our business men.

THREE RIVERS.

W. R. Graves of Baptist Hill has over 200 White Wyandotte chickens hatched.

Mrs. R. S. Milliken has returned from a visit with friends in the eastern part of the state.

Mrs. A. L. Meserve and daughter of Worcester have been visiting friends in town the past week.

The ladies of the Union church gave a supper in the church vestry Tuesday evening followed by a musical and literary entertainment.

People from this village who go to Springfield by the Boston & Albany Railroad find "Jordan a hard road to trabbel," between the broken and dangerous bridge here and the distracting confusion of the unfinished station at Springfield.

The literary society is preparing a mock trial for the near future. At its Monday evening meeting Mr. Upham read a paper on "Cotton, the increase in its production and use," Mr. Echart a paper on "Goethe and Schiller," Mr. McWharter gave a recitation, and Miss Eyers and Mrs. Bowan sang.

BONDSVILLE.

John Lusty was severely scalded by getting his leg in a vat of hot dye Tuesday afternoon.

Work on the Boston Duck Co's. new house on Maple street is progressing finely. R. L. Bond is doing the work.

Michael Johnson, formerly of this place, now of Sioux City, Ga., has been visiting friends here during the past week.

The Y. P. S. C. E. is growing rapidly. Last Sunday evening two were elected and three proposed for active membership.

Miss Lulu Shumway and Miss Hattie V. Fisk gave a very enjoyable party to about thirty of their friends at the home of Miss Shumway Thursday evening.

A new flag, 18x11, floats over the schoolhouse. It was raised last Friday afternoon. Exercises were presented by the scholars, and short speeches made by Rev. J. A. Day of this place, Rev. G. W. Christy of Three Rivers, and W. A. Breckenridge of Palmer.

A correspondent drops into poetry over the raising of the flag at the school-house in the following manner:

Of course you saw them raise the flag
In Bondsville; quite a sight;
But there the flag refused to wave,
Which was a pity, quite.

It clung despondent round the pole,
It would not wave on high,
And when we looked upon the school
We knew the reason why.

That little, dirty, battered shed
Was miserable indeed,
Our country's flag could not endure
The doom which Fate decreed.

It thought, "In what a fearful state
Are all the rooms I saw;
To keep a child in rooms like those
Should be against the law.

"I will not sanction such a thing,
I hang my head for shame;
I will not have the people think
Their country shares the blame."

Then at half-mast it hung in grief
That such a thing should be.
We grieve with our dear flag, and hope
That better things we'll see.

D. B. T.

THORNDIKE.

W. F. Dutton of Baltimore spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mrs. James Garland of West Springfield is visiting her parents here.

Miss Lizzie Malloy and Miss Mary Connor have opened dressmaking rooms at Palmer.

A. M. Bond, the hardware dealer, has purchased a new horse the past week from Ware parties.

John Keefe, Jr., who had his fingers injured a few days ago, is doing nicely and will soon recover.

West Warren parties are to present the drama, "Robert Emmet," at Union Hall some time this month.

Nellie Murphy has moved her dress and cloak making business to D. Conley's residence on Commercial street.

The residence of Agent Hobbs, on the hill, has just received a new coat of paint, which adds much to its fine appearance.

A number from this place went to Ware Tuesday evening to see the famous Frederick Bryton at the Town Hall in "Forgiven."

The May supper given by the ladies of the Congregational church last week Thursday evening was a grand success financially and otherwise. About $50 was cleared.

The Temperance Society will hold a grand ball at Lawton's Hall on Thursday evening, May 29. Music by Lyons & Luman's orchestra, with good prompter in attendance.

Prof. Hurt, who has been playing at Union Hall this week and who is termed the "Wizard," gives a very clever performance. W. G. Cook, the comedian, received hearty applause at each performance.

The committee on street lights has nearly completed its work, having located and erected the lights last week. The lamps are of the latest design, and the citizens of the place in general are more than pleased with them.

It is understood that by request of the Y. P. S. C. E., Rev. C. H. Hanks will deliver a lecture soon. As he has a rare gift of oratory and a pleasing way of expressing himself, anything from him will be worthy the patronage of the public.

Arrangements are already being made by the local temperance society for the Hampden County Catholic Temperance convention, which will be held here on the morning of the 30th. Several of the out of town delegates will arrive the evening of the 29th and attend the grand ball here. As this is the first delegation of the kind visiting this place, a good reception will be given the delegates. The convention will probably be presided over by the great temperance advocate, Rev. B. S. Conaty of Springfield.

Broshnan—Kennedy.

James Broshnan and Miss Mary Kennedy, both of this place, were married Wednesday afternoon by Rev. J. T. Lynch. Katie, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and John Broshnan, brother of the groom, acted as best man. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, which was attended only by very near relatives and friends. The happy couple has the congratulations of many friends, who wish them a lifetime of happiness.

Base Ball.

The Temperance Club will don their new uniforms for the first time to-morrow afternoon in the game with the Palmer High Schools, which will be played on the church grounds at 3 o'clock. An admission fee of 15 cents will be charged. Ladies welcome, and admission free.

There has been very little base ball here thus far this season, owing to the fact that the mill did not close on Saturday afternoon, but as soon as the half holiday goes into effect Manager Lyons will have plenty of games here with good teams. The Hampden County Temperance base ball league will commence in the near future and there will be an abundance of games. The schedule will be arranged within a week or so. The boys received this week a very good offer to go to North Adams on Memorial Day, but could not accept, owing to the league games conflicting with the above date.

BORN.

At Ware, 3d, a daughter to B. CHAPIN SNOW.
At Ware, 8th, a daughter to ARTHUR J. and LIZZIE DEXTER.
At Athol, 1st, a son to ELLIOT E. CLEVELAND.

MARRIED.

At Watertown, N. Y., 1st, T. F. FULLER of Palmer and IMOGENE MYERS of Watertown.
At Warehouse Point, Ct., 4th, JAMES A. BUTLER of North Wilbraham and SUSIE HUNN of Monson.
At Ludlow, 8th, at the residence of the bride's parents, FRED G. ATCHINSON and LEILA E. BENNETT.
At Greenwich Village, 1st, by Rev. B. V. Stevenson of Ware, FRANK L. PARKER and NELLIE M. KING, both of Greenwich.

DIED.

At Palmer, 8th, MRS. E. WHEELER, 42, of South Britain, Conn.
At Monson, 28th ult, CHARLES S. WOOD, 7, grandson of Otis S. Shepard.
At Monson, 3d, OTIS S. SHEPARD, 81 yrs. 7 mos.
At Hampden, 28th ult, ANDREW BEEBE, 59.
At Belchertown, 3d, LUCIA, 85, widow of William Owen.
At Springfield, 4th, HORATIO LYON, 7, son of William A. and Sarah Flynt Lincoln.
At Westfield, 1st, DWIGHT BLISS of Ware, 85. Burial at Ware.
At Natick, 30th ult. ADELIA, 79, widow of the late Dea. Romine Dickinson of Sunderland.
At Bridgeport, Ct., 4th, DANIEL C. MORRISON, 20.
At Salem, 2d, REUBEN BARRON, M. D., 80 yrs. 9 mos., formerly of Palmer.

FOR SALE—One horse for less than $50.
2-6 D. F. HOLDEN.

TO RENT—Two tenements.
5-tf O. W. STUDLEY.

TO RENT.—Two tenements.
45tf GEORGE W. LYMAN.

TO RENT—May 1st, very desirable tenement for small family. REV. A. W. WEEKS,
2-tf Palmer.

TO RENT.—Three tenements. Inquire at office of
tf-50 C. L. GARDNER, Palmer.

WANTED—A lady clerk in a dry goods and shoe store. One of experience desired. Inquire at the NASSOWANNO HOUSE, Palmer. 2-5

FOR SALE.
The real estate recently owned by Mrs. O. F. Cunningham, deceased, situated on Harvey ave., Thorndike. House in good repair. For further information call at residence, or address
2-6 P. O. BOX 126.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby forbidden trespassing on my land on the northeasterly side of the road leading from Thorndike to Ware, or committing any depredation whatever thereon, such as tearing down fences, walls, etc. This warning is final.
JOHN MOLLOY.
Thorndike, May 7, 1890. 3*6

FLOWERS.
CUT FLOWERS AND FLORAL DESIGNS.
PLANTS: Pansies, Verbenas, and other flowering plants.
Tomatoes, Celery, and other vegetable plants.
AT GREENHOUSES OF
4*3 S. BLODGETT, Palmer.

MUSIC FURNISHED
For Balls, Parties, Weddings, Commencement and Graduating Exercises at short notice. The best of Musicians employed and prices right. Correspondence solicited. Can furnish from one piece to a whole brass band if desired. Address
JOHN F. LUMAN, Manager
LYONS & LUMAN'S ORCHESTRA,
5-tf P. O. Box 81, Thorndike, Mass.

The Granite State
—AND—
TRIUMPH LAWN MOWERS.
The Best Machines on the market.
Window Screens
—AND—
Screen Doors
For sale at Very Low Prices by
C. A. BROWN & CO.
4-5

OPENING
—OF—
SPRING MILLINERY.
Our general stock of Millinery Goods is particularly attractive this season, and we take pleasure in inviting all who will to call and examine the same.
In addition to our well-selected stock of Millinery we would call attention to our
Fine Line of Fancy Goods.
MISS FLORA BARTON of New York will attend to your wants in the Millinery line.
Mrs. L. E. CARPENTER,
59 MAIN STREET, PALMER, MASS.

FOR SALE.
CONCORD BUGGIES,
HANDY WAGONS,
ROAD WAGONS,
TOP CARRIAGES
OF ALL KINDS.
A first-class shifting carriage-pole for $10.
If you want any kind of a wagon or cart, call on me, and I will give you as low a price as they can be sold for.
Plain Horse-Shoeing, $1.25.
52-1 G. O. HENRY, PALMER, Mass.

NORTHFIELD CREAMERY BUTTER, 30c.
CHOICEST DAIRY BUTTER, 28c.
GOOD BUTTER, 20 to 25c.
Butter is one of our specialties.
W. E. STONE.

AUCTION.
Saturday, May 17, at 5 p. m., on the premises,
New House of 7 Rooms,
SMALL BARN AND LARGE LOT.
Just below Muddy Brook Bridge on West street, Ware, Mass.
BELONGING TO JOHN DEXTER.
1-6 B. F. DAVIS, Auctioneer.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Emery Beauchamp late of Three Rivers in the town of Palmer in the county of Hampden, deceased; and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to NATALIE P. BEAUCHAMP, Adm'x.
Three Rivers, April 28, 1890. 3-5

BURNSIDE ASSOCIATION, 36TH REGIMENT, MASS. VOLUNTEERS.
The reunion of the 36th Regt., Mass. Vols., is to be held in Palmer Sept. 2, 1890, and the citizens of Palmer and all members of Co. E of said regiment residents of Hampden county are cordially invited to meet on Thursday evening, May 15th, at 7.30 o'clock, in G. A. R. Hall, for the purpose of taking such action in the matter as may be deemed advisable. Signed,
S. C. WARRINER, GEO. O. HENRY, J. B. DAVIS, } Committee appointed by the Association.
2-5

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.
By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Julia Harness to Amory W. Crossman, dated July 1st, A. D. 1887, and recorded with Hampden county, Massachusetts, deeds, in book 435, page 374, which said mortgage deed has been assigned to Albert W. Lincoln by assignment dated March 3d, A. D. 1888, and recorded in said registry of deeds in book 443, page 104, and for breach of conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction near the building on the premises, on Saturday, the 24th day of May, A. D. 1890, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, viz.: Certain tracts of land situate in Palmer, Hampden county, aforesaid, on both sides of the highway leading from Warren to Palmer, and known as the "Pool Place," bounded easterly by the Quaboag River, southerly by land of Jonas Blodgett, westerly by land of Jennie Elmer and highway leading to Palmer Center, and northerly by land of Geo. H. Gilbert M'f'g. Co. and heirs of Marcus Foskit, containing thirty-five acres, more or less.
Said premises will be sold subject to unpaid taxes. Terms Cash.
ALBERT W. LINCOLN,
Assignee of Said Mortgagee.
Warren, Mass., May 1st, 1890. 3-5

MRS. F. C. HATCH.
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Harmony.
36tf Palmer, Mass.

E. A. BUCK & CO.
SEEDS.
WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
Choice
Flower
Seeds,
Garden Seeds,
Grass Seed.
WE GET OUR SEEDS DIRECT FROM THE GROWERS AND ARE
THE BEST TO BE HAD.

E. A. Buck & Co.
PALMER, MASS.
Agricultural
Implements
We can furnish anything the trade wants and keep the following in stock:
Oliver Chilled Plows,
NATIONAL STEELED METAL PLOWS,
YANKEE SIDE-HILL,
NORTH AMERICAN SIDE-HILL,
THE CONICAL PLOW,
The "NEW DOE" HARD WELD PLOW,
—AND—
THOMAS' SMOOTHING HARROWS,
THE YANKEE PULVERIZER AND HARROW,
STEEL FRAME CULTIVATOR,
STEEL FRAME HORSE HOE,
WHEELBARROWS, SHOVELS, FORKS, HOES.

E. A. BUCK & CO.,
PALMER, MASS.
Paints and Oils.
AGENTS FOR
Union Pure White Lead
—AND—
Cereth Pure White Lead.
THE SHERWIN & WILLIAMS
Ready Mixed Paints.
BAY STATE PASTE PAINT.
DETROIT READY MIXED CARRIAGE PAINTS, ALL COLORS.
Colors in Oil and Sapan. Varnishes, Shellacs, Japans, Liquid Dryer.
Fishing Tackle
AND
CUTLERY.
THE BEST ASSORTMENT IN TOWN OF
POCKET KNIVES,
CARVING KNIVES,
BUTCHER KNIVES,
KITCHEN KNIVES,
SCISSORS AND SHEARS.
Split Bamboo Fishing Rods,
LANCEWOOD FISHING RODS.
REELS, FLIES, LINES.

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 9, 1890.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.

A company of young people gathered at the residence of J. K. Butler Monday evening to offer their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. James A. Butler, and at the same time presented them with a lamp. Music and games formed a part of the programme for the evening.

HAMPDEN.

Rev. George F. Walker has begun his second year as pastor of the Congregational church.

The Union Christian Endeavor society will hold a meeting in the Congregational church next Friday evening.

Mr. Alley resumed his labors at the Methodist church last Sunday, after an absence of three Sundays with his family in Lynn.

Mrs. G. F. Eaton of Springfield, president of the Hampden County W. C. T. U., will give an address at the Baptist church this evening.

The schedules of P. E. Wall & Co. were filed at the court house in Springfield last Monday, showing the liabilities to be $18,574. A meeting of the creditors will be held a week from next Saturday at 2.30 p. m.

WALES.

A. F. Pepper expects soon to engage in raising swine.

H. H. Haradon of New York spent Sunday in town with friends.

Eugene Cook has taken a position in H. E. Steele's meat market.

The Dell mill has commenced operation and will be running at full capacity in a few days.

Several old veterans over 60 wait with longing eyes to read the passing by the Senate of the service pension bill.

C. M. Cook left Friday for Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where he has several friends. He goes with the intention of locating in that vicinity if he likes the country.

Geo. H. Shaw and family, former residents, have returned to town. Mr. Shaw will act as engineer at the Dell mill, while A. E. Freeman assumes charge of the dye house.

BRIMFIELD.

Miss Anna Tarbell spent Sunday in Springfield.

Charles A. Homer leaves next week Monday as juryman.

Communion service was offered at both churches last Sunday.

Andrew Dinsmore of Worcester spent Sunday with his children.

W. H. Wilkinson and wife of Holyoke visited at J. T. Brown's this week.

Mrs. Wm. Ducker of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. F. Converse.

Miss Lillian Brown of Springfield is visiting at her home for a few weeks' vacation.

Dr. Prouty of North Brookfield spent a few days at Emory Livermore's last week.

The Polyorama given at the Town Hall Wednesday evening drew a fair audience.

The many friends of Mrs. J. T. Brown will be pleased to learn of her improved health.

Misses Florence and Gertrude Sherman of New York returned to their home Monday, after visiting in town a few days.

WARREN.

The school committee were in session Monday evening.

Joseph G. Hastings of Amherst college spent Sunday in town.

There was a "Poverty ball" in the Town Hall Tuesday evening.

Three persons united with the Congregational church by letter Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Hastings are spending a week in Washington and New York.

At the sale of pews in the Congregational church, $140 was realized in premiums.

The barn in the rear of the new library building has been removed to Elm street.

The high school ball team will play with the Spencer high schools at Spencer to-morrow.

Dr. Clarence J. Cutter is preparing a lecture on Japan, having spent several years in that country.

Miss Carrie Allpress, one of the teachers, is to be absent two weeks on business at her home in Illinois.

The fire engineers have organized, with B. F. Tourtellotte chief engineer, C. L. Thompson assistant, and Henry M. Converse clerk.

The meeting of the Scientific association at their rooms Friday night was well attended, the attraction being Edison's phonograph, explained by D. G. Hitchcock.

The Legislature having sanctioned the vote of the town relative to the 150th anniversary, it has been suggested to have the soldiers' monument unveiled on the same day.

BELCHERTOWN.

The marriage engagement of Miss Susie Butler and Louis Bullock of Onset is announced.

Twelve persons united with the Congregational church on profession of faith at the communion service Sunday afternoon.

The Center grammar and primary schools had a holiday Monday, the teachers being on a visit to the schools in Springfield.

Mrs. J. L. Cowles and daughter are again occupying their residence on South Main street, having returned to town after an absence of several months.

Lyman Sabin has resigned the office of deacon of the Congregational church, and Martin W. Bardwell has been elected to fill the vacancy and accepted the position.

Morning service at the M. E. church Sunday at 10.45, subject: Lydia's Conversion." Sunday-school at 12, prayer meeting at 6.30. At 7.30 the Epworth League will give an anniversary concert. A good programme may be expected. The speaking will be under the charge of Mr. Gay, music under the direction of Mr. Blodgett.

A school flag was raised at the high school building last Friday afternoon amid the booming of cannon and cheers of the school children, after which a procession was formed, consisting of the Grand Army, and members of the different schools, which marched to the Congregational church, where the exercises were held. The church, which has the largest audience-room in town, was well filled by interested spectators, and the exercises were admirably executed, showing the thorough drill of the pupils. A delegation of 48 pupils from the Enfield schools joined in the procession.

Mrs. Lucia Owen died at her home on New street Saturday morning. Mrs. Owen was the widow of William Owen, who died some years ago, and a family of seven sons and daughters have all died, no relatives but nephews and nieces surviving her. The estate is reported to be worth $30,000, and she has willed her entire property, both real and personal, even to the minutest articles, to the Baptist society. It is a question whether the will can be sustained, inasmuch as the society is not a strong one and have had preaching but twice this year, while some claim the organization no longer exists. In any event the relatives intend to contest the will.

WILBRAHAM.

Mrs. Gorden is the guest of Mrs. Lyman.

The base ball association is preparing for an entertainment.

An entertainment is in preparation by the base ball association.

Chauncey L. Peck will deliver the address on Memorial Day.

Miss L. Noble is taking Dr. Steele's classes at the academy.

Prof. Raymond and family will spend the coming vacation in town.

The measles are prevalent in town, and a number of students in Rich hall are down with them.

Mrs. Robinson, who has been spending the winter at Longmeadow with friends, has returned home.

Dr. G. M. Steele is improving, and Prof. B. Gill is acting as principal at the academy during his illness.

Rev. John Galbraith of Worcester will deliver the address before the alumni of the academy in June.

Rev. Mr. Morgan supplied the pulpit at the Congregational church during Rev. M. S. Howard's absence.

The Willing Workers of the South church met with Miss Bessie Pease last Thursday afternoon and evening.

Rev. M. S. Howard, who has been at Dr. Sweet's at Lebanon, Ct., for treatment, has returned, somewhat improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mowry were called to Bennington, Vt., last week to attend the funeral of Mrs. Mowry's mother.

The monthly meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held at the house of Mrs. Dr. Steele last Friday.

At the annual meeting of the Sunday-school of the Methodist church the following officers were elected: Superintendent, Rev. A. H. Herrick; assistant, James Stevens; secretary and treasurer, Miss Josie O. Firmin; librarian, Fred Robbins; organist and chorister, Mrs. Horne.

The following are the names of the prize declaimers chosen from the first and second years at the academy: Gentlemen—A. Bonner, J. Mason, J. S. Duxbury, J. G. Emmau, F. B. Garfield, T. L. Davis (substitute); Ladies—L. E. Eames, M. J. Lilley, A. C. Howard, I. D. Atkins, M. L. Southworth, E. H. Dominy (substitute). The following are the prize declaimers of the Junior class: Gentleman—H. L. St. Clair, W. E. Sheldon, J. J. Smallwood, A. A. Chandler, A. Evans, J. W. Anderson (substitute); Ladies—M. P. Cushing, I. M. Hall, L. J. Holden, C. E. Blodgett, M. E. Davison, A. T. Chase (substitute).

MONSON.

John L. Flynt has traded horses with Charles Hathaway.

C. L. Moulton of Moulton Hill is building an addition to his house.

The Monson Consolidated Band is soon to begin out-door concerts on Flynt's park.

C. A. Bradway, the Columbia cycle agent, has sold a ladies' safety to the Misses Morris.

On Memorial Day the Academy Glee Club will furnish music at the exercises in the hall.

The houses of Daniel Riley and Peter Barry at South Monson have received a new coat of paint.

The school books will hereafter be found at Merrick's music rooms, instead of at Geo. L. Keeney's.

A surprise was given William Corcoran last evening, when he was presented with a fine easy chair.

Wm. N. Flynt has erected a little house on the top of his tower, in which he has placed a fine telescope.

Rev. L. H. Fisher of the Universalist church will exchange pulpits with Rev. J. H. Farnsworth of Westfield next Sunday.

Rev. F. S. Hatch lectures in the Academy chapel this evening at 8 o'clock on "A Vacation in Winter, or What I Saw in the South."

Next Tuesday evening the Busy Bees of the Universalist church will give an entertainment entitled "A Country School, assisted by a portion of the Maxham club. Ice cream and cake will be served during the evening.

A surprise was given Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Brien last Friday evening by several of their friends, and they were presented with a willow chair. The evening was pleasantly spent in dancing, singing, games, etc. Refreshments were served.

The annual sale of the Young Ladies' Working Club at the Congregational church Tuesday and Wednesday evenings was a success, as usual. There was a large attendance both nights, and nearly all of the articles were disposed of. About $175 was cleared.

Next Friday evening the Academy Glee Club, consisting of 33 voices, will give a grand concert in Central Hall, assisted by numerous talented solists. The club has been under the instruction Mr. A. D. Norcross for some time, and is in good training.

James Pendergast received the first arrival of strawberries in town Wednesday, they selling at 23 cents per box. He has also received 50 bunches of bananas direct from the steamer at Boston, now buying direct from the importer. To-morrow night he opens his ice cream rooms, which have been newly painted.

The Sunday-school of the Universalist church re-organized last Sunday with the following officers: C. G. King, superintendent; C. L. Ricketts, assistant superintendent; Miss Lena Babbitt, secretary; Miss Mable Parks, treasurer. There has been a gain in membership the past year of 25.

At a meeting of the official board of the Methodist church Monday evening it was voted to reverse the order of evening services, to have the church prayer meeting first at 6 o'clock, followed by the Christian Endeavor meeting at 7 o'clock, beginning next Sunday evening. It was also voted to purchase a lawn-mower for the church and parsonage grounds.

A. D. Norcross, road commissioner, is macadamizing the Academy Hill for an experiment, it being the first work of the kind in town. It works exceedingly well in places where such work has been done, and it costs practically nothing to keep in repair, as it is very slow to wear out and stays in place. If the experiment proves satisfactory the town ought to have a little done every year, and in a few years it will lessen the cost of repairs much, which is quite an item here. The stone is prepared at the Flynt quarry by their immense stone crusher.

At the 18th annual meeting of the Monson Savings Bank Wednesday morning the following officers were elected: President, C. W. Holmes, Jr.; vice presidents, S. F. Cushman, R. M. Reynolds; clerk, E. F. Morris; trustees, C. H. Merrick, C. W. Holmes, Jr., S. F. Cushman, R. M. Reynolds, E. F. Morris, W. S. Nichols, D. G. Potter, F. E. Morris, C. H. McMaster, A. A. Gage, A. D. Ellis, A. D. Norcross, L. S. Munn; S. F. Cushman, R. M. Reynolds and A. D. Norcross were chosen for the financial committee, and the auditors are R. M. Reynolds and S. F. Cushman.

Mrs. Alida Deichmann, who has been living at Rev. F. S. Hatch's with her daughter Freida, died last Sunday after an illness of about six weeks. They came to town about two years ago from Rotterdam, Germany, and stopped with W. A. Deichmann until a few months previous to his removal to Indiana, when they went to live with Rev. Mr. Hatch. Her daughter Freida, and a son Karl, who is an artist in Springfield, and two sons in Germany survive her. The funeral service was held at the residence of Rev. Mr. Hatch Tuesday afternoon, the interment taking place at the center cemetery in the Deichmann lot. Much sympathy is expressed for Miss Freida, who was a daily companion of her mother during their stay here.

Mr. Editor:—Intelligence has reached me of the sudden transit from earth to heaven of one of Monson's esteemed townsmen, Prof. William A. Deichmann. My acquaintance with Prof. Deichmann began in the fall of '82, when a student at Monson Academy, and during most of the time which has since elapsed, we lived as father and son, communicating thoughts, feelings, reproofs and encouragements, with a faithfulness not often surpassed. His mother, he was accustomed to say, was one of the best of women. She had instilled into him the truths of religion with a mother's love, tempered with no common wisdom. The seed was sown in a kindly nature. The character of Christ became his delight. Others admired his generosity, his philanthropy; to me his piety was more impressive. It was simple, free, omnipresent, coming out in unaffected utterance, coloring his common thoughts and feelings, and giving strength and elevation to all his virtues. It was such a piety as might be expected from its early history,—fostered in that Edenhome at Hanover, Germany,—a piety breathed from the lips and caught from the beaming countenance of an excellent mother. Congenial with his piety was the spirit of gratitude. He was naturally happy. Thanks were the common breathings of his spirit. His blessings did not wait to be recalled to his thoughts by a set, labored search. They started up of themselves, and stood before him robed in celestial light by association with the goodness which bestowed them. The other world is commonly said to throw a brightness over the present. In his case the present also threw a brightness over the future. In a letter to me, dated April 2, 1890, he writes: "I have given up my plan of going West and will stay here until it pleases the Lord to send me somewhere else. I should prefer, if it pleased the Lord to call me home soon." Is not this complete self-abnegation, resignation? Of his social character I need not write a word. No one who ever met him in a friendly circle can easily forget the attraction of his manners and conversation. Without effort, he won the hearts of men to a singular degree. Even in sickness and in foreign lands, he continued to attract friends. Such is a brief sketch of our lamented friend. He was one of the most blameless men, and one of the fairest examples of the distinguished virtues of Christianity. ALFRED A. MAINWARING, A. M.

Prof. of Hermeneutics, etc., National University.

DARBY, Pa.

Brockbank—Watts.

The residence of John Brockbank was the scene of a pleasant event Wednesday evening, the marriage of his daughter Alice to Dr. P. R. Watts of Stafford Springs, Conn. Rev T. C. Martin performed the ring ceremony, the couple standing under a floral bell with a background of flowers. H. G. Brockbank and H. R. Watts, brothers of bride and groom, were ushers, and among the 70 guests present were friends from Brooklyn and Buffalo, N. Y., Altoona, Pa., Portsmouth, N. H., Rockville, Stafford, Springfield, Worcester and other places. The bride was attired in dove-colored faille, trimmed with velvet to match, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. Miss Gracie, sister of the bride, and Master Luther Peck attended the bridal couple. The gifts were many and elegant, consisting of pieces of solid silver, cut glass, paintings, table linen, lamp, chair, a bank check, etc. One particularly touching gift was a solid silver berry spoon in a plush-lined case, with the inscription "In memory of one who loved Pliny and Alice," presented by Mr. and Mrs. A. Howard of Stafford in memory of their little daughter, who was Dr. Watt's patient during her sad sickness. Among the gifts was also a very fine dish of pansies, presented by Mrs. G. F. Morris. On the departure of the couple rice, old shoes and slippers were showered in abundance. Mr. and Mrs. Watts were driven to Palmer, where they took an eastern-bound train for a brief bridal tour, after which they will make their home in Stafford Springs, Conn., where Dr. Watts has worked up a good practice.

Personal.

Miss Minnie Gilligan is clerking for C. H. Tryon.

Ada L. Budington is visiting her brother William at Natick.

Rev. F. S. Hatch has returned and is occupying his pulpit as usual.

E. L. Morris of Amherst College spent last Sunday at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Graves of Enfield are visiting their son, Julius N. Graves.

Miss Dustan of Hartford is the guest of her brother, Prof. D. M. Dustan.

H. H. Haradon of Brooklyn, N. Y., visited his cousin, E. H. Brown, this week.

H. L. Howard, whittler for H. Hodges & Co., has removed to his home at Foxboro.

William Riley, of Childs' business college, Holyoke, has been visiting at his home here.

Chester Blanchard, who has been at work at West Upton in a straw shop, has returned home.

John Cross, bookkeeper for Gage & Reynolds, spent last Sunday at his home in Norwich, Conn.

Mrs. George Topliffe of Gilbertville has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Brooks.

Mrs. Dr. W. F. Browne of Jewett City, Conn., has been visiting her mother, Mrs. J. M. Bell, this week.

Timothy Feather has moved his family to Enfield, N. H., where he has secured a position in a woolen mill.

Miss Susie Hunn was married last Sunday at Warehouse Point, Conn., to James A. Butler of North Wilbraham.

Frank Bills is selling flowers and tomato plants from Blodgett's green house at Palmer, as he has done previously.

James O'Connor, assistant book-keeper at H. Hodges & Co's. straw shop, ceased his labors there last Saturday night.

John L. Flynt, who has been dyer at Cushman's mill for many years, has resigned, and will devote his time to farming.

Franz Ritter and his 9-years-old son sail for Germany to-morrow, to visit his home in Leipsic, to be absent about three months.

LEGISLATIVE MATTERS.

BOSTON, April 7, 1890.

The committee on agriculture reported on Thursday a pretty important bill to prevent trespass. It provides for a fine of $100, or one month's imprisonment, or both, for wilfully destroying property by trespass or by carrying it off. The same penalty is to be imposed for refusing to leave land when requested to do so by the person in lawful charge of the property. A penalty of $25 may be imposed for destroying a notice forbidding trespass.

A long debate occurred in the House over foreign cooperative banks which come here to do business. As it was left, all such concerns must pay $25,000 each as a deposit before they can do business in the state.

A bill from the mercantile committee for the protection of the public against Maine corporations especially (where the laws are very loose) requires companies engaged in banking, mortgage business, loan and trusts and the like, to have the name of the state of their incorporation on all their literature in letters as large as the name of the company.

Attorney General Waterman sent to the House on Friday a very important decision regarding the powers of cities and towns. It was to the effect that they have no constitutional right to engage in the making of gas or electricity for their own use or the use of their citizens. He takes the broad ground that municipalities cannot rightfully engage in business of a commercial nature nor in enterprises which call for special business and scientific skill. He goes back to the law of 1785 and to subsequent statutes and says he can find no authority for such an enterprise on the part of the city or town. Now the question will come up whether his reasoning will not apply equally to the construction of water works by the municipal authority. This decision must be a blow to the nationalists who are agitating in favor of a municipal control of gas and of electricity as a beginning for their reforms.

The state board of education has sent a communication to the Senate, in which it advocates a redistribution of the income of half of the school fund. (They always say "moiety" in this connection in their official documents, but why they should use that old word, when they mean "half," does not appear.) They propose that six-thirteenths of the sum be given to towns with less than $500,000 valuation, four-thirteenths to towns with a valuation between $500,000 and $1,000,000, and three-thirteenths to towns with a valuation between $1,000,000 and $3,000,000.

On Monday the House probably listened to its last debate on free carpet wool. Mr. McNary of Boston put in a resolution in favor of such wool and made a speech for it. He was followed by Messrs. Williams of Dedham and Quincy of Quincy. Mr. Sohier of Beverly proposed a substitute of the same sort as had been adopted, expressing confidence in our men in Washington, and declining to express an opinion on a definite point. Mr. Cook of Weymouth put in a resolution that the House had no further time for tariff resolutions, but ought to attend to its business and go home. This was eventually adopted. On the free carpet wool proposition 21 Republicans voted with the Democrats.

By the strong vote of 126 to 25 the House has agreed to the resolve for a constitutional amendment to require a majority for a quorum in each branch of the Legislature. This is a good step forward, and the Legislature of 1891 will do well to agree to it also. An amendment of Mr. Morrison of Boston to have a majority for a quorum and 100 a quorum for business was defeated by a vote of 32 to 78.

A bill was reported to the Senate on Tuesday to put all water supplies and all springs and streams tributary to them into the hands of the state board of health, so that they may be kept free from pollution.

It is proposed to have a commissioner on roads and bridges, with $3000 salary and an office in the state house, the man to be appointed before July 1, 1890.

So great has become the nuisance caused by the English sparrow that a bill has been reported under which local authorities are to take measures to exterminate the bird, but the use of poison is prohibited.

A great debate occurred in the House on Wednesday on the bill to repeal the present prohibition of open bars and to leave the fixtures of saloons to be regulated by the licensing authorities. Republican leaders, like Sohier and Hayes, were for the bill, but Messrs. Wardwell of Haverhill and Spront of Worcester (the latter making one of the finest speeches of the session) opposed it. By 102 to 106 the bill was refused admission.

A state dairy commission is proposed in a bill from the committee on agriculture, to consist of the secretary of the state board and his appointees. It provides largely for regulation of the sale of oleo. LANDON.

The *Art Amateur* for May worthily concludes the eleventh year of existence of this sumptuous practical art magazine, which has now indeed become a necessity in the household; for in no other publication of the kind is to be found information at once so valuable and so varied concerning all that relates to amateur art-work and the artistic arrangement and decoration of the house. The matron who wishes to adorn her home with the evidences of her skill in art needle work, the son or daughter who desires to cultivate, whether as a profession or as an accomplishment, painting, pen drawing, charcoal or crayon drawing, china decorating, wood carving or brass hammering, may here find the means of doing so, without cost, it may be said, for the designs which accompany and elucidate the instructions given are alone worth much more than the price of the magazine containing them. The supplement pages of the magazine are especially rich this month. The two color studies are: "A Basket of Daffodills," and an extra "Panel Study" of goldfinches and flowers—the first of a set of three of the same kind. Subscription, $4 a year; single copies 35 cents. Montague Marks, publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

To become happy, read about the improved Medical Discovery in another column.

Rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood; therefore, external treatment affords no permanent relief. To eliminate the poison and make a thorough cure of the disease, nothing else is so efficient as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial. Price $1. Worth $5 a bottle.

Mamma (to her little boy)—"Now, Bennie, if you'll be good and go to sleep, mamma'll give you one of Dr. Ayer's nice sugar-coated Cathartic Pills, next time you need medicine." Bennie, smiling sweetly, dropped off to sleep at once.

Cure Yourself.

Don't pay large doctor's bills. The best medical book published, 100 pages, elegant colored plates, will be sent you on receipt of three 2-cent stamps to pay postage. Address A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

How Repulsive

is bad breath, and yet how many otherwise attractive, polite and particular people afflict their friends with the foul odor of their breath. If there was no remedy for this it might excite our sympathy, but as there is no need of having a foul breath, it is an unpardonable breach of good manners to obtrude such an offence on good society.

Foul breath arises from disordered digestion which can be corrected by using Sulphur Bitters, and the result will be a pure, sweet breath.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.
2y31

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. 1y-23

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

——:THAT:——

Electric Railroad.

——o——

What a Dozen Palmer People

THINK OF IT.

MONSON OPINIONS

—AND A—

FEW OUTSIDE OBSERVATIONS.

——o——

History of Methodism

IN MONSON.

——o——

News from---

Palmer, Ludlow,
Wales, Ware,
W. Brookfield, Warren,

Williamsville, Hardwick,
Belchertown, Granby,
Gilbertville, N. Wilbraham,

Thorndike, Hampden,
Barre, E. Brookfield,
N. Dana, Hubbardston,

W. Warren, Holland,
Enfield, Athol,
and elsewhere.

——o——

All contained, with no end of other interesting matter, in this week's issue of

The MONSON MIRROR.

DR. HART'S KING OF REMEDIES,
—FOR—
RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA, LIVER AND KIDNEYS, MALARIA, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.

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Dear Sirs:—I can truthfully and cheerfully say that having procured one bottle of your "King of all Remedies" for my wife, it has benefitted her very much. She has great faith in it. For months her appetite was very poor, but after taking one bottle of the medicine her appetite has increased, and she wishes me to express her thanks for this timely and valuable remedy. Yours,
CHARLES A. WAY.

Holyoke, Oct. 21, 1889.

SOUTHINGTON MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen:—One year ago last February my wife fell down stairs and received injuries which brought on a severe illness from that time until the early part of the present month. She has suffered with almost continuous pains, especially in her bones. Hearing of your great remedy, she tried it, and at the present time, after using two bottles, feels as well as ever, and her pains have entirely ceased. In connection with the Remedy she used Cyclone Liniment. Respectfully yours,
ROBERT BOWEN.

So. Hadley Falls, Mass., Oct. 3, 1889.

For sale by all druggists. One dollar per bottle, or six for $5. Prepared by SOUTHINGTON MED. CO., Southington, Conn. 52–35.

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GEM COLLECTION.

Thirteen Packages First Quality Seeds for 25c, namely:

Asters, Balsams, Larkspur, Mignonette, Petunias, Phlox, Clarkia, Alyssum, Pinks, Calendula, ——Verbena, Pansies, Zinnia.——

EUREKA COLLECTION—13 Packages Flower Seeds, and 18 Choice Flowering Plants for $1.00.

SPECIAL OFFER.—12 Assorted Geraniums, 50c; 12 Assorted Chrysanthemums, 50c; 12 Assorted Ever Blooming Roses, 50c; 12 Assorted Verbenas, 35c; 12 Assorted Pansies, 25c.

All of the above free by mail at prices quoted.

Send for Catalogue.

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200 CARRIAGES.

I have in stock the above number of fine and medium grade Carriages, consisting of

FAMILY CARRIAGES, LIGHT TOP AND OPEN WAGONS, CONCORDS, DELIVERY WAGONS and ROAD CARTS.

Buckboards, Surreys and Road Wagons in quartered oak, natural wood finish.

FIFTY DIFFERENT STYLES.
A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT.

A good variety of second-hand Carriages.

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$3.00-PANTS.-$3.00

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300 SAMPLES.

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NEW PONCE MOLASSES. At SMITH & CO.'S.

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REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE.

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Now is the time to hand in your list of Real Estate

FOR SALE, EXCHANGE OR RENT.

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We are PREPARING OUR BULLETINS, and you ought to have your list inserted.

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CALL AND SEE US FOR TERMS, ETC.

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DISTRIBUTERS OF

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The FIVE GREAT PIERS on which we built the grandest Shoe Trade in Western Massachusetts:

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

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We have the greater part of our stock at first hands, and thus bring the producer and consumer into the closest possible relations, to the advantage of both.

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We are prompt to introduce Novelties; in most cases the manufacturer takes his cue from us, and not we from him.

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No employe is allowed to make representations about goods that cannot be sustained. There is nothing so lasting in business as the simple truth, and naught will stand the test of time like scrupulous honesty.

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In conspicuous instances other houses occasionally meet our prices, but taking promiscuously a dozen or so articles from our stock, it will be found our prices are at least 10 per cent less than others for like quality.

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Main Street, near Bridge Street,

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Full size, taped all around, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00 a pair. All these are special bargains. Many other lines to select from.

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We call special attention to those we are now offering at $5.00, $7.50, $8.50 and $10.00.

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All new patterns. Five cases. 6¼c, 10c, 12½c, 15c and 17c.

Imitation China Silk.

Almost equal to the genuine.

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Linens for Loose Covers.

New Designs in all the BEST colorings—cut and made up in the latest styles by first-class workmen.

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1000 pairs of regular 37 cent Loops, only 10 cents a pair. A full line of colors to match all the LIGHT SUMMER DRAPERIES.

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Men who have used Stock Fertilizers have taken cash prizes for largest crops, and premiums at Agricultural Fairs for best collection of fruits and vegetables.

WM. BOWKER'S HILL AND DRILL—very dry and fine, for general use.

BOWKER'S AMMONIATED BONE for sale by

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SEED OATS, BUCKWHEAT AND BARLEY,
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WIRE FOR FENCING.

Barbed and Smooth Wire.
Different Kinds and Styles.
Staples and Stretchers.

I sell Choice Grades of PAT. HAXALL and ST. LOUIS FLOUR at a low price.

Different kinds of
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For Horses, Cattle and Hens.

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I am agent for and sell John S. Reese & Co.'s

FINE GROUND, HIGH GRADE

FERTILIZERS.

Fish and Potash $1.40 per cwt.
Reese Potatoe and Corn $1.95 per cwt.
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WHITE SOUTHERN CORN

For Fodder and Ensilage.

GOOD GOODS FOR A LOW CASH PRICE.

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FRESH EGGS 17c PER DOZEN.

13½ POUNDS
REVERE GRANULATED SUGAR
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BEST KEROSENE OIL 13c—5 GALLONS 60c.

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China Silk, Plush, Scrim,

And all Desirable Materials for Fancy Work.

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BASKETS IN GREAT VARIETY.

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Full of Useful Goods and constantly receiving additions. Call and see

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NEW REPOSITORY,

33 and 35 SANFORD STREET,

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BOSTON SURREYS, BISMARK, CANOPY TOPS, PHAETONS, CORNINGS, GODDARDS, PIANO BOX, CONCORDS, 2-WHEEL CARTS,

AND

ALL LEADING STYLES.

A Large Stock to select from. Low Prices.

13-52 J. H. ROGERS.

THE Misses O'Connor and Molloy respectfully announce to the ladies of Palmer and vicinity that they are prepared to do dressmaking in all the latest styles at their rooms, corner of Main and Thorndike streets. 3p5

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HAYNES & CO.,

- THE .·. POPULAR .·. CLOTHIERS, -

Some time within the next 10 days. Our Great $10,000 Purchase in New York City last week shows

Tremendous Bargains of Fine Goods.

Handsome made ALL-WOOL SUITS at $7 per suit.

Hundreds of Fine Suits at $8 PER SUIT. Best in the country.
FINE SUITS at $9, $10 and $13.

If you want the best bargains known in Western Massachusetts see

HAYNES & CO.

For men's, young men's, boys' and children's
One of the best shows on earth.

Fine all-wool PANTALOONS for $2, $2.25 and $2.50.

STYLES at $3, $3.50, $4 and $5.

A wilderness of popular styles.
Great Reduction in all lines of SPRING OVERCOATS.

200 BOYS' KNEE PANT SCHOOL SUITS (all wool) now being sold for $2.38 per suit. If you want the BEST bargain known see

HAYNES & CO.,

THE POPULAR CLOTHIERS. - 44 - - SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN GLOBE.

This space to be occupied by R. M. & Theo. Reynolds.

Prices for coal of all sizes for fall delivery will be published in this paper the 23d inst.

They will be much lower than last season.

We sell nothing but the best quality from best known companies.

Monson, May 9, 1890.

High and Low Shoes

For Spring and Summer Wear.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES GOING INTO STOCK EVERY DAY. GET THE BEST FOR THE LEAST.

ATTENTION, LADIES.

SPRING HEEL BUTTON BOOTS, ALL SIZES, FROM 2 TO 6, AND WIDTHS FROM A TO E, ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Low Shoes and Lace Boots can be Found Here.

CALL AND GIVE ME A TRIAL.

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CASTORIA.

CASTORIA promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.
82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."
ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D.
1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent-up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD.
Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
77 Murray Street. - - New York.

FORBES & WALLACE'S.

SPRINGFIELD, MAY 9, 1890.

Jersey Suits all made up for $2.75, $3.25, $3.75 and $4.00 each. You'll wonder how they can be made for the money. The cloths are in solid colors or black. Some are handsomely trimmed with braid, while others have smocked vests, directoire lappets, or may be a sash.

For a house dress or vacation time. There's a hint of either in any of the styles, but ten to one you'll think first of boating, of mountain tramps, or of lazing in a hammock, when you see them.

Last season twice the makers' output wouldn't be half enough, and it looks that way this.

Capes full of life and airy winsomeness. Black corded net with heavy silk fringe $3.50. Black Silk lace capes from $3.00.
Second floor.

Bargains in light dress stuffs are echoing through the aisle like the notes of a song.

Pretty Prints 5c.
Captivating Challies 5c.
Glad Ginghams 10c.
Sparkling Sateens 12½c.
Breezy Zephyrs 19c.
Beautiful Batistes 19c.
Bewitching Borders 19c.
Oriental Ombres 25c.
Graceful Ginghams 19c up,

or whatever other light stuff you are thinking of, including Lawns.
Right aisle.

Mohair Brilliantines in colors. A delightful street or traveling stuff. No dust catching. 37 to 40 inches wide 50c. Thirty colors or more. A bargain.

The New Shades of Cashmeres and Serges at 50c are very fine. Send for samples.
Left aisle.

FORBES & WALLACE.

SULPHUR BITTERS.

For those deathly Bilious spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS. It will cure you.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up, and make you strong and healthy.

Do you suffer with that tired and all-gone feeling? If so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in-doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

$1000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich, and strong, and your flesh hard.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting thro' the skin in Pimples, Blotches and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send three 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

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PINE APPLES. GARDEN SEEDS.

W. E. STONE.

WARE FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP.

FIRST-CLASS IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS

—AND—

GENERAL MACHINE REPAIRS.

WE have in stock, or make to order at short notice: Plow Points of all kinds, Cultivator Teeth, Scrapers, Stall Collars and Guards, Hitching Posts, Lawn Settees and Chairs, Umbrella Stands, Sinks, Kettles, Wagon Shoes, Window Weights, Building Columns, and all kinds of iron and brass castings.

We also do all kinds of machine repairing promptly and in the best manner, at reasonable prices.
2-tf. J. P. PERO, Proprietor.

WHITE FROST FLOUR AT SMITH & CO'S.

Sebastian Morey's Spring Poem.

The angels pack their winter clo'es—their clo'es from head to feet—
An' douse perfum'ry on 'em—'at's w'at makes the air so sweet—
The flirtin' heavens they sass the hills 'ith whi's an' gentle showers,
An' then the jolly, gigglin' hills they sass right back 'ith flowers.

The earth, whose jints have been so stiff 'ith frosty roomatiz,
Jest puts her sunshine plaster on an' goes about her biz;
An' natur', she jest swallers down her tonic of warm win',
Shakes off the blues, an' then resolves to try the tiding ag'in.

The brook, thet's been a-grumblin' on way un'erneath the snow,
Breaks into sich a laffin' song it makes the May-flower grow;
An' all the pussy willers buds jest rush out in a throng,
An' stan' there 'ith their night-caps on, a listenin' to the song.

The brooks go peddlin' poetry; the robins strew it roun',
The bobolink jest slings it an' makes the air resoun';
In flowin' lines er crocuses no man should dare to skip;
God writes his purtiest poetry on his medder manuscrip'.

S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

AMONG THE PARAGRAPHERS.

SOOTHING.

If you're not pretty when you're young,
This consolation hold—
That in some fifty years or so
You will be pretty old. —*Life.*

Clark—Oh, yes; we warrant these stockings to be fast colors.

Miss Prim—Then please put them away and show me something quiet.—*Society.*

My son, don't advertise your griefs. If you have crooked legs do not wear striped pantaloons.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Is that young man gone, Matilda?" cried her father from the top of the stairs. "Oh, awfully," returned Matilda.—*Puck.*

Czar of Russia (just out of bed)—What has become of my undershirt? Valet—Please your majesty, the blacksmith's putting fresh rivets in it.—*Boston Herald.*

What is your idea of a gentleman, Yellowly? A true gentleman always laughs at the joke of a story and never says that he heard it before.—*Boston Courier.*

Tommy—Paw, the papers say that Gray's Elegy is a classic. What is a classic? Mr. Figg—A classic? Why, a classic is a sort of highly respectable chestnut.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Miss Caller—I called on purpose to see your dear little baby. Is it a boy or girl? Mrs. Four Hundred—Why, it's a—a—really I shall have to ask the nurse.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Van Goslett—Say, Wogers, what cahn I do to pwevent my twousers from bagging? Rogers—Take a dose of Rough on Rats. That will stiffen your knees and you won't die in the house.—*Time.*

From 6 you take 9, and from 9 you take 10; then from 40 take 50 and 6 will remain.

SIX IX XL
IX X L
S I X

—*Newark Journal.*

And is that liberty? asked the immigrant, pointing to the statue as the vessel entered the harbor. Yes, said the sailor, that is Liberty. Then give me death, cried the immigrant, and he jumped overboard.—*New York Sun.*

Servant (at sweet girl's boudoir)—Mr. Nicefellow is in the parlor, Miss. Sweet Girl (throwing down a novel)—Horrors! And my hair is all down! Tell him he'll have to wait a little as I'm in the kitchen helping mother. —*Life.*

Doctor—Well, my fine little fellow you have got quite well again! I was sure that the pills I left for you would cure you. How did you take them, in water or in cake? O, I used them in my blow gun.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Pa hadn't time to escape: Johnny Binks (in church)—Pa, why do they begin to take up the collection at the back of the church? Binks (whose pew is well down front)—Great Scott! Have they begun?—*Lawrence Journal.*

Her Regular Habit. Agitated Young Bridegroom (immediately after the ceremony)—Serena, shall—shall I—shall we—shall we kiss? Self-possessed Bride (her third experience)—It is my usual custom, William.—*Chicago Tribune.*

I would like to have a holiday to-morrow, if you please, sir, said a telephone girl to the manager. You can have one; but I should think you had holler days enough already, replied the manager wearily.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

How do, Uncle Joe? Taking your morning walk around the park? Not exactly, sah. I finds I ain't able to walk all roun' no mo' sence my las' touch o' rheumatiz', so I jus' walks half way roun' an' back agin', sah.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Schoolmistress—Tommy, what did you disobey me for? Tommy—'Cos I thought you'd whip me. Schoolmistress—What did you want me to whip you for! Tommy—'Cos pa said he would if you didn't and he hurts.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mrs. X.—I don't imagine Mr. and Mrs. Nothink get on very well together. Mr. X.—They seem to be happy. Mrs. X.—I know it, but when I asked Nothink the other day how he liked married life, he said happiness was no name for it.—*The Racket.*

Plenty of Time. Husband—Ain't you ready yet? Wife—I'll be ready in a minute. I've only got one glove to put on. Husband (sighing)—One of those 10-button gloves. Well, I'll sit down and write four or five more letters.—*Texas Siftings.*

Travis—Well, Oldmanson, I suppose you have something laid by for a rainy day, haven't you? Oldmanson (apprehensively) Yes, I have; but it's padlocked to the hatrack, and my name is engraved on the handle, too.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Actor—How is this? My bill is just twice as much as you said it would be. Hotel Clerk—I believe you said you were an actor, and upon these representations I gave you a reduced rate. Actor—Well? Hotel Clerk—Well, I attended the performance last night, and I am convinced that you are no actor. Nine dollars, please.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Not a journalist: Millionaire—You ask me for the hand of my daughter. You are a journalist, I believe, and journalists, I am told, can scarcely earn their salt. Young editor (with dignity)—You mistake, sir. I not a journalist; I am a newspaper man. Oh! Keep a news-stand, I presume. Good paying business! Take her, my son, and be happy.—*New York Weekly.*

A Bath clergyman gave his Sunday school an address on slang the other Sunday, and at the close asked for a definition of the word. One bright, small boy gave such a good answer that the clergyman was moved to remark: Good on your head my boy! Well, that's a good example of slang, Mr——, isn't it? asked the boy.—*Bath, Me., Independent.*

THE END IS RUIN.

It is one of the most deadly properties of that slow poison, alcohol, that it gradually sets up a depraved appetite in the diseased and altered tissues of the body; it creates a thirst that nothing can allay but more alcohol. A drunkard once, in describing the pangs he suffered from this awful rum thirst, said: "When the desire is on me, if a glass of whisky were placed within reach, and I were perfectly certain that if I drank it I should be struck dead within a minute, I would take it without an instant's hesitation!" This is one of the ghastly incidents of a drunkard's career that the apologists for and defenders of the saloon suffer to rest in discreet silence.

But it is a fact that should be firmly impressed upon the mind of every boy, that should be taught in every school room and thundered from every pulpit, that any indulgence, even moderate, in rum in any form is liable to set up this drink thirst, and when it is once established the victim is no longer his own master. The horrible craving of this damnable thirst can be assuaged only by more rum, and this in turn increases the diseased condition of the body, and renders the craving still more irresistible. The only refuge is the grave. Life is one long scene of temptation and yielding thereto.

Is it not plain to every thinking man, then, that for a vast number of those who constitute the present generation of drinking men there is not much hope of any reform so long as there are any possible means by which they can obtain rum? To attempt to reform drunkards and allow the saloons to remain open is simply to play a farce. All efforts will be futile so long as temptation is open on every hand for further indulgence. And when to this consideration is added the greater evil, that the saloon is the drunkard-maker, is not the fallacy of the cry of the rum apologists against prohibition fully and completely exposed? The war is properly waged directly against the drunkard-makers; for if they are swept away, no more men will fall, and there will then be some hope of succeeding in the work of battling against drunkenness in the individual. With the opportunity for indulgence taken away, if there is any moral strength remaining in the victim there is some hope of his reclamation; with the rum traffic still in existence, there is practically none.

Besides, the overthrow of the rum traffic is the shortest way of curing drunkenness. Aside from proper guidance in youth, and the building up of a firm and consistent moral character that is proof against the tawdry temptations of the saloon, there is no way of reaching the individual. The law cannot take cognizance of drinking in the individual, so long as the traffic is allowed, no matter under what restrictions, until rum has become his master, and he a drunkard. Then it can punish him, not for drinking, but for getting drunk and transgressing public order while in that condition.

But there is one practical way of solving the problem thus presented, and that is the method of prohibition. Prohibit the manufacture and sale, and you certainly stop drunkenness; and it is the only practical mode of doing it. The most urgent need of the age is that this great fact be brought home to the minds and consciences of at least a majority of the voters of the United States, so that they will unite in one grand effort, through Prohibition, to crush out the saloon, cure drunkenness, and at the same time. *Toledo Blade.*

THE LOCAL PAPER.

The columns of a paper are the publisher's stock in trade and the parties who ask us to use them for their special benefit must expect to pay for the same, and we hope that all parties will, after due consideration, view the matter in a proper light. Every public-spirited citizen of a place should have pride in seeing his own town and the surrounding country improve. Every new house or barn in the surrounding country; every new fence, road or shade tree; every new manufacturing establishment erected; every new business opened, enhances the value of property in our midst. Every honest, reflecting mind knows this to be true, and you should not forget that the local newspaper adds much to the general wealth and prosperity of the place, as well as increases the reputation of the town abroad. It benefits all who have business in the place, enhances the value of property, besides being a public convenience, even if not constructed in the interest of the ruling political power. If its columns are not filled with brilliant editorials, still it benefits you in many ways. It increases trade, it cautions against imposition, it saves you from loss, it warns you of danger, it points out different advantages and increases your profits. Now, if you want such a paper you must support it by advertising your business in it; assist in increasing its circulation by getting your neighbors to subscribe with you for it. If you want such a paper you must not consider it an act of charity to support it, but as a means to increase your own wealth as well as that of the place in which you live. The local press is the power that moves the people: therefore, support it by advertising and subscribing and paying for it.—*Exchange.*

A REMARKABLE CYCLONE RELIC.

F. E. Wilson, a blacksmith of Ozark, Mo., has a relic of the Marshfield cyclone, which occurred on Sunday, April, 18, 1880, that is a very remarkable curiosity. This witness of one of the freaks of the great storm is a black quart bottle, bent by some mysterious force into an eclipse without a crack or break in the glass that the closest scrutiny can discover. The neck of the bottle actually touches the edge of the bottom, and the fact that the glass was not broken in any way by the strange force of the storm is shown by the test of its holding water or any other fluid. By gradually turning the bottle as the water is poured in, it can be nearly filled to its full capacity, so as to show the perfect soundness of the material. This bottle was found by Mr. Wilson the day after the Marshfield disaster and examined by Prof. Tice, who soon came to the scene of destruction to study the phenomena of the cyclone from a scientific standpoint. The famous meteorologist attributed the bending of the bottle to the force of electricity. The bottle was found in the wreck of one of the Marshfield drug-stores. Mr. Wilson has been offered extravagant prices for the curiosity, but declines to part with the relic.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A little boy of three years, whose mother played the organ in church, and who was obliged to be left to the care of others, was asked one Sunday morning what his kitten was crying so pitiously for. I don't know, said he, in tearful tones, but I 'spect the old cat has gone to church.—*Stray.*

Hopelessly Afflicted Lawyer—Did you ever notice any signs of insanity in the defendant? Witness—Only on one occasion. A passenger picked up a dollar in a horse-car one day and he was the only man on board who said he hadn't lost it.—*Epoch.*

"Oh, no, there ain't any favorites in this family!" soliloquized Johnny; "oh no! I guess there ain't. If I bite my finger nails I catch it over the knuckles. But the baby can eat his whole foot and they think it's just cunning!"—*Puck.*

THE BLOOD

Is the source of health: therefore to keep well, purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is peculiarly designed to act upon the blood, and through that upon all the organs and tissues of the body. It has a specific action, also, upon the secretions and excretions, and assists nature to expel from the system all humors, impure particles, and effete matter through the lungs, liver, bowels, kidneys and skin. It effectually aids weak, impaired, and debilitated organs, invigorates the nervous system, tones the digestive organs, and imparts new life and energy to all the functions of the body. A peculiarity of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it strengthens and builds up the system while it eradicates disease.

"I think Hood's Sarsaparilla an excellent medicine for the blood, and for debility arising from dyspepsia and catarrh. We keep it constantly for family use, and have not found any remedy so beneficial." N. B. CHADSEY, 10 Courtlandt Street, Providence, R. I.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

THE IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Pure Blood Makes

THE HAPPY BODY.

To coin a good word Dear Reader are you "Blood-happy," or is your blood dragging you through the depths of distress with

Influenza, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Constipation, Scrofula or Kindred Diseases? Then

Free the blood from these poisons. Don't mope along half alive, half dead, but rouse up your system. Give your good old friend, the stomach, a chance to do its work.

Here is the Remedy.

Tried, Trusty and True. The ingredients of this wonderful remedy have been used as a favorite and successful medicine for many years, but like the improvements in the telegraph since Morse, the sewing machine since Howe, and the electric light since Franklin forced the first spark, the new and perfect combination of these ingredients has never been reached until combined as now in FISCHER'S IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

This medicine purifies the blood as naturally as water quenches thirst. *It cures.* This is its history in a nutshell. Grateful testimonials are received every day. Price $1.00.

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Of the best makes for the least money. Anything in the line of Agricultural Implements not in stock we will procure for you at short notice.

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HIGH GRADE BONE FERTILIZER.

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OUR PRICES WILL BE AS LOW AS ANY DEALER.

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Building Brick

from my yard. The brick manufactured at this yard have no superior, being of large size, good color, great hardness and perfect shape. My

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Is located at West Brimfield, the first station east of Palmer on the Boston and Albany railroad, and my facilities for getting out

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C. L. ALEXANDER,

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CURE FOR ASTHMA, CATARRH, HAY FEVER, DIPHTHERIA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP AND COMMON COLDS.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

CLEANSES AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never fails to restore grey hair to its youthful color.
Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 50c. and $1 at druggists. 4-4

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G. W. Gregory, Esq.:—In accepting your resignation as Principal Examiner, I take this opportunity to express my sincere regret that the office is to lose your valuable services. By an intelligent discharge of your duties, at the head of one of the most important classes in the Patent Office, you have won not only the esteem and commendation of more than one Commissioner of Patents, but also the confidence of those having business before you. Very respectfully,
J. M. THACHER,
Commissioner of Patents.

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ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE? Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It has cured the worst cases and is the best remedy for all ills arising from defective nutrition. Take in time. 50c and $1.00. 4-4

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The improved method of fastening strings of Pianos, invented by us, is one of the most important improvements ever made, making the instrument more richly musical in tone, more durable, and less liable to get out of tune.

Both the Mason & Hamlin Organs and Pianos excel chiefly in that which is the chief excellence in any musical instrument—quality of tone. Other things, though important, are much less so than this. An instrument with unmusical tones cannot be good. Illustrated catalogues of new styles, introduced this season, sent free.

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The beautiful shrine that is selling at sight the world over, containing copy of statute of the BLESSED VIRGIN so miraculously saved from the great Johnstown flood. Dealers supplied direct from factory. Sample altar free. Send for illustrated description. BOSTON M'F'G. Co.,
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CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.

TIME TABLE COMMENCING MONDAY, JULY 1, 1889.

LEAVE BOSTON for Northampton, Hadley, Amherst, So. Amherst, Belchertown and Bondsville, 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN, Northampton, 6.00, 8.15 a. m., 2.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.25 a. m.

Hadley, 6.06, 8.21 a. m., 2.05 p. m. Sunday, 6.33 a. m.

Amherst, 6.15, 8.30 a. m., 2.14 p. m. Sunday, 6.43 a. m.

So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19 p. m. Sunday, 6.49 a. m.

Belchertown, 6.34, 8.47 a. m., 2.32 p. m. Sunday, 7.03 a. m.

Bondsville, 6.45, 8.57 a. m., 2.42 p. m. Sunday, 7.16 a. m.

LOCAL SERVICE BETWEEN WARE & NORTHAMPTON.

LEAVE, Ware, 6.10, 10.35 a. m., 4.38, 6.33 p. m. Sunday, 4.33 p. m.

Bondsville, 6.45, 10.49 a. m., 4.54, 6.49 p. m. Sunday, 4.50 p. m.

Belchertown, 7.10, 10.59 a. m., 5.05, 7.00 p. m. Sunday, 5.03 p. m.

So. Amherst, 7.40, 11.12 a. m., 5.19, 7.14 p. m. Sunday, 5.17 p. m.

Amherst, 7.55, 11.18 a. m., 5.26, 7.19 p. m. Sunday, 5.23 p. m.

Hadley, 8.21, 11.28 a. m., 5.36, 7.29 p. m. Sunday 5.33 p. m.

ARRIVE, Northampton, 8.38, 11.35 a. m., 5.43, 7.35 p. m. Sunday, 5.40 p. m.

LEAVE, Northampton, 6.00, 8.15 a. m., 2.00, 7.10 p. m. Sunday, 6.25 a. m.

Hadley, 6.06, 8.21 a. m., 2.05, 7.20 p. m. Sunday, 6.33 a. m.

Amherst, 6.15, 8.30 a. m., 2.14, 7.50 p. m. Sunday, 6.43 a. m.

So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19, 8.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.49 a. m.

Belchertown, 6.34, 8.47 a. m., 2.32, 8.30 p. m. Sunday, 7.03 a. m.

Bondsville, 6.45, 8.57 a. m., 2.42, 8.50 p. m. Sunday, 7.16 a. m.

ARRIVE, Ware, 7.00, 9.10 a. m., 3.00, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.35 a. m.

LEAVE BOSTON for Ware, Gilbertville, Barre, Rutland, Oakdale and West Boylston, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN, Ware, 7.00, 9.10 a. m., 3.00 p. m. Sunday, 7.35 a. m.

Gilbertville, 7.09, 9.18 a. m., 3.08 p. m. Sunday, 7.44 a. m.

Barre, 7.35, 9.33 a. m., 3.27 p. m. Sunday, 8.08 a. m.

Rutland, 7.59, 9.48 a. m., 3.45 p. m. Sunday, 8.27 a. m.

Oakdale, 8.28, 10.16 a. m., 4.10 p. m. Sunday, 9.08 a. m.

West Boylston, 8.39, 10.20 a. m., 4.15 p. m. Sunday, 9.12 a. m.

LEAVE BOSTON for New Braintree, Hardwick, Barre Plains, Coldbrook, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN, New Braintree, 7.17 a. m., 3.11 p. m., Sunday, 7.52 a. m.

Hardwick, 7.20 a. m., 3.14 p. m. Sunday, 7.56 a. m.

Barre Plains, 7.28 a. m., 3.23 p. m. Sunday, 8.02 a. m.

Coldbrook, 7.42 a. m., 3.32 p. m. Sunday, 8.14 a. m.

LEAVE BOSTON for So. Clinton and Berlin, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN So. Clinton, 8.44 a. m., 4.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.21 a. m.

Berlin, 8.57 a. m., 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 9.31 a. m.

LEAVE BOSTON for Hudson, So. Sudbury, 7.45, 9.20 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 5.25, 6.25, p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN, Hudson, 6.30, 7.40, 9.08, 10.42 a. m., 12.35, 4.39 p. m. Sunday, 9.44 a. m.

So. Sudbury, 6.48, 7.55, 9.28 a. m., 12.52, 4.54 p. m. Sunday, 10.04 a. m.

LEAVE for WAYLAND, 7.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN, WAYLAND, 5.50, 6.55, 8.02, 8.45, 9.36 a. m., 12.58, 2.40, 5.01, 5.15 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m.

LEAVE for WESTON, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN WESTON, 6.00, 7.04, 8.10, 8.54, 9.44 a. m., 1.07, 2.49, 5.09, 5.25 p. m. Sunday, 10.21 a. m.

LEAVE for WALTHAM, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN WALTHAM, 6.08, 7.12, 8.17, 9.02, 9.52 a. m., 1.15, 2.57, 5.16, 5.34 p. m. Sunday, 10.30 a. m.

LEAVE for WAVERLY, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN WAVERLY, 6.15, 7.18, 8.22, 9.07 a. m., 1.20, 3.02, 5.40 p. m. Sunday, 10.36 a. m.

LEAVE for BELMONT, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.

RETURN BELMONT, 6.18, 7.21, 8.25, 9.10 a. m., 1.23, 3.05, 5.48 p. m. Sunday, 10.39 a. m.

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The Palmer Journal.

VOL. XLI. PALMER, MASS., FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 9, 1890.---SIX PAGES. NUMBER 6.

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The time suggests an entire change of stock. New life in nature has been infused by the return of Spring, and we are ready with a full line of new goods,

RICH, RARE, SEASONABLE,

and pleasing to give life to trade. Each article is worth mention, but it's better worth your while to come and see them. Seeing will help you and us. Remember, it will pay you to ask for many things you won't see. Piece after piece of

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have been coming of late. Styles correct, qualities fine and prices right. You could hardly pass unnoticed our elegant line of

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Gossamer, Gauze and Jersey Ribbed. Assortment complete for Ladies, Misses, Boys and Babes. We offer an unusual stock with extraordinary bargains in COTTON UNDERWEAR and INFANTS' FURNISHINGS. You will easily convince yourselves that we are certainly headquarters on these goods. Over 50 styles of SHORT WHITE DRESSES and INFANTS' LONG SLIPS, dainty, charming and pictures of both comfort and needle skill.

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Useful and Ornamental

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Spring awakens the curiosity of all to see what

Things New and Novel

The season affords. As we are now fully stocked for the coming season, we have decided upon a Spring Opening, and will throw open our rooms from March 24th to the 30th for the inspection of the entire public. All are welcome, whether wishing to buy or not, and we think any one can find real enjoyment in going over our establishment.

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Danny Deever.

"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the color-sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on parade.
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the color-sergeant said.

For they're hanging Danny Deever, you can 'ear the "Dead March" play,
The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hanging him to-day;
They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away.
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear ranks breathe so hard?" said Files-on-parade.
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the color-sergeant said.
"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" said Files-on-parade.
"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the color-sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,
They 'ave'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;
An' 'e'll swing in 'alf a minute for a sneakin', shootin' hound—
O, they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"'Is eot was right-'and eot to mine," said Files-on-parade.
"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the color-sergeant said.
"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-parade.
"'E's drinkin bitter beer alone," the color-sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place.
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's disgrace,
While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin' the sun?" said Files-on-parade.
"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the color-sergeant said.
"What's that that wimpers over 'head?" said Files-on-parade.
"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the color-sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play,
The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', they'll want their beer to-day,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'. *Rudyard Kipling.*

CALLS AT THE PARSONAGE.

"John, could you come into the parlor a moment? A lady wants very much to see you."

The Rev. John Little raised his studious face from his elaborate paper for the Library Association, and with an impatient frown answered fretfully, "I'm surprised, Bessie, you should interrupt me, when you know how important my writing is this afternoon, and—"

"I know," interposed the girl-wife, nervously, with a little tremble of the pretty lips, "but the lady seems so anxious to talk with you, that—"

"Who is she?" inquired he, with a preoccupied glance at his manuscript.

"That Mrs. Fay, down by the factory. She has a young man with her, who—"

"Oh, some appeal, or other, probably. Say I positively cannot see her." And the reverend gentleman took up his pen again, and Bessie went slowly back to the parlor.

Had he been alone the writing would have, doubtlessly, gone on smoothly, but his younger brother, Roy, spending a college vacation with him, had taken in the whole scene from a snug corner of the window. He shrugged his shoulders at John's repulse, and thought, indignantly, "That brother of mine has so many hobbies he's growing into a regular bear. Wish he could see himself as others see him," and sauntering to the table he coolly took up the writer's last page and said, "Is it possible you make that little wife of yours receive all the calls?"

"What an idea!" replied the big brother, with an injured air, "I'm sure I don't make her do anything. But I always said it isn't a clergyman's business to trot out of his study every time some one calls, and I mean to live up to it."

"Quite likely," rejoined Roy, dryly. "In the meantime, have you any idea how many times that bell has rung this afternoon?"

"Really, I haven't noticed it at all," replied he with superiority.

"Just fifteen times since three o'clock," declared Roy, triumphantly, "and Bess has had every step to take from seven this morning."

"But surely her work is not very hard," insisted the Rev. John, "and as for the calls, Bessie enjoys them. She is pleasant and social; the people like her, and are as satisfied with attention from her as from me."

"But why not sometimes divide the labor?"

"Because, as she can't write my sermons for me, and can attend to the calls just as well as I—"

"I doubt it," argued Roy.

"Well, if you won't be convinced, and are not inclined to put back that paper, I'll go and post this letter. It is getting too dark to write anyway," and not a little perturbed, the Rev. John perambulated down the street.

"Got him worked up some, anyhow," chuckled his designing brother, watching his retreating figure from the window. "Now if he can have an object lesson, he'll be brought round yet. I have it," he ejaculated after a moment of profound thought; and with a laugh he walked over to the study table, removed all the stationery from the drawer and carefully concealed it; then took down his brother's best beaver and carried it up-stairs.

Immediately after tea he surprised Mr. and Mrs. Little by putting on his overcoat and spending the evening out, something he had never before done in Linton. For it was a small town, depending for society on the nearest city. The first year of Mr. Little's pastorate he gave Bessie the advantage of the musical and art attractions so numerous there. Lately, however, Roy had noticed that they were quite ignored, and he was determined to renew them, for Bessie at least.

"Have you been in to the Art Reception?" he asked her the next morning, as they sat at the breakfast table.

"No," she answered, wistfully. "I didn't even know it had opened."

"Yes. It's now the second day. I'll take you there this afternoon—you'll be at home, won't you, John?" turning coolly towards him.

"Y-e-s," responded that worthy, hesitatingly, "I wanted to see Brother Haynes a moment, but—"

"Oh you can do that well enough," exclaimed Roy lightly, and quite ignoring Bessie's apology of "Don't know if I ought to go," he said, "We shall need to start about one," and abruptly left the room.

Promptly at one he was ready, and Mrs. Little, with a most becoming color in her cheeks, hurried out, and was assisted into the cutter by the Rev. John.

"The first sleigh-ride I've had this year!" said she, merrily.

If the remark was a reproach to the dominie, he did not "take," but hastened back to his study, quite complacent at the idea of a whole afternoon alone.

"Roy is getting decidedly disagreeable; he really went too far yesterday. I shall write much better without him," soliloquized he, and he prepared to take out the stationery from his cabinet drawer. It was empty.

"Why, it can't be possible I've used all that paper!" and he pulled out the drawer to examine closer. But hunt as he might, the paper was not forthcoming. "I knew there was some yesterday, but anyway, I can't do a thing till I have it;" and with a sigh he strode out to the hall-rack for his beaver.

Another mystery! That was gone, too, and he was obliged to take his second best one. A good deal nettled, he sallied down the street.

Now the Rev. Mr. Little was exceedingly particular about the stationery. He never used but one kind, and that of peculiar size and quality. For this reason he always liked to confer with Mr. Low, the stationer, personally, and to-day he was sure of him, for he was working at his books behind the desk. With a confident smile the clergyman walked to the counter, but to his surprise Mr. Low seemed not to have noticed his entrance, and he was confronted by a little woman whom he recognized as the stationer's wife. In reply to his request for sermon paper, she innocently produced a box of the most delicate French note. He objected, and then a variety of commercial note, fools-cap and linen, was brought out with like result.

"Mr. Low knows the kind I use," said the minister, "if he would step here a minute, I presume—"

"He is particularly busy this afternoon, and can't be interrupted," said she with dignity. "Won't this do?" producing a quire considerably smaller than he generally used.

In sheer desperation he took it, with the forlorn hope that Mr. Low himself would sometime exchange it.

Next was his visit to the hatter, Mr. Thorn. He was a good friend of the minister's, genial and accommodating, and generally lent a hand whenever he essayed that most difficult thing, fitting a beaver. To-day the merchant, with one or two clerks, was busily engaged unpacking and putting up a box of hats that had just arrived. As Mr. Little entered, Mr. Thorn looked up with a preoccupied nod and continued his work, while his customer observed with dismay that Mrs. Thorn was waiting upon the few in the store. He never remembered seeing her there before and it was evidently new work, for she responded to his request for beavers by a box of straws.

"Mr. Thorn knows my number," observed he mildly; "if he—"

"He can't stop," she replied, briefly. "I guess we can find something."

At last "we" did, after a half-hour of tiresome hunting. That is, she pronounced a hat right, and he meekly assented and paid for it, though morally certain it was too small, and would always give him a headache.

"Queer that Low and Thorn can't attend to their own business! How can they expect their wives to understand it?" was his mental soliloquy.

Having gone so far down the street he decided to call on Brother Haynes before returning.

"How I shall enjoy one of his good talks this afternoon," was his thought, as he mounted the steps of his friend's pleasant cottage and rang the bell. It was answered by Mrs. Havens, a refined middle-aged lady, whom, with her husband, Mr. Little highly esteemed. To-day he had a special errand with Mr. Haynes, in regard to making an exchange for the next Sabbath. After waiting for some time, therefore, in the hope he would appear, Mr. Little asked for him.

"Oh, Mr. Haynes will be sorry not to see you, I'm sure," replied she, politely, "but he's very closely engaged on his sermon just now, and specially requested me not to interrupt him."

"Ah—yes—" stammered the surprised dominie, awkwardly. "I—that is—sorry to intrude, but I merely wanted to arrange an exchange for next Sunday."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Haynes compassionately, "I will ask him," and disappeared but almost immediately returned with "he hasn't time to see you now, but will send a card in a day or two."

Exceedingly nonplussed, the reverend gentleman bowed himself out, angrily wondering what the meaning might be, till an unwelcome memory of the preceding afternoon partially enlightened him, and he walked homeward, meditating upon the afternoon's events with conflicting emotions. Approaching his own door, an animated bundle of red, yellow and blue seemed to be flitting up and down the basement steps, until, as he came nearer, it resolved itself into the robust form of Mary Maloney, the washerwoman. She had deposited the basket of clothes, and met him with an insinuating glance of expectancy as he opened the gate.

"Shure, an' it's a long hour I've been waitin' for ye, an' Mis' Little alus here before and never failed me at all."

"Why, you needn't have waited, Mary," he said, condescendingly; "we should have found the clothes if you had left them, and—"

"Shure, and are you sposin' that I do the washin' for the plazhur of bringin' it home and lavin' it by yer dure?"

"By no means, Mary," returned "his reverence" with dignity, and it must be confessed, some embarrassment. "You want your money, I suppose," and with an air of perfect familiarity with the amount due, he gave her fifty cents. His manner in no way deceived the shrewd daughter of Erin, however, and she took the coin with well assumed contempt.

"Shure, an' do ye 'spose I'd be waitin' for less than usual? Mis' Little alus gives me seventy-five cents, bless her purty face."

All this was extremely trying to the Rev. John. Who might not come while he stood listening to her harangue?

"Well, here it is!" he exclaimed, giving another coin an impatient toss toward her.

She caught it, and without more ado made her way out of the gate, and he, turning just then, lost the cunning twinkle of her eye as she chuckled, holding the bonus caressingly in her hand, "Shure, mony's the extra drop I'll get wid the quarter, and don't you forget it."

The clock was just striking three as the dominie opened the door. "The afternoon's more than half gone," he ejaculated, hurrying into the study. "Never mind, I'll lose no time now," and sitting down, he had the sheets nicely arranged before him, and pen to paper, when—ring!

The door bell and no Bessie to answer it. He gave one regretful glance at the staring blank paper, and with a sigh hastened to the door.

A half dozen young ladies stood in waiting.

"Ah, good afternoon," he said, ruefully, thinking as he showed them in, "what in the world shall I do with them?"

"Isn't Mrs. Little at home?" chorused they, glancing round the pretty parlor. "We wanted so much to see her."

"No, she is out riding," stammered he, confusedly, "but won't you sit down and wait?"

"Oh, no," replied the spokeswoman, "I guess not, but we did want to find her. You see," she continued, in a sudden burst of confidence, "Mrs. Little has our worsted that we are to make fancy things with for the fair next week, and we came up to get it. It's a pretty long walk for most of us," with an inquiring glance at the others, who assented with exclamations of "Oh, my," "Yes, indeed," etc., etc.

"I'm sorry she's gone," observed the dominie, most truthfully, "If I could do anything——"

"Perhaps you could give us the worsted," suggested one of the girls demurely, winking at the rest when the minister's back was turned.

"Why, yes," assented that worthy, nervously. "I don't know exactly where she keeps it, but I'll see."

And in some trepidation he opened the door to the china closet, diselosing to the girls' astonished eyes most of his wife's wedding presents of china and silver. Closing the door in dismay, he hurried out to the dining room, where, after overturning Bessie's worklasket, and hopelessly tangling the thread, he succeeded in finding a box of worsted.

"Do you know the colors, young ladies?" he called out to the parlor victims shaking with suppressed mirth.

"Mine's red," replied one, "mine's blue," said another, and "mine's gold," cried a third. "My Tam O'Shanter is to be dark, so my worsted is garnet," volunteered another. till the dominie, always color-blind, closed his eyes and tried to imagine his dilemma a horrid nightmare.

But young ladies are not so easily reduced to imaginary beings, and at last, in despair of ever sorting out the right shades, he took the box into the parlor, and passing it to one of the guests, said meekly, "I guess you had better take the whole thing till some time when Mrs. Little is here."

They reluctantly assented, and he showed them out as politely as his aching head would permit. At his desk again, his manuscript before him, he was about to continue his elaborate address, when he was once more interrupted by the bell. Answering it, he was confronted by the tall, gaunt form of Mrs. Fay, and found himself blushing under her look of unfeigned surprise.

"I didn't expect to see you, Mr. Little," was her blunt salute. "I thought you didn't ever see company."

"Oh, yes, I do," he answered, uneasily, "Mrs. Little receives more calls, perhaps—but——"

"I should think she did," was the terse rejoinder, "this is the first of my ever seeing you in all the times I've called."

The minister uttered a mild disclaimer of some sort, and his parishioner ruthlessly continued:

"I came all the way up here yesterday to have you talk with a nephew of mine. You see he's a wild kind of a lad, and don't usually go to church. But he heard you Sunday and was interested so powerful that I persuaded him to come and see you. He said if you really believed all you preached, he'd like to talk it over with you. That's why I bothered you, and told your wife I couldn't take no for an answer. She did the best she could, and said lots of good things, but it wasn't like seeing the one that wrote the sermon. And when he went away he was as cantankerous as ever, said ministers were no better than other folks, and the reason you wouldn't come in, it was because you ain't paid for it."

The Rev. John wineed, and the eloquent Mrs. Fay broke off with "But there, I didn't mean to say so much; I just called to give this to your wife;" and pressing a cup of her best home-made jelly into his reluctant hand she took her departure. Her pastor turned again into his study but not for work. The lesson was thoroughly learned at last, and while meditating upon it, he heard the welcome sound of runners, and Bessie and Roy drove merrily up. They were full of delight with their trip, and at the tea-table, Bessie recounted the beauties of the art reception.

"And now, John," said Roy, cheerily, "how has the afternoon gone with you? Come, give an account of yourself."

"I've had quite an experience," replied he, and told the whole story, not omitting his struggles with the worsteds, at which his listeners shrieked with laughter.

"But, anyway," he continued, seriously, "I've learned two things this afternoon; first, a man's wife cannot do his work for him, and and second, it's just as hard for a minister's wife to explain and recapitulate his sermon as for him to sort worsteds."

"Good," approved Roy, going affectionately behind his chair, "now you won't need another lesson, will you?"

"I think not," replied John, humbly.

"Then," said his brother, suddenly producing the lost hat and stationery, "you can have these things back again."

"Roy, you rogue! Thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my brother," said the Rev. John Little, throwing the hat over Roy's toes, and giving him a resounding rap with the package of paper. "You were the means of bringing everybody's wife to the front and sending those girls to give me brain fever, and——"

"All but the Fay," interposed Roy. "I didn't send her."

"No," said his brother, "so I may as well forgive you; for, after all, it is her words I shall keep as the key to the problem of the evening, Calls at the Parsonage."

Nest Building.

Say, birdie, for what art thou building thy nest,
With so much patience and care;
Through orchard and meadow pursuing thy quest
For means thy house to prepare?

Who taught thee to lay the dry, withered grass
So neat and so trim in its place?
Who told thee when the cold winter should pass,
And come the bright vernal days?

Thy work's not done when thou'st finished thy nest,
And laid thy four sky-blue shells;
Thy care's to repeat thyself four-fold, Redbreast,
For song in meadows and dells.

When the nest, in the branch by my window,
Is empty and desolate;
When winter has piled its cap with his snow,
And Robin is off with her mate,

The four little warblers their notes will sing
In fields and groves far away,
Where summer is all the time blossoming
And birds are on every spray.

Learn a lesson from Robin the redbreast,
Building her nest in the tree;
The song will go forth, now east and now west,
Blithe, glad, inspiring and free.

The heart may be sad in its loneliness,
Like the nest when the birds are flown;
But the warbled sweetness is none the less,
Because we catch not the tone.

Work on, faint heart, nor ever be weary,
Thy toil is the toil of hope;
Life is not cold and darksome and dreary
When we in our faith look up.

M. S. H., in Springfield Union.

A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

A romantic story of the Revolution comes by way of Reading, Pa., and is vouched for by Editor Kauffman of the Chester Valley Union and W. W. Potts, manager of one of the granite quarries at Falls of French Creek. It unravels the mystery of the death of a young Virginia officer who was a member of Washington's command at Valley Forge. The skeleton of the young soldier has been found in a cave and with it a letter which explains the manner of his death, and why it was that for more than a hundred years the fate and place of sepulchre of Lieut. Arthur Carrington of Richmond, Va., has been unknown.

The discovery was made in a cave at the Falls. There is a wild and romantic region about 12 miles from Valley Forge, where through a large area immense granite bowlders are piled in all sorts of fantastic shapes and which in the earlier history of the state was a hiding place for robbers and wild beasts. Lately granite quarries were opened there and it was in pursuit of this industry that the cave was discovered and opened. This happened several weeks ago and created a good deal of interest in the neighborhood, and much speculation as to the manner in which the skeleton came there. It was supposed that it was that of a soldier or hunter, from the fact that the remains of a rifle were found by its side, and it was thought that the person, while in life, had gone there to escape pursuing Indians. But the finder of the remains, W. W. Potts, the contractor for the removal of the stone, did not inform the public that there had been a letter found with the skeleton. He had the remains carefully interred in the church-yard at St. Mary's, about five miles away, and he now makes public the story of the letter, together with the result of his inquiries with reference thereto.

By the side of the skeleton in the cave was found a glass bottle, which was taken charge of by Mr. Potts. In this bottle was found a letter dated May 20, 1778, and addressed to Virginia Randolph of Richmond. It appears from the letter that Miss Randolph was the sweetheart of the young soldier, and that he had parted from her but a short time before to rejoin his command, having been home to be cured of a wound. He tells that he was sent out from camp in charge of a small foraging expedition, when they were cut off and pursued by a larger party of British. He as well as several of the men under him knew of the facilities for hiding in this locality, and particularly of a cave where on previous expeditions horses had been hidden. By the time they had reached the rocks pursuit was so close that they had to abandon their horses and flee on foot. He alone reached the cave and just after he entered, either through the firing of muskets or by the clambering over it of some of his pursuers, a high bowlder that overhung the entrance was dislodged and came crashing down, completely closing the opening by which he had entered. He was frightened at first, but was reassured by the discovery that there was a little light entering the cave from another direction. Seeing this he kept quiet, resolving to find his way out as soon as he was sure that his pursuers had left the neighborhood. After awhile he attempted to put this resolution into execution, but after a diligent search for a means of exit he found that the only opening was a very small crack in the roof of the cave far out of reach and scarcely large enough to pass his hand through. The letter then relates his futile efforts to dig his way out through the walls of solid rock that surrounded him; of how he halloed in the vain hope that some one would hear him until his voice was completely worn out; of his hunger and finally of the premonitory symptoms of the return of a fever through which he had recently passed, which he welcomed as likely to hasten his release from suffering. The letter is filled with the most endearing epistles, and every line exhales a fervid piety and lofty patriotism. It closes with a tender farewell to his sweetheart and the hope that they will not long be separated.

After reading the letter Mr. Potts communicated with friends in Richmond, who are familiar with the history of the old families of that city, and a little inquiry developed the fact that the death of Virginia Randolph of a broken heart was one of the traditions of the Revolution among the old families, and that her grave in Hollywood cemetery is well known, being marked by the following inscription:

Died of a broken heart, on the 1st of March, 1780, Virginia Randolph, aged 21 years and 9 days. Faithful unto death.

It appears that she was related to the Peyton family of Virginia, and among their family papers have been found letters referring to the illness of Miss Randolph as being caused by the disappointment and mystery clouding the fate of her betrothed lover, Arthur Carrington. The descendants of Miss Randolph's family have directed that the skeleton be sent to Richmond in order that it may be buried by the side of the remains of his sweetheart in Hollywood. The original letter, remarkably well preserved, is in the possession of Mr. Potts, who lives in Warwick, a few miles from French creek, a region rich in reminiscences of revolutionary days, and where many of the cannons used by the patriot army were cast.

POSSIBLE NEW BOOKS.

"Four Years Behind the Times." By the author of "Two Years Before the Mast."

"Ashore in the Sea." By the author of "Afloat in the Forest."

"The Tan Shoes of 1889." By the author of "The Blue Jackets of 1812."

"Tackhammer No. 112." By the author of "File No. 113."

"The Genesis of the 'London *Times*.'" By the author of "The Last of the Tribunes."

"The Overland Veterans." By the author of "The Water Babies."

"He Eloped with the Governess." By the author of "He Fell in Love with his Wife."

"Autobiography of an Affidavit Editor." By the author of "Truth is Always Best."

"Left at First." By the author of "Righted at Last."

"The Confessions of Job's Turkey." By the author of "How to Live on $300 a Year."

"An Upholstered Virtue." By the author of "A Gilded Sin."

"Whispering it at a Teaparty." By the author of "Sworn to Silence."

"The A No. 1 Congregation." By the author of "The Prime Minister."

"Chills and Fever." By the author of "The House on the Marsh."

"Mince Pie at Midnight." By the author of "A Bitter Reckoning."

"The Massacre of a Punster." By the author of "A Noble Deed."

"A Sketch of Twelve Idiots." By the author of "Waiting for the Verdict."

"The Ugly Old Lady with the Yellow Fever." By the author of "Ought We to Visit Her?"

"Atop of Several Hates." By the author of "Between Two Loves."

"His Eighth Consecutive Wife." By the author of "Love is Enough."

"Elocutionists I Have Listened To." By the author of "Why Suicide is on the Increase."

"Falling Down a Coal Mine." By the author of "Can a Life Hide Itself?"

"The Flight of a Swallow-Tail." By the author of "A Roundabout Journey."

"At the Apex of the North Pole." By the author of "Is it Hot Enough for You?"

"Cyclones and Scalping-Knives in the Far West." By the author of "Calm Reflections for Sabbath Evening."

"Getting Off in the Milky Way." By the author of "Getting On in the World."—*New York Tribune.*

WOMEN AS WARRIORS.

Letting Boadicea pass as an example of the feminine fighting blood, we find in Dame Nichola de Camville an early specimen of the political woman. She took the royal side in famous wars with the barons, and held Lincoln castle against Gilbert de Gaunt, first, for King John, and afterward for Henry III. till the battle called Lincoln Fair broke her power. The beautiful Countess of Salisbury, she who was so ardently beloved by the third Edward, was another instance of feminine daring, in her case coupled with the loveliest and most gracious sweetness. Black Agnes was again a heroine of the virago type, and Queen Philippa, Queen Margaret, and others of the same kind honored their adopted nationality by their courage and devotion. Meaner women were as brave. In a skirmish at Naworth (1570), Leonard Dacres had in his army "many desperate women, who there gave the adventure of their lives and fought right stoutly." And at the end of the last century and the beginning of this about half a dozen women on the whole enlisted as privates in the army and "pulled their pound" as gallantly as men. Miss Jennie Cameron, Scotch and Jacobite, was another example of the fighting women with whom nature had stumbled and spoiled the original design.

Miss Jennie Cameron
She put her belt and hanger on,
And sped away to the young Pretender.

When she rode into the camp of Bonnie Prince Charlie, at the head of her two hundred and fifty claymores, she was "on a bay gelding, decked out in green trappings trimmed with gold. Her hair was tied behind in loose buckles, and covered by a velvet cap with scarlet feathers. In her hand, in lieu of a whip, she carried a drawn sword," and for her help she was dubbed "Colonel Cameron" by the prince.—*Fortnightly Review.*

ORIENTAL CUSTOMS.

When a Chinaman desires a visitor to dine with him he does not ask him to do so, but when he does not wish him to stay he puts the question, "Oh, won't you stay and dine with me, please?" The visitor will then know he is not wanted. When a Chinaman expects a present and it does not come, he sends one of lesser value. A rich man's servant gets no salary, yet many are the applicants; while big salaries are paid to the servants of the common people, but few make applications. The perquisites of the former often more than triple the salaries of the latter, which is the sole reason of these differences. To encourage honesty and sincerity, confidential clerks and salesmen in all branches of industry receive an annual net percentage of the firm's business, besides their regular salaries. The highest ambition of a Chinaman is to have a nice coffin and a fine funeral. In China one can always borrow money on the strength of having a son, but nobody would advance him a cent if he had a dozen daughters. The former is responsible for the debt of his father for three generations. The latter is only responsible for the debts of her own husband. When a Chinaman meets another he shakes and squeezes his own hands, and covers his head. If great friends have not seen each other for a long time they would rub shoulders until they get tired. Instead of asking each other's health they would say: "How is your stomach?" or "Have you eaten your rice?" "How old are you?" "How much did you pay for your sandals?" Men wear long petticoats and carry fans, while the women wear short jackets and carry canes. Boats are drawn by horses, carriages move by sails. Old men play ball and fly kites, while children fold their arms and look on. Old women, instead of the young, are the idols of society.—*New York Mail and Express.*

A firm in Paris made an Easter egg for a wealthy Spanish lady at a cost of $4000. It is a most ingenious piece of mechanism, and is made entirely of pure white enamel. It is provided with doors and slides, the inside being engraved with Easter gospels. The opening of a door sets a tiny bird singing and a musical apparatus going, which is capable of playing 12 airs.

I am being taught never to be disappointed, but to praise.—*Bishop Harrington.*

St. John the Aged.

This fine poem is traveling the papers without any attribution of authorship. Who wrote it?

I'm growing very old. This weary head
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
In days long past that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.
These limbs that followed him—my master—oft
From Galilee to Judea; yea, that stood
Beneath the cross, and trembled with his groans,
Refuse to bear me through the streets
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips
Refuse to form the words my heart send forth,
My ears are dull, they scarcely hear the sobs
Of my dear children gathered round my couch;
God lays his hand upon me; yea, His hand,
And not his rod—the gentle hand that I
Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine,
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.
I'm old; so old I cannot recollect
The faces of my friends; and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life;
But that dear face, and every word He spoke,
Grow more distinct as others fade away,
So that I live with Him and holy dead
More than with living.

Some seventy years ago
I was a fisher by the sacred sea.
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake
Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy field!
And then He came and called me. Then I gazed,
For the first time, on that sweet face. Those eyes,
From out of which, as from a window, shone
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
And lighted it forever. Then his words
Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
The whole world musical. Incarnate Love
Took hold of me and claimed me for its own.
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His mantle.

O, what holy walks we had,
Through harvest fields, and desolate, dreary wastes!
And oftentimes he leaned upon my arm,
Wearied and wayworn. I was young and strong,
And so upbore him. Lord, now I am weak,
And old and feeble! Let me rest on thee!
So, put thine arm around me. Closer still!
How strong thou art! The twilight draws apace.
Come, let us leave these noisy streets and take
The path to Bethany; for Mary's smile
Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal,
Come, James, the master waits; and Peter, see,
Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?
That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
Back to his kingdom! Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so.
I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed
To stand upon once more upon my native hills,
And touch my master. O, how oft I've seen
The touching of his garments bring back strength
To palsied limbs! I feel that it has come to mine.
Up! bear me once more to my church! Once more
There let me tell them of the Savior's love;
For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice
Just now, I think he must be very near—
Coming, I trust, to break the vail, which time
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
And watch his footsteps.

So, raise up my head.
How dark it is! I cannot seem to see
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush,
My little children! God so loved the world
He gave His Son. So love ye one another.
Love God and man. Amen. Now bear me back.
My legacy unto an angry world is this.
I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?
What, call the folk my name? The holy John?
Nay, write me rather, Jesus Christ's beloved,
And lover of my children.

Lay me down
Once more upon my couch, and open wide
The eastern window. See, there comes a light
Like that which broke upon my soul at eve,
When, in the dreary isle of Patmos, Gabriel came
And touched me on the shoulder. See, it grows
As when we mounted toward the pearly gates.
I know the way! I trod it once before.
And hark! It is the song the ransomed sang
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
Can join it now. But who are those who crowd
The shining way? Say!—joy! 'tis the eleven
With Peter first! How eagerly he looks!
How bright the smiles are beaming on James's face!
I am the last. Once more we are complete
To gather round the paschal feast. My place
Is next to my master. O, my Lord, my Lord!
How bright thou art! and yet the very same
I loved at Galilee. 'Tis worth the hundred years
To feel this bliss! So, lift me up, dear Lord,
Unto thy bosom. There shall I abide.

POPULAR WEATHER SAYINGS.

The Chief Signal Officer at Washington is seeking material for a collection of "popular weather sayings, proverbs and prognostics used throughout the country, and by all classes and races, including Indians, negroes and all foreigners." The readers of the *Journal* may be interested to see a collection made in New Hampshire for his use. The writer does not vouch for the correctness of the prognostics. He gives them as they were given to him, and the reader may judge for himself as to their value. The divisions made by the Chief Signal Officer are twenty-three in number.

1. The sun. A halo around the sun indicates that there will be rain or snow soon. If the sun rises clear and soon goes into a cloud it will rain before night. If the sun shines while it rains, it will rain the next day. A sun dog, or mock sun, indicates that there will be stormy weather very soon.

2. The moon. "One Saturday change is enough for seven years," as there is always a severe storm after it. The nearer the time of the moon's change to midnight, the fairer will the weather be during the seven days following. The nearer to midday the phases of the moon happen, the more foul or wet weather may be expected during the next seven days. The space for these calculations in two hours before and two hours after midnight and noon. A halo around the moon indicates a coming storm. The number of stars seen within the circle shows the number of days before it will occur. If the new moon stands upright, so that the crescent will not hold water, there must be rain, as the water must all decend. If the new moon is horizontal, so that the crescent will hold water, there will be rain, as the water collected will be poured down. Grain should always be sown in the new of the moon, that it may grow with the increase of the moon. The same rule should be observed in planting flower slips. To kill bushes, they should be cut after the full of the August moon, when the sign is in the heart. Pigs and hogs should always be killed during the increase of the moon, or the pork will diminish in bulk while cooking.

3. Stars and meteors. The Aurora Borealis always indicates a change of weather, and if it is very red the weather will be very cold. If there are no falling stars to be seen on on a bright summer evening, you may look for fine weather. If there be many falling stars on a fine summer's eve, you may expect thunder and heavy rain.

4. Rainbows. "If you go to the foot of the rainbow where it touches the earth, you will find a pot of gold." When there is a rainbow in the morning, there will be rain soon. When there is a rainbow at night, it will not rain the next day.

"A rainbow in the morning
Is the sailor's warning,
A rainbow at night
Is the sailor's delight."

5. Mist and fog. A sheet of fog along the river in the morning indicates that the day will be a hot one. When the fog settles on the mountain, in the morning, it will certainly rain before night. "When the fog goes up the mountain, you may go hunting. When it comes down the mountain, you may go fishing." In the former case there will be fine weather; in the latter, rain.

6. Dew. When you feel the dew falling heavily in the evening, you may be sure it will be fair next day. When in the morning you see the ground covered with webs covered with dew and on dew on the ground around, it is a sign of rain before night, for the spiders are putting up umbrellas. But others say, "When the spiders put out their sun shades, it will be a hot day."

7. Clouds. If the sky is very red in the west in the evening, the weather will be fair next day. If it is red in the east in the morning, it is a sign of a storm. If in the evening it is deep red low down in the west, and black above, it is a sign of wind. If very black, a very high wind. A mackerel sky in the west indicates rain. If there be a sheep-sky, or white clouds driving to the northwest, it will be fine for some days.

"Great clouds like an old mare's tail,
Make great ships carry low sail."

8. Frost. White frosts on three successive nights indicate a thaw. If the ice crack much, you may expect the frost will continue.

9. Snow. When there are black clouds in the north, there will be snow. If on a fair day in winter a white bank appears low in south, it is a sure indication of snow very soon. If snow fall in large flakes, and they increase in size, there will be a thaw.

10. Rain. If rain commences before daylight, it will hold up before 8 p. m. If it begins about noon, it will continue through the afternoon. If not till 5 p. m., it will rain through the night. If it commences after 9 p. m., it will rain the next day. If it clears off in the night, it will rain the next day.

"If it rains before seven
It will stop before eleven."

If the wind is from the northwest or southeast the storm will be short; if from the northeast, it will be a hard one; if from the northwest, a cold one; and from the southwest, a warm one. After it has been raining some time a blue sky in the southeast indicates that there will be fair weather soon. After it has been raining some time, "if you see enough blue in the west to make a Dutchman a pair of breeches, it will soon clear off."

11. Thunder and lightning. "If it thunder in the morning it will be fearful before night." "Winter thunder is to old folks death and to young folks plunder." It is said that persons in consumption have died during a thunder storm.

12. Winds. A south wind brings rain, a northeast wind a severe storm, and a northwest wind fair weather. If the wind veers round with the sun there will be fair weather. If the wind starts up while it is raining it will blow the rain clouds away and there will be fair weather.

13. Animals. The following are said to be signs of rain: If bats fly low and come into the house; if cattle lie down in the morning and chew the cud; if horses toss their heads, sniff, and are very uneasy; if rats and mice are restless and squeak; if swine are uneasy, grunt loudly and squeal; if cats and dogs eat grass and sheep spring about more than usual. So also the proverbs:

"When the ass begins to bray,
We surely shall have rain that day."

And:

"When the donky blows his horn,
'Tis time to house your hay and corn."

When in winter pigs rub against the side of their pen it is a sure sign of a thaw.

14. Birds. Before rain, cuckoos sing, ducks and other fowl pick up and oil their feathers, guinea fowls are noisy, owls hoot, peacocks squall, quails whistle, crows caw, swallows fly low and water-fowel scream and plunge into the water. If birds flock together in September, it is the sign of a coming storm. If crows are seen going south in the fall, is is a sign of colder weather; but if they go north, there will be warmer weather. If wild geese come from the north early in the fall, it is the sign of an early winter; if they go north early in the spring, it is a sign that the winter is broken. The Phœbe bird, or pewee, sings before warm weather.

15. Fish. Fish bite best before rain.

16. Reptiles. Frogs and tree toads peep before rain. If a leech be kept in a glass jar partly filled with water, while it lies curled up at the bottom of the jar there will be fair weather, but, before rain, wind or snow it will be agitated and will rise to the surface, and if it comes entirely out of the water you may expect thunder.

17. Insects. Before rain ants are bustling and activity, and will carry their eggs from place to place; bees are busy, but do not go far from their hives; crickets sing and try to get into the house; flies are very annoying and bite sharper than usual; and spiders spin gossamer webs in the air. If ants clear their holes and pile the dust high before 11 a. m. it will be fair the rest of the day.

18. Trees and plants. If the leaves of maples and other trees turn up so as to show their under side it is a sign of rain. Dandelions, tulips and other flowers close up before rain.

19. Various objects. When smoke beats down from the chimney, it is a sign of a storm. When it goes straight up, it is an indication of fair weather. If bells, steam whistles, and other sounds are heard more distinctly than usual, rain is near. Before rain, tables may be heard to crack, violin strings will break, corns will be more troublesome, rheumatic pains more intense, and the places where broken limbs have united will ache.

20. Days of the week. If the sun sets clear on Friday night, it will rain before Monday night. If the first Sunday in the month be stormy, all the other Sundays in that month will be stormy also. But others have it, that two other Sundays will be stormy. Important business of agricultural operations should never be commenced on Friday or Saturday. "When there are three days cold, expect three days colder." The first three of the dog days rule the other dog days, that is, if they be rainy, the others will be, and if they be dry, so will the others be.

21. The months. A thaw may always be expected in January.

22. The seasons. If the spring is wet and cold, the autumn will be hot and dry.

23. Other sayings. "All signs fail in a dry time".—*Boston Journal.*

The trouble with much of the preaching of the day is well illustrated by the answer of the colored sexton to the new pastor, who asked what sort of sermons he thought would best suit the congregation. His reply was: "Well, sah, ye kin preach to dis yer cong'ashun any larned sermont dat is religious, but for de Lord's sake touch 'em light on de Ten Commandments." Elegant moral essays are not what the world needs to-day. The world and our pulpits need more of the Commandments.—*Louisville Western Recorder.*

"Hi, Wilkins! Come in and drain the flowing bowl to the health of my first-born—a bouncing boy."

"Well, that's quite a coincidence. I've just helped Grimsey drown his woe in the flowing bowl!—His eighth, another boy.—*Life.*

LAW PROBLEMS ON THE FRONTIER.

Judge Abraham Gildersleeve of Whisky City, New Mexico, had a case in court on last Tuesday which illustrates the ease attending the solution of law problems on the frontier as compared to the tedious methods employed in our effete civilization.

It seems that one Mr. Jack Sellers, while engaged in the pursuit of his profession as a desperado, found a hair lariat on the outskirts of Whisky City one night, and conveying it several miles toward the mountains, discovered that there was a mule at the other end of it. Said mule was the fee simple of a fellow-citizen to whom a complicated ocular trouble had given the name of Squint-eye Charley, and who, at the time the mule was discovered, was bearing down in hot pursuit. According to the custom of that section, both gentlemen drew their revolvers on arriving within speaking distance, and at the first fire he of the eccentric eye fell, pierced by a bullet which the sheriff afterward found to exactly fit Mr. Seller's pistol. The vigilantes had closely followed the now deceased gentlemen's trail, and taking both Mr. Sellers and the mule into custody, marched back to Whisky City. There the citizens had already, with much forethought, provided six yards of rope and a white cap, and Judge Gildersleeve had impaneled a jury to sit upon the case.

The witnesses were duly sworn and examined, the evidence was clear and satisfactory to the rope committee, and all pointed to a happy conclusion and a hanging, when an unexpected point of law was raised by the accused himself.

The border line between Arizona and New Mexico runs through Whisky City, and the laws of both territories hence obtain. It appears that Mr. Sellers had found the lariat and mule on the New Mexican side of the line, but had shot its owner on the Arizona side. By the statutes of New Mexico it was death to kill the man, but nothing to steal the mule, and by the statutes of Arizona it was death to steal the mule and nothing to kill the man. This, as can readily be seen, complicated matters to such an extent that even the most sanguine of the rope committee were led to believe that the proposed festival they had contemplated would have to be indefinitely postponed. Mr. Sellers read the statutes covering both these points with great clearness and force, paused for a reply, and winked with enthusiasm at a friend on the jury. Judge Gildersleeve buried his face in his bandanna for several minutes, as an impressive preparation for the delivery of his charge. Then he said:

"Thish yar Sellers hez got law to kiver the case on both sides, and thish yar cote hez got to maintain the law 'n statoots pervided. Ef Sellers hed stole thish yar mule in Arizony and shot Squinty in New Mex., the sentence of thish yar cote would er b'en to hang him by the neck until he war dead 'n may God hev mercy on his soul. But thish yar mule war stole in New Mex. 'n Squinty had his toes turned up in Arizony, which is the reverse of the contrary."

Here the judge paused for a moment, and the accused smiled confidently. The judge continued:

"It therefo' remains fer this cote ter maintain both laws 'n statoots, 'n ter give Sellers the benefit of the donbt. Ef Sellers pleads guilty under the statoots 'n laws of New Mex., Sellers must be acquitted for the mule 'n haug for the man."

Sellers hastened to assure the judge that he desired to plead under the statutes of Arizona.

"Then," said the judge with a sigh of relief, "You is acquitted fer Squinty, and hangs for the mule. This cote will now adjourn 'n a front seat will be provided at the ceremonies."—*Life.*

IN TRAINING FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Please don't give your children crackers or cookies, or even bread and butter between meals. The practice destroys their appetite for the regular meals, interferes with digestion, makes them sallow, subject to various small maladies, a ready prey for serious diseases, and tells frightfully upon their dispositions.

The process of digestion is a highly complicated one that goes on with wonderful smoothness in a healthy stomach, if it is not interrupted, but interruptions are firmly resented and punished by suffering sooner or later. A learned Frenchman, talking once of the perfect and wonderful action of the stomach said, "and you put all this machiney to work for just one poor cracker." But after all it is not the setting it to work that does the harm, it is doing it when it is otherwise occupied. The breakfast is, perhaps, half digested and the early processes are through with, the "one poor cracker" is sent down to claim attention, and the process is begun over again, to the neglect of the material already in the field. For a length of time constant disturbances and interruption may make no visible change, but it is tolerably certain that sooner or later evil results will come and the children persistently feasted between meals are in training for dyspepsia.

"The dyspepsia of Americans is due to pie," another foreigner has observed, but wiser people than he say that the "bite and piece" between meals makes more victims to the harrowing disorder than the much maligned pie.

HER FIRST TELEGRAM.

"Be sure to telegraph me as soon as you arrive," said a young husband to his bride at the Broad street station yesterday. She was starting on her first trip home to see her mother. Her mother lives about 10 miles ont.

"I will," promised the young wife sweetly, "but I don't know whether I have money enough."

"Oh, send it 'collect.' Now don't forget. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

The young husband gazed longingly after the train as it steamed ont, and then he sadly returned to his place of business. In half an hour a messenger boy presented the following:

FROG CENTER, Pa., 2 p. m.—George Washington Blank, 43 Blank street, Philadelphia: My Dear George—I have just arrived safely, without any accident at all; not the slightest. The train slowed up at Jinks Crossing and whisted, but I don't think anything serious was the matter. It made my heart jump to think how you would feel if anything had been the matter, you know, but there wasn't, not a thing, so far as I could find out. I got to thinking of you and might have been carried past my station if Cousin Will, the one who you used to be so jealous about, you know, hadn't been on the train. He is visiting at mother's, and is handsomer than ever. He says he hates you, but, of course, that's only fun, you know. I forgot to say that my trunk came through all right. It was no trouble at all. Cousin Will took my check hauled up to the house. It will have to be taken around by the mill, because the other road is blocked up, you know; but, you know, that will only take a few minutes longer than by the other road—the one that is blocked up, I mean. Well, I must close this dispatch, because telegrams have to be short, you know. Your loving wife,
[Collect $10.] ANNIE BLIFKINS BLANK.

Seven of the supposed-to-be sharpest and wisest lawyers in the country have made their wills, passed away, and the said wills have been broken all to flinters by heirs and other lawyers. An ignorant Missouri farmer wrote his will in four lines on a slate and it stood three lawsuits and 10 lawyers.

Do you want a bicycle?
Yes?
Of course you want the best.
Opinions differ
on this matter.
We handle both
The EAGLE
and
The COLUMBIA machines,
Ordinaries,
Safeties,
Tricycles,
Tandems.
Anything you want.
Second-hand machines?
All prices.
We can get you
any machine manufactured.
Send for prices.
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BOSTON STORE. C. H. TRYON, PROPRIETOR.

I take pleasure in announcing to the people of Monson and Vicinity that I have just received the largest line of DRESS GOODS ever shown in MONSON, and WILL be receiving NEW GOODS almost every day during the Spring Season.

I am also pleased to say that I am Agent for

Jas. McCall's Glove-Fitting Patterns,

The best in the world, and have a LARGE COUNTER BOOK for the benefit of all who wish to examine. Orders for Patterns left at my store will receive prompt attention.
I AM ALSO AGENT FOR THE FAMOUS STATEN ISLAND FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT.

SPECIAL! SPECIAL!

During the month of April I will present to every one purchasing Three Dollars' worth of goods A BOUND BOOK, selected from the Arlington and Gladstone series.
Come one, come all, and examine if you do *not* want to buy. We take *pleasure in showing* our goods, and we will treat you all the same and make prices so that (we think) when you do want to buy you will come to the

BOSTON STORE.

Thank you for past favors and soliciting a fair share in the future,
I remain, your Obedient Dry Goods Provider,

CHAS. H. TRYON,

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26–42

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We Invite all to Investigate the Standing of the "CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY" of Hartford, Ct.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR THIS COMPANY, AND HAVE OBTAINED POLICIES FOR SOME OF THE LEADING CITIZENS OF MONSON AND VICINITY.

Why patronize these transient endowment concerns, which, like the mushroom, are born to-day and die to-morrow, but rather take protection in a Sound Established Company like the above. Their CONTRACT is SIMPLE, their RATES are REASONABLE, and their Dividends have averaged Larger than any other company for the last 20 years.

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Remember, there will be no reduction in the quality of work. We have a reputation and we are bound to retain it.

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in every way. Please give us encouragement. If you come once you will be pleased to come again.

Yours very respectfully,

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The Palmer Journal.

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Are from the Best English and French makers and warranted, while
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CALL AND INSPECT, FOR IT IS WELL WORTH A VISIT.

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SICK HEADACHE
POSITIVELY CURED BY THESE LITTLE PILLS.
They also relieve distress from dyspepsia, indigestion and too hearty eating. A perfect remedy for dizziness, nausea, drowsiness, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, pain in the side, etc. They regulate the bowels and prevent constipation and piles. The smallest and easiest to take.
ONLY ONE PILL A DOSE.
40 in a vial. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents. Five vials by mail $1.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., PROPRIETORS.
NEW YORK.
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JAPANESE SOAP
Is made of the PUREST, CLEANEST and BEST MATERIALS. For the Laundry, Bath or Toilet it has no rival, saving many times its cost to any household in clothes. The price is less than for inferior soaps of equal weight. Send 20 trade marks from wrappers and get handsome Christmas picture.
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CARYL'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET, PALMER.
COFFINS, CASKETS, BURIAL ROBES, Etc.
In all styles and prices.
A full line of FUNERAL GOODS on hand.
EMBALMING, LAYING OUT, and all branches of the business promptly attended to.
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Residence in Dr. Holbrook's Block, at Point of Rocks. Palmer, Mass. 52-51

DR. ELMER E. HILL,
DENTIST,
HATCH'S BLOCK, PALMER, MASS.

The Little Comforter.

I have a little comforter
That climbs upon my knee,
And makes the world seem possible
When things go wrong with me.
She never is the one to say,
"If you had only been
More careful and more sensible,
This thing had been foreseen."
She blesses me,
Caresses me,
And whispers, Never mind;
To-morrow night
All will be right,
My baby, good and kind.

To give me wise and good advice
I have of friends a score;
But then the trouble ever is,
I knew it all before.
And when one's heart is full of care,
One's plans all in a mess,
The wisest reasoning, I think,
Can't make the trouble less.
My Mamie's way
Is just to say,
"Oh papa, don't be sad;
To-morrow night,
All will be right,
And then we shall be glad."

Some think I have been much to blame,
Some say, "I told you so;"
And others sigh, "What can't be helped
Must be endured, you know."
Of course, if trouble can't be helped,
Then crying is in vain;
But when a wrong will not come right,
Why should I not complain?
In Mamie's eyes
I'm always wise;
She never thinks me wrong;
It's understood
I'm always good—
Good as the day is long.

All day I've kept a cheerful face,
All day been on the strain;
Now I may rest, or I may sigh,
Or, if I like, complain.
My daughter thinks as papa thinks,
And in her loving sight
I am a clever, prudent man,
Who has done all things right.
Faith so complete,
O, it is sweet,
When neither wise nor strong;
But love stands best
The better test
Of sorrow and of wrong.

Then come, my little comforter,
And climb upon my knee;
You make the world seem possible
When things go wrong with me.
For you've the wisdom far beyond
The reach of any sage,
The loving, tender, hopeful trust
That best can strengthen age.
Say, "Papa, dear,
Now don't you fear;
Before to-morrow night
The cares you dread
Will all have fled,
And everything be right."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

FALSE ECONOMY.

"Albert, I wish you would let me have seventy-five cents."

Kate Landman spoke carefully, for she knew her husband had not much money to spare; yet she spoke earnestly, and there was a world of entreaty in her look.

"What do you want seventy-five cents for?" asked Albert.

"I want to get some braid for my new dress."

"I thought you had all the material on hand for that."

"So I thought I had; but Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Thompson both have a trimming of braid upon theirs, and it looks very pretty. It is very fashionable, and adds very much to the beauty of a dress."

"Plague take these women's fashions! Your endless trimmings and thing-a-ma-jigs costs more than the dress is worth. It's nothing but shell out money when once a woman thinks of a new dress."

"I don't have many new dresses. I do certainly try to be economical as I can."

"It is a funny kind of economy, at all events. But if you must have it I suppose you must."

And Albert Langman took out his wallet and counted out the seventy-five cents; but he gave it grudgingly, and when he put his wallet back into his pocket he did it with an emphasis which seemed to say that he would not take it out again for a week.

When Albert reached the outer-door on his way to work, he found the weather so threatening that he concluded to go back and get his umbrella; and upon re-entering the sitting-room he found his wife in tears. She tried to hide the fact that she had been weeping, but he had caught her in the act, and asked what it meant.

"Good gracious!" cried the husband, "I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress?"

"I was not crying at what you said, Albert," replied Kate, tremulously; "but you were so reluctant to grant me the favor. I was thinking how hard I had to work; I am tied to the house; how many little things I have to perplex me—then to think—"

"Pshaw! what do you want to be so foolish for?"

And away started Albert Laudman a second time; but he was not to escape so easily. In the hall he was met by his daughter Lizzie, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of ten years.

"O, papa, give me fifteen cents!"

"What?"

"Oh, I want fifteen cents. Do please give it to me."

"What in the world do you want with it? Are they changing school-books again?"

"No, I want to buy a hoop. Ellen Smith has got one, and so has Mary Ruck and Sarah Allen. Mr. Grant has got some real pretty ones to sell. Can't I have one?"

"Nonsense! if you want a hoop, go and get one off some old barrel. I can't afford to be buying hoops for you to trundle about the street."

"Please, papa."

"No, I told you."

The blue eyes filled with tears, and the child's sobbing broke upon his ear. Albert Landman hurried from the house with some very impatient words upon his lips.

This was in the morning. At noon when he came home to dinner, there was a cloud over the household. His wife was sober, and even little Lizzie, usually gay and blithesome, was sad and silent.

But these things could not last long in that household, for the husband and wife really loved each other devotedly, and were at heart kind and forbearing. When Albert came home to his supper, Kate greeted him with a kiss, and in a moment sunshine came back; and had the lesson ended there, the husband might have fancied that he had done nothing wrong, and the cloud had been nothing but the exhalation of a domestic ferment, for which no one was particularly responsible, and might have cherished the conviction that women's fashions were a nuisance and a humbug, as well as a frightful draft upon a husband's pocket.

After tea, Albert did a few chores around the house, and then he lighted a cigar and walked out. He had gone but a short distance when he met Lizzie. In her right hand she dragged an old hoop which she had taken from a dilapidated flour barrel while with her left, she was rubbing her red, swollen eyes. She was in deep grief, and was sobbing painfully. He stopped the child, and asked what was the matter.

She answered, as well as her sobs would let her, that the other girls had laughed at her, and made fun of her hoop. They had nice, pretty hoops, while hers was ugly and homely.

"Never mind," said Albert, patting the little one on the head (for the child's grief touched him); "perhaps we'll have a hoop some time."

"Mayn't I have one now? Mr. Grant's got one left—oh, such a pretty one!"

The sobbing had ceased, as a child caught her father's hand, eagerly.

"No, not now, Lizzie—not now. I'll think of it."

Sobbing again the child moved on toward home, dragging the old hoop after her.

At one of the stores, Albert Landman met some of his friends.

"Hello, Albert? What's up?"

"Nothing in partienlar."

"What do you say to a game of billiards, Albert?"

"Good! I'm in for that."

And away went Albert to the billiard hall, where he had a glorious time with his friends. He liked billiards; it was a healthy, pretty game, and the keeper of the hall allowed no rough scuffs on his premises.

They had played for games. Albert had won two and his opponent had won two.

"That's two and two," cried Tom Piker. "What do you say to playing them off, Albert?"

"All right, go in," said Albert, full of animation.

And so they played the fifth game and he who lost, was to pay for the five games. It was an exciting contest. Both made capital runs, but in the end Albert was beaten by three points; and with a little laugh he went to settle the bill. Five games, twenty cents a game—just one dollar. Not much for such sport; and he paid out the money with a grace, and never once seeming to feel that he could not afford it.

"Have a cigar?" said Tom.

"Yes."

They lighted their cigars, and then sauntered down the hall to watch the others play.

Albert soon found himself seated over against a table at which some of his friends were playing, and close by stood two gentlemen, strangers to him, one of whom was explaining to the other the mysteries of the game.

"It is a healthy pastime," said he who had been making the explanation; "and certainly it is one which has no evil tendency."

Albert heard the remarks very plainly, and he had a curiosity to hear what the other, who seemed unacquainted with billiards, would say.

"I cannot, of course, assert that any game which calls for skill and judgment, and which is free from the attendant curse of gaming is of itself an evil," remarked the second gentleman. "Such things are only evil so far as they excite and stimulate men beyond the bounds of healthy recreation."

"That result can scarcely follow such a game," said the first speaker.

But the other shook his head.

"You are wrong here. The result can follow in two ways: First, it can lead men away from their business; it can lead men to spend money, who have not money to spend. Whenever I visit a place of this kind I am led to reflect upon a most strange and prominent weakness of humanity as developed in our sex. For instance, observe that young man who is just settling his bill at the desk. He looks like a mechanic, and I should say from his manner, and from the fact that he feels it his duty to go home at this hour, that he has a wife and children. I see by his face that he is kind-hearted and generous, and I should judge that he intends to do as near right as he can. He had been beaten, and he he pays one dollar and forty cents for the recreation of some two hours' duration. If you observe, you will see that he pays it freely, and pockets the loss with a smile. Happy faculty! But how do you suppose it is in that young man's home? Suppose his wife had come to him this morning and asked him for a dollar to spend for some trifling thing—some household ornament, or some bit of jewelry to adorn her person—and suppose his little child put in a plea for forty cents to buy a paper and picture-books with, what do you think he would have answered? Of fifty men just like him, would not forty and five have declared that they had not money to spare for any such purpose? And moreover, they would have said so, feeling that they were telling the truth. Am I not right?"

"Upon my word," said the man who understood the billiards, "you speak to the point. I know that young man who has paid his bill, and you have not misjudged him in a single particular. And what is more, I happen to have a fact at hand to illustrate your charge. We have a club for an exceellent literary paper in our village, and last year that man was one of our subscribers. This year he felt obliged to discontinue it. His wife was very anxious to continue it, for it had become a genial companion in leisure moments, but he could not afford it. The club rate was one dollar and fifty a year."

"Aye, and so it goes," said the other gentleman. "Well, that man's wife may be wishing at this very moment that she had a paper to read, while he is paying almost its full price for a year—for what? And yet how smilingly he does it. Ah! those poor, sympathizing wives! How many clouds often darken upon them from the brows of their husbands, when they ask for a trifling sum of money, and how grudgingly the mite is handed over when it is given! What perfect floods of joy that dollar and forty cents might have poured upon the children of that successful player. Ah! it is well for such wives and children that they do not know where the money all goes."

They had finished at the nearest table. The two gentlemen moved on and Albert Landman arose from his seat and left the house. Never before had he such thoughts as now possessed him; he had never dwelt upon the same grouping of ideas. That very morning, his own true, faithful, loving wife had been sad and heart-sick because he had harshly and unkindly met her request for a small sum of money. And his sweet Lizzie had crept away to her home almost broken-hearted for the want of a simple toy, such as her mates possessed, and yet the sum of both their wants amounted to not as much as he had paid away that evening for billiard playing.

Albert Landman wanted to be an honest husband and father, and the lesson was not lost upon him. On his way home he stopped at Mr. Grant's and purchased the best and greatest hoop to be found, with drfving-stick painted red, white and blue, and in the morning, when he beheld his child's delight, and had received her grateful, happy kiss, the question came to his mind—which was the best and happiest result, this or the five games of billiards? The hoop cost thirty cents. He could play two games of billiards less and be the absolute gainer of ten cents by the pleasant operation.

A few mornings after this, as Albert arose from the breakfast table, he detected an uneasy, wistful look upon his wife's face.

"Kate, what is it?"

"Albert, could you spare me half a dollar this morning?"

And out came the wallet, and the money was handed over with a warm, genial smile.

What! Tears at that? Was it possible she had been so little used to such scenes on his part, that so simple an act of loving kindness thus affected her?

How many games of billiards would be required to secure such satisfaction as Albert carried with him that morning to the shop.

A very simple lesson, is it not; but how many may gain lasting profit by giving heed to the lesson?

HOW TO TREAT A CHILD'S FEARS.

"Mamma," called out a little boy the other night, after he had been snugly tucked up in bed, and was supposed to be far on the way toward sleep—"uamma, I'm afraid! my blouse hangs by the window and it puts things in my head that frightened me!"

"You are not afraid when you know it is your blouse that puts the fears in your mind?"

"Yes; I can't help it, mamma."

There were two ladies sitting in the room below who heard the boy's words. One said, "How perfectly absurd! What won't a child do to get his mother to come up-stairs to him! I really think he ought to be punished for making up such a story as that." The other, happily, was the boy's mother, and she said—but without going to him: "If you are afraid of the things in your mind you may get out of bed, light your candle, and take the blouse down; you can look after you put the light out and see that there is nothing at the window to frighten a good boy."

She remembered, as if it were but yesterday, a night, a great many years ago, when she lay a trembling, horrified child, whose mother was dead, and there was no one in the wide world to whom she dared to say that the lights and shadows made by the moonlight coming through a broken slat in the blind were so frightful to her that she could not sleep, but lay holding her breath and almost smothering beneath the clothes. She felt sure that her own little six-year-old boy was suffering from this same unreasonable terror, at which he would laugh in the morning when he would wake and see his blue blouse waiting for him. The child, taking his mother's advice and lighting the candle which a kindly freak of fashion allowed him to have, removed the cause of his terror, put out the light and went back to his bed, and in a very few minutes a profound silence indicated that he was fast asleep.

One can easily feel sympathy for what may seem like an absurd whim in a child if he or she has paid any attention to the literature of nervousness, and knows anything of the many ways in which strong-minded men have been afflicted by hallucinations, or have been annoyed as with the old carpenter who, when sick, called his son to his bedside and asked him to make a shelf that was in the room perfectly true, and when the son remonstrated, he said, with an expression not to be denied: "Trouble's trouble; that shelf must be changed." It is to be deplored that mothers, and all those who have the care of children, do not possess their complete confidence, and so can encourage entire outspokenness, and be enabled by the knowledge thus gained to prevent a morbid condition of the mind, which it may take years to outgrow.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE SECRET OF A LONG LIFE.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how this has come about; you wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She understand the art of enjoyment.

She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.

She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors.

She cultivated a good digestion.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She retained an even disposition, and made the best of everything.

She did whatever came to her cheerfully and well.

She never forgot that kind words and smiles cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her, and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered.

This is the secret of a long life and happy one.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Irate Customer—"See here! That suit of clothes I bought of you yesterday is full of moth holes." Dealer—"Das is all recht, mine frent. Moths never eat cotton, an' ven ladies an' shentlemens see does holes dey knows you vears only high priced all vool goots."—*New York Weekly.*

Small Boy (looking intently at a very black specimen of the colored race)—"Did God make you too of dust?" Colored Man—"Yes," sonny." Small boy—"Coal dust?"—*Judge.*

The Men Who Do Not Lift?

The world is sympathetic. The statement none can doubt;
When A's in trouble don't we think that B should help him out!
Of course, we haven't time ourselves to care for any one,
But yet we hope that other folks will see that it is done.
We want the grief and penury of earth to be relieved.
We'd have the battles grandly fought, the victories achieved.
We do not care to take the lead, and stand the brush and brunt.
At lifting we're a failure, but we're splendid on the grunt.

And there are others, so we find, as on our way we jog,
Who want to do their lifting on the small end of the log.
They do a lot of blowing, and they strive to make it known
That were there no one else to help, they'd lift it all alone.
If talking were effective, there are scores and scores of men
Who'd move a mountain off its base and move it back again.
But as a class, to state it plain, in language true and blunt,
They're never worth a cent to lift, for all they do is grunt.

—*Chicago Herald.*

VAGARIES OF ETIQUETTE.

In Sweden, if you address the poorest person on the street, you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon you if you pass a lady on the stairway. To enter a reading-room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as a bad breach of manners. To place your hand on the arm of a lady, in Italy, is a grave and objectionable familiarty. "Never touch the person, it is sacred," is one of their proverbs.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store of restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed. Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. A gentleman does not offer to shake a Spanish lady's hand. For him to give a lady, even his wife, his arm when out walking, is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety. If a Spaniard says, when you retire after a visit, "This house is entirely at your disposal, whenever you may please to favor it," he wishes you to know that he regards you as one of the family—*uno de nosotros* (one of us) as they express it. If the words are not spoken you can conclude that you are not welcome to call again.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling, and gives a day's notice, if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him according to his relative rank. The left and not the right, is considered the position of honor.

No Turk will enter a sitting-room with his dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight-fitting shoes, with goloshes over them. The latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away. In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in Moslem houses and used to kneel upon while saying prayers. In China grief is associated with a white dress, in Ethiopia with brown, in Turkey with violet, in Egypt with yellow.

Etiquette requires, in Chinese conversation, that each should compliment the other and depreciate himself and all his belongings. It is affirmed that the following is not an exaggeration: — "What is your honorable name?" "My insignificant appellation is Chang." "Where is your magnificent palace?" "My contemptible hut is at Luchau." "How many are your illustrious children?" "My vile, worthless brats are five." "How is the health of your distinguished spouse?" "My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."

The salutations of a people to some extent indicate their national character. "May God strengthen your morning," brings to the foreground the Arab's faith in destiny. The oriental "May thy shadow never grow less," shows the honor placed in obesity. The French "How do you carry yourself?" indicates the regard for forms. The German's habit of generalizing is seen in "How goes it?" and the Englishman's practical mind in "How are you?"—*Frank H. Stauffer.*

THEY HAD SCREWED UP THE DOOR.

During the war, when patriotism and sentiment were at flood tide, the rolls of the two houses of congress were increased almost weekly to make room for wounded soldiers who had been discharged from the service. Doorkeepers, messengers and watchmen were so thick around the capitol that they were in each other's way. Judge Holman happened to be in the basement one day, and endeavored to go through a doorway, guarded by a one-legged veteran.

"Can't go through there," said the guardian of the door unconcernedly.

"I am a member of congress," said the judge quietly.

"I don't know that that makes any difference," said the doorkeeper, "unless you came from a district where the people can walk through wood. That door is screwed up."

"Then what are you doing here?" inquired Judge Holman, whose eriosity was naturally excited.

"I'm here for $3.20 a day. There's a fellow from the Sixth Pennsylvania cavalry watching the other side of it, and mebbe he can tell you more than I can."

By a circuitous route the judge, through committee rooms, reached the other side of the door. Sure enough, there sat another veteran leisurely reading a newspaper. He was equally frank in announcing that the door was screwed fast.

"You see," he said by way of explanation, "both me and my partner are subject to rheumatiz since we've been in the army, and we screwed up this door so we wouldn't be in the draught."

Judge Holman thought that if the government was paying two men $3.20 a day each for watching a door that could not be opened, it was time that somebody proposed retrenchment. He threw himself into the breach, secured a reduction in the house rolls, and ever since has been the determined enemy of sinecures and extra salaries.—*Washington Post.*

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 16, 1890.

BARRING an unavoidable weight of anxiety as to how the ship of state is likely to be steered during their temporary absence from the helm the Massachusetts Press excursionists are reported to be as happy as average mortals to whom a day of rest is vouchsafed only once a week, and a real vacation scarcely once in a twelvemonth.

IT is unfortunate for the reputation of ex-Speaker Carlisle that he should make such an exhibition of himself at the funeral of the man whom he hopes to succeed in the United States Senate, as the result of over-indulgence. Whether occasional lapses of that kind will injure his chances of success as a Democratic candidate for offices in the state of Kentucky remains to be determined.

IN view of the bank defalcation at Worcester some months ago, and the one which has just been reported at Albany, by which the City national bank has been robbed of some $100,000 by a trusted book-keeper, it would seem that "eternal vigilance" is the price of something else besides liberty. It is a great pity that some means cannot be devised by which such irregularities can be discovered before the loss becomes quite so serious as has been the result in some recent cases.

IT is yet too early to obtain any authentic estimates regarding the prospective grain crop at the west, but the reports as to the peach crop are unusually favorable, and asparagus and strawberries are already finding their way to the tables of editors, and others who can afford such luxuries, in great abundance. It is stated, however, upon reliable authority that base ball has been overtaken by a blight so serious and wide-spread that it threatens to shrond fifty millions of people in impenetrable gloom.

THE liquor vote in Lowell at the last city election was not large enough to secure a home supply for local consumers under the sanction of law, and this fact enabled the adjoining town of Dracut to dispose of its only license for the sum of $8,000. Accordingly a "place" was opened with a dozen bar-tenders but its capacity, as well as that of the electric cars leading for Lowell, proved wholly insufficient to keep the consuming thirst of its patrons within the bounds of endurance. An experience of two days was ample for the saloon-keepers, and more than ample for the town, and it was readily agreed that the license should be revoked and that every dollar of the money paid should be refunded. Hereafter local option in Dracut will mean prohibition, pure and simple.

ANOTHER chapter was added to the Hinsdale tragedy last Monday morning by the death of William D. Hale from poison administered by his own hand. His son, Frederick A., was to be tried at Pittsfield that day, on the charge of murder, and the old man was preparing to drive in with his daughter to attend the hearing when the announcement was made that he had taken his life. Strange accounts have been given of the peculiar history of this family, of their dense ignorance, their remarkable physical strength, and the frequent bitter quarrels between them which finally culminated in the violent death of one of the boys. It was claimed by Frederick at the time of the murder that he acted in self-defence, and beat out his brother's brains with the whiffletree to escape being cut to pieces with an ax. There are facts, however, which seem clearly to show that this claim is not well founded, and public sentiment in the neighborhood is setting strongly against the accused. The only witnesses to what transpired were old Mr. Hale and his daughter, and it is thought that the motive which led the former to commit suicide was a desire to avoid having to testify against his son. The daughter is naturally almost prostrated, and is being constantly watched to prevent her from following her father's example. On the whole the case affords a most unfavorable commentary on the social life of our quiet New England towns.

The New Tariff Bill.

The present indications are that the new tariff bill will occupy the attention of Congress much beyond the limit of time which the Republican leaders have claimed would be sufficient for its consideration. The committee which reported it, with a clear conception of the objects to be attained, gave protracted hearings to all who were directly or remotely concerned in any industry for which protection was demanded, and who contended that their pockets were likely to be affected, or their votes influenced, by any failure to attend to their individual wants. There was a time when tariff laws were supposed to be framed with some regard to the principles laid down by the masters in the field of political science, and in the earlier history of our tariff legislation the doctrines which are now so prominent seem hardly to have prevailed at all. The theory of a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection, has become wholly obsolete, and the one which has taken its place is by no means limited to a reversal of this proposition. A tariff for party success, whatever the consequences, would seem to be a more correct definition of the theory upon which the present bill has been constructed, and that this is mainly the object sought is clearly shown by the fact that one of the most conspicuous merits claimed for the bill on the floor of the House, is the harmony of its provisions with the verdict of the people at the last presidential election.

That the basis upon which our tariff laws should be revised was a vital issue in the last campaign it would be folly to deny, but that the details of such revision, on the plan advocated by either party, were seriously considered by the masses of the voters it would be equal folly to assert. The fact that they did not approve of the radical changes proposed by the Democratic party should not be too confidently regarded as a demand for whatever is to be found in the direction of the other extreme. There is obvious danger in carrying even a wholesome doctrine too far. To suitably protect our workingmen against the competition of cheap foreign labor is one thing, but a tariff designed solely to foster a home industry which forces the poor consumer to pay for the necessities of life prices entirely out of proportion to the benefits conferred is quite another thing. In constructing a tariff law with no object in view but to promote the welfare of the whole country, there are certain guiding principles which have become so well established that they cannot with safety be ignored, and that party which takes these principles into account and is controlled by them, rather than by what it conceives to be the popular will as indicated by a single political campaign, will find that it has thus earned and secured a more lasting lease of power, and a stronger hold upon the confidence of the people.

LOCAL NOTICES.

The clerks at Smith & Co's. report a large sale of Brussels soap (no rosin).

Money loaned on personal security. S. H. Hellyar.

Brussels soap costs 8 cents a bar, or 7 bars and a patent soap tray for 50 cents.

Sewing Machines, Belts, Oils and Needles at F. M. Eager's.

Stone has the A. & N. cigar. The best 10c cigar in town.

Hot baked beans and brown bread Saturdays at 5 p. m.; also Sunday mornings, at the bakery on Church street.

RUN ON A GROCERY STORE.—Great crowds of people can be seen every day going to C. W. Robinson's for 7 bars of Brussels soap for 50 cents, and a patent soap tray free.

If the post office is moved there will be more or less kicking. Time has proved that shoes bought of Milligan stand more kicking than others.

PALMER NEWS.

Rufus Flynt is painting his Central street house.

The wire mill shut down Tuesday night for the rest of the week.

A horse of F. C. Hatch's ran Tuesday afternoon, doing but little damage.

S. S. Taft has been appointed agent of the Guardian Insurance Company of London.

E. W. Edson of Worcester, agent of the State Board of Education, is visiting schools in town.

Rev. C. A. Skinner of Somerville will preach in St. Paul's Universalist church next Sunday.

Wm. Finnerty died Wednesday morning after a short illness. Finnerty was falsely reported dead over a year ago.

Rev. W. H. Hart has been making some needed improvements in the grounds around St. Thomas' church on Thorndike street.

A petition is in circulation favoring the vacant store in Cross's block for the location of the post office, should a change be made.

L. E. Moore was called to Ilion, N. Y., Saturday, owing to the severe sickness of his youngest child, but at last accounts it was improving.

The remains of Michael Prindable, a former resident of the town, who died in Providence, were brought here for burial Thursday.

Charles Coburn, the hunter and trapper of Shearer's Corner, has just sent away his last installment of skins, making a total of 302 for the past winter.

George Callahan, for a number of years employed at the carpet mill, has left town with his family, and will in future reside in New Britain, Conn.

Ellis Dodge has his tenement house on Park street nearly completed. C. K. Gamwell, the clothing dealer, will occupy one tenement as soon as finished.

Fred Darling of Danbury, Conn., and William Mason of this village are expected to run a 5-mile foot race on the park to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Rev. W. H. Pope and Hubbard Lawrence were delegates to the installation of Rev. E. F. Wheeler as pastor of Grace church at North Wilbraham Wednesday.

The Sunday-schools of the Baptist, Congregational and Universalist churches will give a union temperance concert in the Congregational church Sunday evening.

J. F. Albion, pastor-elect of St. Paul's church will appear before the committee of fellowship and ordination of his denomination for examination at Boston, June 2d.

The executive committee of Co. E., 36th Regt., held a meeting Thursday afternoon in Grand Army hall, and voted to hold their annual company reunion at Memorial Hall, Monson, Wednesday, June 25th.

The Palmer Water Co. held their annual meeting Monday and these officers were elected: C. L. Goodhue, president; Fred C. Gamwell, clerk; J. H. Gamwell, treasurer; T. A. Clark, C. L. Goodhue, C. K. Gamwell, F. R. Lawton, J. H. Gamwell, directors.

Miss J. Agnes Howard of Springfield has been appointed an assistant teacher in the first primary school. She is a graduate of the state normal school at Westfield, and has taken a course at the Springfield preparatory school for teachers. The school has more than eighty scholars.

Frank R. Boardman and James F. Etherington, members of the Hartford Wheel Club, who are on a two-weeks' bicycle trip through New England, arrived in town Wednesday and were the guests of F. J. Wassum Wednesday night. Mr. Boardman is the nephew of Mrs. Wassum.

Rev. C. W. Biddle, D. D., of Cambridge preached in St. Paul's church last Sunday. He was the guest of Stillman Ellis. Thirty years ago Dr. Biddle was pastor of the Universalist church in Stafford, and occasionally preached and attended funerals here, and is remembered with much satisfaction.

A special meeting of the fire district is called for next week Saturday, to see what action the district will take toward making a contract with the electric light company for lighting its streets, and also for the extension of the water mains from Main street through Commercial and River streets.

Selectman M. J. Dillon has sold his dwelling house on Central street to John Desmond, who will move it on to the lot on Walnut street recently purchased by him of J. M. Converse. Mr. Dillon proposes to erect at once a $3000 residence on the site of the old one, and his family will live at Bondsville while the new building is being constructed.

Owing to the unfavorableness of the weather, only 11 of the members of Thomas Lodge, F. & A. M., ventured out Thursday evening, to visit their brethren of Wolcott Lodge of Stafford Hollow. The trip was made in Weeks' tally-ho coach, and after the working of the third degree, the party returned at a late hour.

Ralph Gray, conductor of a freight train on the N. L. N. R. R., who recently had a foot crushed while switching at Stafford and had an amputation of the injured member, is threatened with blood poisoning. He lost his right arm at the shoulder several years since and suffered a severe shock more than a year ago, all of which so reduced his vitality that his system is slow to rally from this new hurt.

Charles D. Foster's team horses, while at work on Main street near the Nassowanno House, were left alone a few minutes Saturday morning, and became frightened at the unloading of J. F. Holbrook's coal team. They took a lively run up Main and Thorndike streets, through Foster avenue, up Knox street to Pine, and from there into the cemetery, where they were stopped. The only damage done was the overturning of a few stones in the cemetery.

A well-dressed young man of about 23 years has been working a fraudulent envelope scheme on the people of North Wilbraham, and is supposed to be on his way here. His method is to sell people an envelope for 25 cents, which will draw from $1 to $5 worth of goods, on condition that they will show the goods when they come to their neighbors and friends and thus advertise them. A number were taken in and are now waiting for the goods that never come.

The funeral of Mrs. Benjamin Kenerson, who died at Barre Plains Sunday, was held Tuesday afternoon at the residence of her son, George B. Kenerson, on Park street, Rev. Mr. Fisher of the Monson Universalist church conducting the services. There were about forty relatives present, coming from New York, Springfield, Barre Plains, Providence, New Bedford, West Newton and New London. Mrs. Kenerson was 76 years of age, and her husband and six sons survive her.

Horatio Wales of Polo, Ill., died in his home on the fifth inst. of pneumonia. He was a native of Wales and youngest son of Royal Wales. His wife was Mary Williams of Brimfield, who survives him, but who is in very feeble health and was unable to attend the funeral. Eight children gathered about his remains, mourning the loss of a wise, kind father. He was a brother of R. Porter Wales who died in Wales several years since, and of Mrs. Eliza, Robinson who lives here.

The county commissioners gave a hearing on a petition of the selectmen of Brimfield and the directors of the Boston and Albany railroad at Brimfield station yesterday. The petitioners asked for the removal of two grade crossings west of Brimfield station and the Boston and Albany directors agreed to build a bridge for the road to go over the tracks east of the station and also build the road necessary to connect the present roads with the bridge. The town will pay the land damages. The petition will be granted as soon as the engineer's plans are presented.

The Ladies' Social Union of St. Paul's parish will hold their annual strawberry festival in the parlors of the church next Wednesday evening, from 6.15 to 7.45 o'clock, with all the usual "fixin's" of such an occasion. At 8 o'clock "all ye neighbors and friends are requested to take seats and witness ye examination exercises of ye 'Olde Deestrict Skool,' when ye boys and girls, dressed in becoming attire, will recite their lessons, and perform musick, and speak pieces appropriate, under direction of ye able skoolmaster, closing with remarks by ye able committee men."

Good Cheer lodge, Daughters of Rebekah, Mrs. W. B. Ham, Noble Grand, received a visit Tuesday evening from Alpha Lodge of Warren. Seven new members were admitted, the ritual of the order being so finely rendered as to win the approval of the guests and stir the pride of members of the local lodge. Addresses were made by several of the visitors, expressing satisfaction and pleasure at the work of Good Cheer Lodge. Upon the completion of the exercises in the hall the company repaired to the Converse House and enjoyed an excellent supper prepared by Landlord Stone. A. A. Converse and wife, formerly of Palmer, now residing in Warren, were among the guests.

The executive committee of the Burnside Association of the 36th regiment, Massachusetts volunteers, held a meeting Thursday evening in Grand Army hall, to make arrangements for a reunion of the regiment here September 2d. Dr. W. H. Stowe was chairman and G. O. Henry secretary. A general committee of 15 was chosen, who will call another meeting early in June to appoint the committees and make necessary arrangements. The following is the committee: David Knox, O. P. Allen, S. S. Taft, C. L. Gardner, R. C. Newell, Wm. Merriam, C. H. Hobbs, C. E. Getchell, F. A. Packard, H. E. W. Clark, Dr. Wm. Holbrook, H. G. Loomis, C. W. Cross, Dr. W. H. Stowe, C. P. Stone.

An industrial home for the reform of the inebriate women of Hampden county will be opened at South Hadley about the first of June. It is to be under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., who are working earnestly to carry out this most worthy object. Monson and other towns have contributed generously, and it is desired that the people of Palmer may have an interest and a share in this good work. Contributions of any kind will be thankfully received, second-hand furniture, bedding and clothing being particularly desired. Persons who have money or articles to contribute should consult with this committee as early as next week: Mrs. Laura Child, Mrs. W. H. Hitchcock, Mrs. J. W. Shanks, Mrs. Hubbard Lawrence.

District Court.

George Giddings of Monson, charged with being an insane person, was brought before the court Tuesday by officer Northrop, and was committed to the hospital in Northampton. Giddings is a painter, twenty-three years of age and not a drinking man.

The case against John J. Sugrue of Thorndike for obtaining property under false pretenses will be heard to-morrow.

Ellen Prebble of Bondsville, for assault, was ordered to pay fine and costs amounting to $11.70.

Death of a Former Citizen.

O. H. Bidwell, a former business man of this village, died at Rockville, Conn., Tuesday, and his remains were brought here for interment yesterday. Mr. Bidwell was engaged in the grocery business here some 35 years ago, and will be remembered by many of the older inhabitants. He was appointed postmaster at one time, but having joined the American party, was almost immediately removed by President Buchanan. His second wife was Miss Sarah Watson, only daughter of John Watson, also a former resident of this place and the owner of a large tract of real estate in the central part of the village.

State Primary School Notes.

The state has purchased a driving horse for the use of the school.

Rev. A. W. Weeks of Palmer will conduct religious services at the institution next Sunday.

The class in physical culture, under the instruction of J. H. McCurdy of Springfield, finished their lessons Monday.

Amos Andrews and wife left Wednesday for Baltimore to attend a charitable convention to be held in that city.

Mr. Eddy of Boston, who has had charge of the carpentering department at the school, has resigned, and his place will be filled by M. B. Tinker of Granville.

C. L. Haynes, M. D., resident physician, has resigned, to accept a position in the Western Lunatic asylum at Stanton, Va., being the first lady physician ever appointed to a public institution in that state. Her successor is L. A. Calver, M. D., of New Jersey.

Probate Court.

A session of the probate court was held in the district court room Wednesday and the following business was transacted: Administration granted in the estates of—Jennie S. Haynes, late of Springfield, E. M. Haynes, administrator; Charles F. Hadley, late of Chicopee, William P. Hadley, administrator; Silas N. Heywood, late of Springfield, Mary E. and Sarah E. Hovey, administrators; Sophia C. S. Chapin, late of Springfield, Julia S. Smith, administratrix. Willis proved of—James H. Brown, late of Brimfield, Arthur B. Brown, executor; Arthur Craig, late of Springfield, Mary Ann Craig and Bertram J. Craig, executors; Louisa Aldrich, late of Palmer, George W. Aldrich. An executor's bond was filed in the estate of Ebenezer G. Scott, assignment of the estate in fee to J. C. Dudley. Mary Marcey was given leave to adopt Mary Collins of Palmer. The court was adjourned to Springfield Monday.

Base Ball.

The Sunday-school nine of St. Mary's parish, Thorndike, came to this village Saturday to play with the Sunday-school nine of St. Thomas' parish, but at the end of the fifth inning kicked at the decision of the umpire and refused to play. The umpire gave the game to the home team, 9 to 0.

The Palmer Brotherhood ball nine played their first game of the season last Saturday with the West Warrens. The battery work of the Palmers was excellent and the West Warrens were badly beaten. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Palmers,	4	3	0	1	2	1	1	1	1	—13
West Warrens,	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	— 2

The High School nine went to Thorndike last Saturday and were defeated by the Temperance team, 13 to 2. Tuesday they went to Holyoke to play the famous High School nine of that city, and were victorious, the score standing 12 to 11. By hard batting in the sixth inning, with the score 6 to 1 against them and two men out, the Palmers scored 7 runs, and secured a lead which their opponents were unable to overcome. The features of the game were the battery work of Sullivan and Twiss and the second base playing of Chapman. The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Palmer High Schools,	0	1	0	0	0	7	2	1	1	—12
Holyoke High Schools,	2	2	0	2	0	0	1	2	2	—11

The boys go to Ware to-morrow to play the Ware Juniors and will play a return game with the Holyoke High Schools on the park here the 31st.

Death of Mrs. A. C. Collins.

Mrs. Abbie C. Collins died Saturday morning at the home of her grand-daughter, Mrs. Charles White on Walnut street. Mrs. Collins was in her seventy-ninth year, and had been identified for more than forty years with this town. She came here in 1850 from Lowell and opened a millinery shop. She has lived here most of the time since, but for a time made her home in Chicopee and Monson. She gave up active business about eight years since, her last store having been in Commercial block. She was a very active, resolute woman and of good judgment, with large business capacity, and accumulated property. While closely attentive to her business, she was devotedly attached to her children, two of whom survive her. They are Mrs. P. S. Trumble of this town and Hon. Lorenzo W. Collins of St. Cloud, Minn., who is one of the judges of the supreme court of that state. While living in Monson the youngest son, Lonis, died of typhoid fever and was buried here. Mrs. Collins was a member of the Universalist church from its formation, an ardent believer in its doctrines and a supporter in its ministries. She had made arrangements for her funeral, as failing strength warned her of the approach of that change which awaits all, and had desired that Rev. G. V. Maxham, the poet preacher who recently passed away in Monson, should officiate for her. But the change came to him before the call reached her, and that service was rendered by Rev. Dr. Biddle Monday in the house where she died.

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. William Merriam are visiting in New Hampshire.

John T. Donovan is doing jury duty at Springfield this week.

George H. Magrath is the happy possessor of a new safety bicycle.

Miss Annie Leadbetter of New York was the guest of Geo. B. Kenerson.

Mrs. L. M. Burleigh is arranging to make a trip to Europe this summer.

W. A. Weld sang at the funeral of Mrs. F. A. Upham at Three Rivers Sunday.

Mrs. A. A. Converse and daughters of Warren are guests of John Helliwell.

Mrs. George Fox of Woodstock, Conn., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Aiken.

Mrs. A. L. Converse of Warren has been the guest of Mrs. John Foster this week.

M. W. French of Newtonville was in town Tuesday on his way to New Hampshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stone and Miss Hattie Hokem are the guests of Surveyor Leach.

O. S. Stockwell of Spencer, a former superintendent at the wire mill, was in town Wednesday.

F. O. Munger presided at the organ in the Baptist church last Sunday, in the absence of C. B. Fiske.

P. B. Johnson, the contractor, has moved from Monson into Dr. Wilkins' tenement on Pleasant street.

The JOURNAL was favored with a call Wednesday from John Leitch, Jr., of the Easthampton *News*.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bray of Providence were the guests of George Bray on Pleasant street over Sunday.

Charles Sanders, baggage master on Conductor Canty's train, resumed work Monday after a week's illness.

Mrs. John W. Brainard, and Mrs. Wm. Brainard and son Louis, are visiting friends in Hartford and Manchester.

Deputy Sheriff Healey went to Pequonnock, near Hartford, Conn., Monday, to see a brother who had been bitten by a dog.

Dr. A. M. Higgins, formerly a practicing physician here, now a resident of New Bedford, preached in the Advent chapel Sunday.

Miss Higgins, teacher of the Forest Lake school, having been called home by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Hamiton is teaching the school.

Mrs. H. P. Longley of Westboro was in town this week visiting friends, and was one of the guests at Good Cheer Lodge Tuesday evening. Mrs. Longley is an officer in the lodge at Westboro.

THREE RIVERS.

The work on the bridge is near completion, and we now can cross the "churning" Chicopee without having to take the narrow way and bow lowly.

The flag of our union is expected to float over our school-house the afternoon before Memorial Day. The teachers are preparing a programme for the occasion.

Rev. G. W. Christie preached before the Hampden East and West Association last Tuesday, and was chosen delegate for two years to the state convention.

Geer Brothers have dissolved partnership and divided the farm, Henry D. taking the horse radish business, Joseph D. milk and pickles and Albert S. vegetables and pickles.

The Sunday-school of the Union church held a social Tuesday evening in the vestry of the church, which was a very pleasant and unique affair. The children were entertained by native talent. The latter part of the evening was devoted to games, and all went away saying they had a good time.

THRONDIKE.

Thomas Covner has gone to Winchendon to live.

Miss Murphy of Moodus, Conn., is visiting friends here.

The long bridge near No. 1 mill is soon to be repaired by replanking.

Miss Mary O'Donnell, formerly of this place and now residing in New York city, is visiting her mother here.

T. Dailey has opened a cigar and tobacco store in Foley's building on Main street, and has put in a soda fountain.

The Saturday half-holiday went into effect last Saturday, and according to the statement of the help in the mills it is enjoyed much.

Arrangements are being made for the convention and reception which is to be given here on the 29th to the delegates attending the Hampden County Catholic Temperance convention. A ball will be given in the evening, with music by Lyons and Luman's orchestra.

John F. Luman, for several years clerk for H. T. Bishop and recently with D. J. Lawlor, is soon to open a new store on Commercial street in Hitchcock's building. The place is being put in repair and will open for business some day next week. Mr. Luman will carry a good stock of boots and shoes, together with a line of gent's furnishing goods.

In compliance with the unanimous request of the church and society, Rev. C. H. Hanks, pastor of the Congregational church in this village, has withdrawn his resignation, recently tendered, thereby giving great satisfaction to the entire community. He has been given the month of August for a vacation, at which time he will visit his former home in Ohio.

Base Ball.

The Springfield's will play here to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock on the church grounds.

The Temperance club defeated the Palmer High School team here Saturday by a score of 13 to 20. The visitors were unable to get on to Broshnan's curves and fell an easy victim to the home team. Lyons has gone to Springfield to work, so the club will lose one of its best players.

CARD.—We wish to thank all those who so kindly helped us in our recent bereavment.
BELLE AND EDDIE COLEGROVE.

BORN.

At Wales, 13th, a son to F. N. GOULEY.

MARRIED.

At Monson, 12th, by Rev. T. C. Martin, WILLIAM J. DEAN and Miss LIZZIE A. FOSKIT, both of Monson.

DIED.

At Palmer, 10th, Mrs. A. C. COLLINS, 79.
At Wilbraham, 11th, ARVILLA S. BUTLER, 20.
At West Warren, 9th, J. DEXTER ROOD, 75 yrs. 2 mos.
At West Warren, 13th, GEORGE ALLEN, 72.
At Warren, 10th, CYNTHIA B. COMBS, 80.
At Barre Plains, 11th, MARY KENERSON, 76, mother of George B. Kenerson of Palmer.
At Leicester, 13th, CHARLES E. SHEPARD, 24, grandson of the late Otis S. Shepard of Monson.

FOR SALE—One horse for less than $50.
2-6 D. F. HOLDEN.

TO RENT—Two tenements.
5-tf O. W. STUDLEY.

FOR SALE—Five tons of first-class hay.
1*7 J. T. SULLIVAN, Monson Quarry.

TO RENT—May 1st, very desirable tenement for small family. REV. A. W. WEEKS,
2-tf Palmer.

TO RENT.—Three tenements. Inquire at office of
tf-50 C. L. GARDNER, Palmer.

FOR SALE—A good tapestry carpet, nearly new. Can be seen at Mr. CALVIN MOULTON'S, School street. 1*7

FOR SALE.
The real estate recently owned by Mrs. O. F. Cunningham, deceased, situated on Harvey ave., Thorndike. House in good repair. For further information call at residence, or address
2-6 P. O. BOX 126.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby forbidden trespassing on my land on the northeasterly side of the road leading from Thorndike to Ware, or committing any depredation whatever thereon, such as tearing down fences, walls, etc. This warning is final.
JOHN MOLLOY.
Thorndike, May 7, 1890. 3*6

MUSIC FURNISHED
For Balls, Parties, Weddings, Commencement and Graduating Exercises at short notice. The best of Musicians employed and prices right. Correspondence solicited. Can furnish from one piece to a whole brass band if desired. Address
JOHN F. LUMAN, Manager
LYONS & LUMAN'S ORCHESTRA,
5-tf P. O. Box 81, Thorndike, Mass.

The Granite State
—AND—
TRIUMPH LAWN MOWERS.
The Best Machines on the market.
Window Screens
—AND—
Screen Doors
For sale at Very Low Prices by
C. A. BROWN & CO.
4-5

FOR SALE.
CONCORD BUGGIES,
HANDY WAGONS,
ROAD WAGONS,
TOP CARRIAGES
OF ALL KINDS.
A first-class shifting carriage-pole for $10.
If you want any kind of a wagon or cart, call on me, and I will give you as low a price as they can be sold for.
Plain Horse-Shoeing, $1.25.
52-1 G. O. HENRY, PALMER, Mass.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Emery Beauchamp late of Three Rivers in the town of Palmer in the county of Hampden, deceased; and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to NATALIE P. BEAUCHAMP, Admx.
Three Rivers, April 28, 1890. 3-5

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.
By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Julia Harness to Amory W. Crossman, dated July 1st, A. D. 1887, and recorded with Hampden county, Massachusetts, deeds, in book 435, page 374, which said mortgage deed has been assigned to Albert W. Lincoln by assignment dated March 5d, A. D. 1888, and recorded in said registry of deeds in book 443, page 104, and for breach of conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction near the building on the premises, on Saturday, the 24th day of May, A. D. 1890, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, viz.: Certain tracts of land situate in Palmer, Hampden county, aforesaid, on both sides of the highway leading from Warren to Palmer, and known as the "Pool Place," bounded easterly by the Quaboag River, southerly by land of Jonas Blodgett, westerly by land of Jennie Elmer and highway leading to Palmer Center, and northerly by land of Geo. H. Gilbert M'f'g. Co. and heirs of Marcus Foskit, containing thirty-five acres, more or less.
Said premises will be sold subject to unpaid taxes. Terms Cash.
ALBERT W. LINCOLN,
Assignee of Said Mortgagee.
Warren, Mass., May 1st, 1890. 3-5

PIANOS AND ORGANS TO RENT.
Will get any music or music book wanted.
W. E. STONE.

MRS. F. C. HATCH.
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Harmony.
36tf Palmer, Mass.

BORAX SOAP. AT SMITH & CO'S

One Cent a Word
Per week covers the entire cost of advertising in the
Ware River News,
The Monson Mirror,
Belchertown Breeze,
Central County Courier,
For Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, Lost, Found, For Sale, etc.
Farmers and others having property to sell will find these papers very desirable mediums.
It is safe to estimate that the "WANT" advertisements in this combination are read by more than
10,000 PEOPLE A WEEK
General Display advertising rates, or any other information regarding business with these papers furnished on application to
R. E. Capron,
WARE, MASS.

Washburn & Arlington's
NEW UNITED
MONSTER SHOWS
CONGRESS OF NATIONS!
WORLD'S FAIR!
EGYPTIAN CARAVAN!
MOORISH ENCAMPMENT.
ROMAN HIPPODROME.
TRAINED ANIMALS.
WILL EXHIBIT AT
Base Ball Ground
WARE, MASS.,
Friday, May 23.
ADMISSION, - 25 Cents.
100 PERFORMERS. TRAINED HORSES. ORIENTALS.
100 EGYPTIANS. MOORS. COW BOYS.
100——RIDERS——100
This show comes to this town and brings with it all there is belonging to it.
It Comes. It Comes. It Comes.
It does not advertise this town for some distant point.
Admission, 25c.
WATCH THE DATE!
2-7

OPENING
—OF—
SPRING MILLINERY.
Our general stock of Millinery Goods is particularly attractive this season, and we take pleasure in inviting all who will to call and examine the same.
In addition to our well-selected stock of Millinery we would call attention to our
Fine Line of Fancy Goods.
MISS FLORA BARTON of New York will attend to your wants in the Millinery line.
Mrs. L. E. CARPENTER,
59 MAIN STREET, PALMER, MASS.

FIRE DISTRICT MEETING.
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
HAMPDEN, ss.
To the qualified voters of Fire District No. 1 in Palmer:
You are hereby notified to meet at the Eastern Hampden District Court Room, in said Palmer, on Saturday, the twenty-fourth day of May, current, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to act on the following articles, viz.:
ARTICLE 1. To choose a moderator to preside at said meeting.
ART. 2. To see what action the district will take toward lighting its streets, and whether it will authorize the Prudential Committee to make contract with the Palmer Electric Company therefor, and raise money for the same.
ART. 3. To see if the district will vote to extend the water mains from Main street along Commercial street and River street and raise money for the same.
Given under my hand this fifteenth day of May, A. D. 1890. WILLIAM W. LEACH,
2-7 Clerk of the Fire District.

WHITE ROSE OIL AT SMITH & CO'S.

Meekins, Packard & Co.
SILK DEPARTMENT.
Four Great Bargains!
R. H. SIMMONS' AMERICAN SILKS—Wear guaranteed. These are the prices, you must come and see the quality:
NO. 1, . $1.00
NO. 2, . 1.25
NO. 3, . 1.37
NO. 4, . 1.50
COTTON DRESS GOODS DEPT.
SCOTCH ZEPHYR GINGHAMS.
CHOICE LINE. NEW STYLES.
Just received—BEST QUALITY—25 cents.
REMEMBER OUR
HOSIERY DEPARTM'NT
HEADQUARTERS
For the right goods, at the right prices.
OUR FAST BLACK—
4 pair for $1. 3 pair for $1. 3 pair for $1.
Please all customers every time.
GREAT BARGAINS
This week in
Ladies' Cotton Underwear.
Save your time and patience while you make money by purchasing at our Reduced Price Sale.
Meekins, Packard & Co.,
355 to 359 Main Street,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SHOE GOSSIP
FROM THE
DISTRIBUTORS.
Hoosac School Shoe.
A FACT---
That it costs three times per year as much for Children's Shoes as for adults.
A SUGGESTION---
That as you have never tried the Hoosac School Shoe, that you try a pair.
A PROPOSITION---
That if you are not entirely satisfied with the wear, we will give a new pair, or refund the original price paid.
An INFERENCE---
We unhesitatingly affirm that you never purchase shoes for your children that will give you so much satisfaction.
An ESTIMATE---
Although they cost more than many other shoes we will guarantee to reduce the yearly cost one-third.
A CONCLUSION---
That they are much cheaper in the end, more shapely in appearance and more satisfactory in every respect.
A MORAL---
Buy the Hoosac School Shoe for boys and girls of all ages. Boys' made of durable calf skin; Girls' of Pamplco goat skin.
Potter & Hunt,
GILL'S BLOCK,
Main Street, near Bridge Street,
SPRINGFIELD, - 26-6 MASS.

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 16, 1890.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

WILBRAHAM.

A literary and musical recital will he given in Fisk Hall this evening by the pupils of Wesleyan Academy for the benefit of the base ball team.

WALES.

H. E. Shaw is able to be out on crutches and ride to the mill.

Geo. Dimmick, the stage driver, has come out with a new coach.

F. N. Gouly has opened a shoemaker's shop in the basement of Shaw's block.

The highways are to be repaired by C. M. Thompson as road superintendent, and he will at once commence operations.

David S. Shaw has purchased a pair of nice western horses of Hubbard Bros. and Geo. Lamphear also comes out with a new one.

Johnson & Stebbins have opened the machine and blacksmith shop near the Dell mill, where they will shoe horses and oxen and do all kinds of jobbing.

BELCHERTOWN.

Dwight P. Clapp has arrived, and the family will occupy their summer home in a week or two.

The masons began the work Monday of fitting the iron doors to the fire-proof receptacle for the town's records.

George T. Durant, who has been clerk at the Warwick and Haynes hotels in Springfield, is to be clerk at the Highland this season, and his father will have charge of the stables. The Highland is now open for guests.

It is thought that the recent burning of Fernando Shaw's saw and shingle mill was caused by an incendiary fire, as the flames broke out while the family were at dinner. The loss is not as heavy as at first supposed, and there was no insurance.

George F. Shumway died Friday afternoon of last week, after a five days' severe illness. Mr. Shumway worked as painter in Springfield, his family living on the farm in this town. Public funeral services were held in the Congregational church Monday afternoon. Mr. Shumway had long been a member of the Congregational church, and leaves a married daughter, living at Monson, besides the widow and two children.

WEST WARREN.

Miss E. Belle Bowdoin, a former resident of this place, is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Williams and daughter of Woonsocket Falls, R. I., are visiting her sister, Mrs. Rufus Baker.

Last Sunday afternoon a young man and his mother were driving home to Hazardville, Conn., when the horse took a fit and jumped over the wall on the Palmer road, without doing any injury to the occupants of the carriage.

J. Dexter Rood, who has been station agent at this place for the past 24 years, died at his residence on Chapel street last Friday morning of Bright's disease. Mr. Rood was born in Ludlow, 75 years ago, and was for some years an overseer in the mills at Jenksville. He was for 13 years station agent at Indian Orchard, being transferred from there to West Warren 24 years ago. This latter position he held until the past winter when he was compelled to resign, owing to ill health. He leaves a widow and one son, Charles D. Rood, a well-known citizen of Springfield. The funeral services were conducted by the pastors of the Methodist and Congregational churches, with singing by the Universalist choir of Warren. Interment at Springfield.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.

Mrs. E. H. Cutler, son and daughter of Brooklyn, N. Y., were the guests of Mrs. H. W. Cutler Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. Albert Hitchcock, who has been clerk for E. B. Gates for a number of years, has resigned, and will enter the employ of St. Clair Bros., of Springfield, where he will remove with his family next week.

Rev. H. W. Pope delivered an able and instructive address at the first anniversary of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational church at Wilbraham Tuesday evening, his subject being "Training for the Master's Service." Twenty members of the Grace church society attended, and were well repaid for so doing.

In the sudden death on Sunday of Arvilla I., daughter of Henry Butler of East Wilbraham, the community has lost a beautiful Christian character. Miss Butler was beloved by a large circle of young friends, who, with her grief-stricken parents, mourn her loss. Her funeral took place Tuesday afternoon at the Advent church, of which she was a member.

The council called for the ordination and recognition of Mr. Edward F. Wheeler as pastor of Grace church convened Wednesday afternoon, about 30 delegates being present from churches in this vicinity. The examination of the candidate was very thorough, and his straightforward answers to questions by members of the council excited the admiration of all present. The sermon, by Rev. Graham Taylor, D. D., president of Hartford Theological Seminary, from which institution Mr. Wheeler graduated last week, was a masterly effort, and all the exercises were interesting throughout.

WARREN.

Miss Emma Butterworth has been in town this week.

The ladies' sewing circle met at the Congregational parsonage, Wednesday morning.

The tennis court has been covered with clay and rolled, and is nearly ready for use.

Work on the new street, which is to be called Burbank avenue, is rapidly progressing.

The funeral services of Mrs. Levi Combs, were held at her late home, Tuesday afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Hastings returned last night from a trip to Washington and New York.

The round table will meet with Miss Mary S. Hitchcock on Southbridge street next Monday.

The new flag over the high school building was raised this afternoon with appropriate exercises.

Mrs. M. R. Sherwin of Orange, who sang at the Congregational church Sunday, will sing again next Sunday.

Mr. Burroughs, a practicing lawyer of Detroit, Mich., has been visiting his cousin, Albert P. Butterworth, this week.

Hiram Chase has taken a position in Hartford. His family will spend the summer in Maine and remove to Hartford in the fall.

Mrs. Sherwin of Springfield and Mrs. Wilson Fairbanks of New York, were the guests of Mrs. Asabel Fairbanks this week.

The W. N. Flynt Granite company of Monson are putting in a fine wall in the rear of the library and the grounds are being graded.

The conference of the Congregational churches of the Burkfield association at Burkfield, Tuesday and Wednesday, was well attended.

The Woman's Relief Corps presented the drama, "Newburn, or the Old Flag," in the town hall, Thursday and Friday evenings of this week.

A horse belonging to Allen Burbank died Monday. The animal got loose in the barn about a month ago, injured itself in some way and never recovered.

Clara Barton Grand Army post have invited Rev. D. O. Clark to preach a memorial sermon next Sunday, when the post will attend the Congregational church in a body.

John C. Tucker, whose wife and two daughters were lost in the Johnstown flood, himself and son only escaping, is spending the week with his sister, Mrs. Joseph Lewis, at the lower village.

One of the most exciting games of ball ever played at Warren took place on Lincoln's field Saturday, between the High School boys of Warren and the East Brookfields. The East Brookfields won by a score of 8 to 7. There will be another contest soon.

Frank A. Humphrey and wife were given a complete surprise at their home on Maple street Monday night. The party formed in a body and marched to the house. They left a sum of money. Mr. Humphrey is proprietor of the Humphrey Tool Co., located in W. D. Ramsdell's Maple street block.

Mrs. A. J. Whitney was thrown from her carriage on Wednesday afternoon and had her face cut, a finger broken and other injuries of a general character. The team was standing on Main street and the horse became frightened without any apparent reason, freed itself from the carriage and ran.

MONSON.

The assessors have begun to make their annual visits.

John Lewis has opened a shooting gallery in Green's block.

Levator S. Munn has purchased a new horse and it is a beauty.

Meetings at Moulton hill and Pease district next Sunday, weather permitting.

Several of the sewers of the North straw shop have finished sewing for the season.

Mrs. E. D. Cushman is out with a double road cart, making a very handsome team.

H. H. Wood is putting a new coat of paint on the Main street residence of A. A. Gage.

The farmers report the grass to be in very fine condition, and a large crop is expected to be harvested.

The Y. L. F. M. S. are contemplating supporting a scholarship in Pekin, China, at a cost of $30 a year.

There is considerable interest in bicycling in town, as several are seen on our streets in the early evening out for a social run.

Many familiar faces are now seen on our streets, all Monson people, returning from the straw shops of different places.

The Monson Consolidated Band will open their series of out-door concerts in the pavilion on Flynt Park next Thursday evening.

The reverse order of Sunday evening meetings at the Methodist church promises to work well, judging from last Sunday evening.

Geo. Giddings was removed to Northampton Asylum last Tuesday, having been sick for several months and mental derangement for a week.

John Lockwood has moved into the tenement on Flynt avenue just vacated by John Brockbank, who moved to Stafford Springs, Conn., last Saturday.

The sociable at the Universalist church Tuesday evening was well attended, and they disposed of eight gallons of ice cream. They netted about $24.

Many strangers have visited the tower on Flynt's Park during the past week, and have expressed themselves as being very much pleased with the outlook.

The macadamizing of academy hill has been somewhat delayed the past few days, owing to the digging up and clearing out of a culvert which crosses the road.

The Columbia cycle agent, C. A. Bradway, has sold two more safeties, one to Arthur D. King and one to Irving Jefts, making a total of six new safeties sold this spring.

Joseph Thacker of Bridge street died last Sunday, after an illness of about three years of consumption. The funeral was held at St. Patrick's church Wednesday morning.

Why do we not have flags on our public school houses as they do in other towns, and when is the flag to be erected on the town hall grounds as was voted at the town meeting?

At the Universalist church next Sunday there will be two services by the pastor. The morning subject is "The Liberty of the Christian Life"; evening, "God in the Shadows".

The public schools closed last Wednesday afternoon, so that the teachers could attend the teachers meeting, held in district No. 1 school house which was conducted by State Agent A. W. Edson.

The second anniversary of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Methodist church will be observed next Wednesday evening at the church. An out-of-town speaker is expected and an interesting program is being prepared.

H. A. Felton, superintendent of the branch mill, moved his household goods last Wednesday from Cushman block in the rear of the Methodist church into the tenement vacated by Chas. McKendrick near the branch mill.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Congregational church have elected the following officers for the coming six months: President, Chas. C. Keep; vice president, Miss Myrtle I. Merchant; secretary, Miss M. Emma Homer; treasurer, Dr. P. W. Soule.

There are parties in town who are deluged with circulars and letters relative to the Moulton Hill and Monson Center Electric Railroad, which shows how much the JOURNAL is appreciated among the electricians, and also speaks well of its circulation.

W. H. Pease of North Main street is preparing to start a green house, he having already ordered plants of various kinds, including several hundred rose bushes. His idea is to start these plants this summer and in the fall to erect a building for the growing of plants.

Rev. F. S. Hatch gave a very interesting lecture in the Academy hall last Friday evening, under the auspices of the Dorcas society of the Congregational church, entitled "A Vacation in Winter, or What I saw in the South." There was a good attendance.

One hundred and fifty bunches of envelopes have been distributed among the worshippers at the Methodist church, and the monthly benevolent monies are solicited in this way. An eight-page song service will be used next Sunday and the offerings will be for church extension.

The joint committees of Monson and Brimfield organized at Monson Wednesday, uniting as a district for school superintendence. Louis Brown of Brimfield was elected chairman and F. E. Morris, of this town clerk. The committee have under consideration various applicants for the position of superintendent, and hope to make a choice before long.

The visiting and contracting committee in connection with all of the district school teachers of the town have organized themselves into an association for the furtherance of the interests of the schools, with these officers: President, Charles L. Jewett; vice president, R. P. Stebbins; secretary, Miss Mabel L. Anderson. They propose to hold meetings at least once every month.

Marcus Keep post, G. A. R., will hold a mock trial in Memorial Hall next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. There is a large amount of fun expected, as one of our prominent citizens will be tried for the larceny of a Plymouth Rock rooster from the hen-coop of a neighbor, and a jury of 12 fellow townsmen will decide upon his guilt. Able lawyers have been engaged to defend the case. Admission 25 cents, reserved seats 35 cents.

Reserved seat tickets to the number of 253 were sold last week for the Academy Glee Club concert to be held in Central Hall tonight. The club will be assisted by Mrs. A. D. Norcross, soprano; Mrs. Rufus Flynt of Palmer, contralto; Miss Gertrude Cheneverde of Boston, whistler; Lonis Poole of Boston, violinist; Miss Myrta Fiske of Monson, pianist; A. D. Norcross, baritone and director. The Glee club consists of 23 voices, and have been under excellent training by Mr. Norcross, and a good concert is expected.

Austin R. Fenton of Hartford, Conn., a former resident of this town, died at his home in Hartford last Sunday, after an illness brought on an attack of the grippe last January. His body was brought here for burial, the interment taking place in the Center cemetery. Mr. Fenton was a brother of Norman D. Fenton of this town and was 63 years old. He lived in Monson for many years, and 18 years ago he moved to Hartford, making that city his home up to the time of his death. He leaves a widow.

A few of the board of managers for the County Industrial Home at South Hadley visited a few of the prominent families in town this week, soliciting aid for the home, and the following subscriptions were received:

D. W. Ellis,	$25.00	Chas. C. Spurr,	$1.00
R. M. Reynolds,	25.00	A. Friend,	1.00
Cyrus W. Holmes,	25.00	F. E. Morris,	1.00
C. W. Holmes, Jr.,	25.00	A Friend,	1.00
A. D. Ellis,	15.00	H. C. Norcross,	1.00
T. Reynolds,	15.00	Mrs. Chas. Chapin,	1.00
Amos Andrews,	5.00	A Friend,	.50
Mrs. H. C. Hussey,	5.00		

Personal.

Lottie M. Stacy of Holyoke is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Esther A. Wilcox is prostrated by a severe case of grippe.

Miss Conant of Melrose is being entertained by Miss Hattie Cushman.

Mrs. Watrous, who has been sick for several weeks, is now convalescent.

Mrs. E. P. Keep started for Milwaukee, Wis., this week, to visit friends.

Mrs. Harriet S. Nelson of New York is visiting her mother, Mrs. Sophia F. Jones.

E. H. Brown was called to Southbridge this week, owing to the death of his mother.

John Leitch, Jr., of the Easthampton *News* was the guest of Julius N. Graves Wednesday.

Miss Stella Moulton of New York, a former resident in town, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Emily J. Green.

Miss Taft, photographer for Goldsmith & Moffatt, has brought his wife and child here, and they are stopping at the Monson House.

Miss Ella Bills left last Tuesday for Denver, Col., to visit friends and relatives, and she is to visit other Western cities before her return.

Mrs. N. M. Field, who has been absent about six weeks visiting her daughter, Mrs. Page of Germantown, Pa., returned home last Tuesday.

Frank R. Boardman and James T. Etherington, members of the Hartford Bicycle Club, spent last night with Mr. Boardman's uncle, Harrison Howe.

WARE.

Rev. James Boyle is to deliver the Memorial Day address at Natick.

A band concert would not be out of place some of these warm evenings.

Henry W. Cleveland is soon to have a new soda fountain in operation at his store.

Fred L. Sturtevant has received this week one of the largest lots of first-class horses he has ever had.

Mrs. Simeon Dunbar died Wednesday evening at the residence of her son, Elbridge Dunbar, on South street. She was about 70 years of age.

Local Managers Mulvaney and Crowley are contemplating engaging the Mary Howe concert company to appear in the town hall in a few weeks.

P. J. Mulvaney, whose ice cream is famous, intends to run a cart this summer for the accommodation of his patrons here and in adjoining towns.

Why is there not a large reward offered for the detection and conviction of the "firebug?" If he was not caught it would not have to be paid, and if he was found the town could well afford to pay.

A most enjoyable gathering was held at Grand Army hall, Wednesday evening, when J. W. Lawton post, G. A. R., were entertained by the Woman's Relief Corps. Refreshments were served.

The law providing that liquor dealers shall not sell over the bar, but shall be provided with tables, will make a different appearance in the saloons. It also makes the table trade good with the local furniture dealers.

The church and society at Ware Center are to give a reception this evening to their pastor, Rev. Jasper P. Harvey and his newly-wedded wife. The church will be finely decorated, and refreshments will be served.

P. J. Crowe died suddenly at his residence on West street Monday morning. He formerly was a knitter in the Otis Company's mills, but for some years was engaged in the liquor business, from which he had accumulated considerable property.

Dr. O. W. Barrett, the dentist, has gone on a vacation, the first he has had in the past eight years. He goes to New York, up the Hudson river, via Niagara Falls to Chicago, and the Yellowstone National Park. He is expecting to return some time in July.

Steps are being taken toward holding a fire inquest to try and get at some cause of the fire on West Main street. There is no doubt but what it was incendiary, but who was the guilty one and what was it done for are questions that the public would like to have answered.

The members of the Ware Social Fraternity are to hold an avoirdupois social at Hitchcock's hall next Tuesday evening, and have engaged the Springfield Banjo Club, consisting of four good players, to render selections during the evening. Ice cream and cake will be served.

C. A. Stevens & Co. are to rebuild a portion of their mill, the contract having been awarded to Herbert P. Cummings & Co. The new portion is to be in two sections, one 48x80 feet, five stories high, and the other 37x45 feet, three stories high. Work is to be commenced June 1st and completed September 1st.

Fisher, Carter & McGrath, is the name of the new firm to engage in general contracting and building. The individuals of the firm are F. G. Fisher, Frank W. Carter and Harry A. Magrath. The company have already commenced work on several fine dwelling houses on Church street. It is reported that the company have been cutting their own lumber, and thus can furnish at less rates than other local dealers.

"The Little Sunbeams" musical entertainment and sale Tuesday evening was in every way a great success. The choruses by 35 little girls were especially pleasing. The parts in the cantata, "A Quarrel Among the Flowers," were all well taken, and the violin solos by Ruby Day, a little daughter of Prof. Wm. Day, were received with great applause. The proceeds, after paying all expenses, were $55, to be used for missionary purposes.

The first base ball games of much interest this season are to be played Saturday. The Juniors are to meet the Palmer High School team at the pumping station grounds at 4 o'clock. The teams are both good ones and will undoubtedly play an interesting and exciting game. At the Convent grounds the game is to be by a Ware club, recently organized, against the Homesteads of Springfield. The Ware team will be presented with a box of "Mull's Own" cigars, if they are victorious.

Rev. C. J. Rider, who is the field secretary of the American Missionary Association, preached in the East Congregational church Sunday. He spoke of the work he was connected with among the American Highlanders, who occupy great tracts of the southern mountain land. His work also is for the American Indians in the Indian Territory and New Mexico. Mr. Ryder is an interesting and earnest speaker, and he was listened to attentively by large audiences both morning and evening.

The old folks' concert, to be given in the Town Hall at an early date, promises to be of especial interest. The singers are to be all from local talent, dressed in the style of long ago. The same conductor that had charge of the cantata of "Esther" will be director of the concert. In one of the anterooms at the hall will be arranged an old-fashioned kitchen, with the big fire-place, spinning wheel and other implements of ye olden times. The whole is under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Missionary Society of the East Congregational church.

The directors of the Ware Rod and Gun Club, at a meeting last week, voted to build a boat and club house at once at their grounds at Beaver Lake, the cost not to exceed $2000. The lower floor is to be used to store the boats and for a bowling alley. On the second or main ground floor there is to be a ladies' parlor and kitchen and a smoking and reading room, while the third floor is devoted to sleeping apartments. The design is after the Swiss style, and the building will be 40x60 feet and 50 feet high. There are to be fine piazzas twelve feet wide on the second and third floors on three sides of the building.

Some lively runaways this week. On Monday a horse belonging to William Patrill of Hardwick broke loose from where he was hitched on Main street, and ran through the side-walks in a wild manner. Thursday forenoon a horse owned by Charles Sturtevant and driven by a daughter ran near Snow's mill. Something in the whiffletree broke, which frightened the horse, and when near the ice house it struck Cheever's horse that was standing there, driving one of the shafts into the shoulder of the latter's horse to a great depth. The occupants were thrown out, but not seriously injured. Cheever's horse died soon after. It was valued at nearly $200.

Another Big Fire.

At two o'clock Tuesday morning an alarm of fire was rung in from box 49, West Main street, and when the alarm was given the store building of Henry F. Barnes seemed to be completely enveloped in flames. The fireman were promptly on hand and on the way to the conflagration before the first alarm was done striking, but the explosion of kerosene added fuel to the flames, so there was nothing of this building saved. The dwelling house next to the store building, owned by Henry F. Barnes and occupied by Wm. J. Cannavan, was badly burned, Mr. Cannavan's family have but a brief time to get out, losing much of their household goods, although the piano and most of the best furniture were removed. The store building was occupied by Bassett & Barnes, groceries, and John F. Robinson for storage of furniture, &c. The total loss is estimated at $10,000 and it is reported that it was insured as follows: Pacific of New York, $500; Buffalo German, $500; Delaware mutual, $500; Franklin fire, $500; Providence fire, $500. Barnes, Bassett & Co. had their stock of groceries insured in the Peoples insurance of Pittsfield for $587, and the Newark fire for $587. The house occupied by William J. Canavan was insured in the Medcalf agency for $1500, and Canavan's furniture for $1000. John F. Robinson holds a balance of an old insurance policy with the Jersey City for $775. The cause of the fire is said to be inceudiary and was the third time that the big block has caught fire. It was partially burned April 9, the insurance having only been adjusted and the repairs just completed.

Fire District Meeting.

At the annual meeting of the fire district at Fireman's hall, there were 11 articles in the warrant to be acted upon. Edwin H. Baker was moderator and Frank S. Cushman clerk. There was no contest over the choice of officers for the ensuing year except for chief engineer, to which position Thomas C. Gleason was elected by a vote of 189 to 14 for J. L. Fairbank. The following officers were elected: First assistant engineer, Myron Ramsdell, second assistant, Frank Ward, third assistant, M. J. Dillon, clerk, Frank S. Cushman, treasurer. F. D. Gilmore, prudential committee, F. P. Clark, P. L. Keefe, Edward H. Gilbert. It was voted to accept the report of treasurer, prudential committee and board of engineers as printed, pay the firemen for services $1000; to pay the officers of the department for services, $375; $200 for the purchase of new hose; $1000 for hydrant service; to authorize the treasurer to borrow money not to exceed $1200 to defray the expenses of the current year in anticipation of the taxes to be raised; to place a fire alarm box on Bank street near Park avenue; to raise $350 to pay the expenses of the department for ensuing year as appropriated; to instruct the treasurer not to honor any drafts which exceeded the appropriations; that the prudential committee confer with the water board of the town relative to the placing of another hydrant on North street, near the new Catholic church. Under the article to see if the fire district would build a hose house the following committee was appointed to look into the matter and report: F. P. Clark, F. M. Sibley, E. H. Gilbert, P. L. Keefe, Edwin H. Baker. It was voted to hold the next annual meeting at 7 o'clock in the evening instead of the afternoon.

LEGISLATIVE MATTERS.

BOSTON, May 14, 1890.

The House on Thursday morning suspended its rule and adopted the order to require a majority of the entire House as a quorum. They lived up to the order the first day, but they ordered the doors locked to keep a quorum in.

Somebody is taking deep interest in the bill for the consolidation of gas and electric light companies. It was stoutly opposed as contrary to public policy, but was as warmly defended and was sent back to the committee on manufactures. It was reported again to day, but with little change.

The railroad committee reported on Thursday that it was inexpedient to compel the sale of new shares of railroad stock at public auction. Four of the eastern members dissent and it looks as if there would be a solid debate before the matter is settled.

A bill from the special committee on county affairs and criminal costs abolishes the free system for sheriffs and their deputies, jailers, constables, city marshals and members of police forces, and leaves them simply their regular pay. It also abolishes the practice of taxing costs to defendants who are convicted and fined, but says that they may be put on as part of the fine—the total fine not to exceed the legal maximum.

Perhaps the reports of the great loss of life lately by fires in insane asylums had some effect on the committee on public charitable institutions, but they reported on Friday, in connection with their investigation into the cause of the fire at the asylum for chronic insane at Worcester, a bill that every asylum for chronic insane in the state shall be supplied with efficient fire-escapes and fire-extinguishers and that the trustees must see that these appliances are inspected every month.

The House, on Friday, after further debate on the plans of Mr. Lyons of North Adams for the relief and protection of railroad employes in various ways, voted down all the proposition by a large majority. Sympathy for the employes did not seem to be lacking, but there was much doubt as to the practicability of the methods proposed.

The committee on county affairs and criminal costs has reported to the house a bill to abolish fees of trial justices in criminal cases and to give them a stated sum of $3 instead for such service. The fee for certifying costs to the superior court is to be fifty cents.

The House voted strongly in favor of the bill for printing lists of the poll taxes assessed in towns with over 5000 people.

This week has seen some sharp playing for position regarding the temperance question. Each party wishes now to prove that it is sincerely in the interests of temperance, whatever be the particular form of legislation it supports. It was over the question of public bars that the issue came. For fifteen years the prohibition of the retail sale of liquors, except as an incident to meals, has been on the statute books, but has been a dead letter for the most part. Lately the Boston police commissioners have issued notices that they should enforce the law. Hence an effort to repeal it. Mr. Hemenway of Canton offered a repeal bill last week which defeated by 102 to 106 and a recousideration was defeated by 98 to 105. Having lost that point, the next stage of the game was to demand the enforcement of the present law and Mr. Hemenway offered on Monday resolutions to that effect.

He is a Democrat and on the same day Senator Haggerty of Worcester, also a Democrat, offered exactly the same resolutions in the Senate. This started up the Republicans who feared that the Democrats were going to steal all their temperance thunder. So a conference of the Republicans of the House was held in the Green room Tuesday morning and it was made so clearly ridiculous for the Legislature to be passing resolutions demanding of the executive department of the state the enforcement of one particular law against one offense that they adopted by a large majority a resolution that they ought not to interfere. But when they come to go into the House immediately afterward, the minority of the conference, supported by an almost solid Democratic vote, were able to reject the resolutions of the majority and to pass a substitute for the Hemenway resolutions, meaning about the same thing, but coming from a Republican.

Now Mr. Williams of Dedham, a democrat, said in his speech that he was determined to break the arm of the rum party and that was one of his objects in the democratic party. As his whole party followed him except ten Boston members, he thinks he has proved that the Democrats are for temperance. It must make the liquor men feel homeless to have both the parties shake them off in public. So now the interesting question is which party will make the highest private bid for their support.

It was on Mr. Hemenway's bill to repeal the public bar law that Representative Davis of Gloucester was offered cash to change his vote, or half the sum to stay away. But he is an honest man and the cash was not tempting

The state board of health has made a very interesting report upon the impurity of ice, showing that much impurity in water is expelled by freezing. But the top of ice has much impurity. Snow ice is bad and so is ice made by flooding: The board warns the public against the latter, as it is so liable to be full of impurity.

The Senate voted on Wednesday, without any debate, upon the House resolve to abolish the poll tax as a suffrage qualification and it was passed by 19 to 15. This sends it to the next Legislature for adoption. The vote on the resolve was as follows:

YEAS—Bradley, Breed, Carbery, Coffin, Cook, Davenport, E. J. Donovan, J. Donovan, Gammans, Gleason, Haggerty, Howard, Hunt, Metcalf, Parker, Robbins, Savage, Towle, Tucke—19.

NAYS—Baker, Campbell, Dwinell, Evans, Fassett, Field, Goodwin, Harlow, Hosmer, Jaques, Low, Oakman, Palmer, Pinkerton, Stevens—15.

PAIRED—Creed yes, with Dodge no.

The Senate, by 8 to 15, refused to order to a third reading the House bill to establish town and city agencies for the sale of liquor in towns which vote no license.

The House has postponed to next Tuesday the bill to compel the sale of new railroad stock at public auction, in order to give further time for preparation to the majority of the railroad committee against the bill.

They also rejected the bill to promote the killing of unlicensed dogs, which they admitted a few weeks ago, after a forcible speech by Mr. Cutler of Greenfield.

By 88 to 94 they defeated the caucus reform bill for cities, after a short debate. The small cities were mostly against the bill.

LANDON.

To become happy, read about the improved Medical Discovery in another column.

Dyspepsia causes depraved blood, which, in time, effects every organ and function of the body. As a remedy for these troubles, nothing can approach Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It vitalizes the blood, strengthens the stomach and corrects all disorders of the liver and kidneys.

Never had a preparation a more appropriate name than Ayer's Hair Vigor. When the capillary glands become enfeebled by disease, age or neglect, this dressing imparts renewed life to the scalp, so that the hair resumes much of its youthful fullness and beauty.

The flag craze sweeping over the country is just at its height in New England. The greater part of the flags come from G. W. Simmons & Co., Oak Hall, Boston, and anyone who wants particulars about these goods should send for flag circular. Memorial Day is close at hand.

How Repulsive

is bad breath, and yet how many otherwise attractive, polite and particular people afflict their friends with the foul odor of their breath. If there was no remedy for this it might excite our sympathy, but as there is no need of having a foul breath, it is an unpardonable breach of good manners to obtrude such an offence on good society.

Foul breath arises from disordered digestion which can be corrected by using Sulphur Bitters, and the result will be a pure, sweet breath.

Cure Yourself.

Don't pay large doctor's bills. The best medical book published, 100 pages, elegant colored plates, will be sent you on receipt of three 2-cent stamps to pay postage. Address A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.
2y31

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. 1y-23

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

BUNKER HILL

$3.00-PANTS.-$3.00

Lots of Orders this Spring.

300 SAMPLES.

W. E. STONE.

NEW PONCE MOLASSES.
At SMITH & CO.'S.

NEW REPOSITORY,

33 and 35 SANFORD STREET,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

BOSTON SURREYS, BISMARK, CANOPY TOPS, PHAETONS, CORNINGS, GODDARDS, PIANO BOX, CONCORDS, 2-WHEEL CARTS,

AND

ALL LEADING STYLES.

A Large Stock to select from. Low Prices.

13-52 J. H. ROGERS.

EASTERN HAMPDEN

REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE.

MONSON OFFICE, GEO. H. NEWTON. PALMER OFFICE, A. E. FITCH.

Now is the time to hand in your list of Real Estate

FOR SALE, EXCHANGE OR RENT.

We are PREPARING OUR BULLETINS, and you ought to have your list inserted.

CALL AND SEE US FOR TERMS, ETC.

GEO. H. NEWTON. A. E. FITCH.

40 CENTS BUYS A FIRST-CLASS

Window Screen

(ADJUSTABLE),

AT STONE'S.

THE Misses O'Connor and Molloy respectfully announce to the ladies of Palmer and vicinity that they are prepared to do dressmaking in all the latest styles at their rooms, corner of Main and Thorndike streets. 3*5

NOT CHEAP GOODS

—THAT—

HAYNES & CO., - The Popular Clothiers,

Wish to call attention to this week, but fine goods, all wool, well cut, made and trimmed.

BUSINESS SUITS, 15 styles, we offer choice for $6 per suit.

Our Great Bargain now on the counters are (120) fine All-Wool Suits. Small sizes 33, 34 and 35 breast measure. Suits that usually sold for $12 we offer to close at $6.50 per suit. The best bargains in the country. Young men should see these suits.

A $12 Suit for $6.50.

$14 All-Wool fine BUSINESS SUITS, now being sold for $7 per suit. These are genuine bargains. Sold with the full understanding money refunded if not satisfactory within ten days.

Our Great Leaders

In Suits, Coats, Pants and Vests. $9, $10, $12 and $14. Popular Styles, under regular prices. We are duplicating these popular lines every week. For Blue Suits these HAYNES & CO. Double Breast, Single Breast, and Single Breast Straight Cut. $10. The Great Leader, Middlesex & Assabet, finest goods made, $12 and $14 per suit.

Fast Colors. G. A. R. Blouses with two sets of buttons $3.68.

Extra size Blue Flannel Suits 44, 46, 48 and 50 breast measure. Best goods $14 per suit.

Black and Blue Cheviot Suits. Full lines handsome-made suits, $9, $10, $12, $14, $15, $16 and $18.

SACKS AND CUTAWAYS.

We open some bargains to-day for young men's Tennis Coats. Blue and White, Black and White, Brown and White Stripes at $1.35 and $1.40, usual price $2.

HAYNES & CO., THE POPULAR CLOTHIERS,

Are full of business. The popular styles. Fine assortment to select from. Our aim to please our patrons. Before buying see

HAYNES & CO.,

FOR BEST GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES. - 44 - SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN GLOBE.

NOTICE.—Our store will close as usual four evenings a week at 6 o'clock. Open Monday and Saturday evenings.

This space to be occupied by R. M. & Theo. Reynolds.

Prices for coal of all sizes for fall delivery will be published in this paper the 23d inst.

They will be much lower than last season.

We sell nothing but the best quality from best known companies.

Monson, May 9, 1890.

OUR AGENCY!

We represent the following Co's. and respectfully solicit your patronage:

THE ÆTNA	OF HARTFORD.
" HARTFORD	OF HARTFORD.
" PHŒNIX	OF HARTFORD.
" NATIONAL	OF HARTFORD.
" CONNECTICUT	OF HARTFORD.
" CONNECTICUT MUTUAL Life Ins.	OF HARTFORD.
" TRAVELERS Life and Accident Ins.	OF HARTFORD.
" HOME	OF NEW YORK.
" NIAGARA	OF NEW YORK.
" PHENIX	OF NEW YORK.
" CONTINENTAL	OF NEW YORK.
" NORTH AMERICA	OF PHILADELPHIA.
" PENNSYLVANIA	OF PHILADELPHIA.
" SPRINGFIELD Fire and Marine	OF SPRINGFIELD.
" NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE	OF LONDON.
" ROYAL	OF LONDON.
" GUARDIAN	OF LONDON.

MORRIS & FARRINGTON,

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CASTORIA.

CASTORIA promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.
82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."
ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D.
1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent-up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD.
Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
77 Murray Street. - - New York.

FORBES & WALLACE'S.

SPRINGFIELD, MAY 15, 1890.

Nearly all the bargains told of in the Springfield papers the past few days are still running.

Black lace capes $3.
Broadcloth capes $2.75.
Scotch Zephyrs 19c.
$1.75 heavy napkins $1.25.
Hair brushes for half.
Wounded munsic books ditto.
Misses' 25c black hose 17c.

Good trading awaits you all over the store—if you're quick enough.

An importer's sample line of Black Wraps and Capes—no two alike. First-class, high grade new goods, but two-thirds the usual selling rates.

Grades from $18 *to* $40
Are to-day $12 *to* $25.

Such a money's worth we've not seen for many a day. Whoever gets one gets a prize.
Second floor.

Baby's Long Coats at fraction prices. A dealer retires. Stock in perfect order, but it must be sold—sold cheap. We take a big slice and squeeze the prices down like this:

$2.00	regular price	$3.00
2.75	" "	4.00
3.50	" "	5.00
5.00	" "	6.50
6.50	" "	9.00
7.25	" "	9.50
8.75	" "	12.00
15.00	" "	22.50

Only the finest needle-work we are telling of. All Cream Cashmere, except the last, which is Silk.
Second floor.

Baby Carriages at fair prices! Think of fair prices on baby carriages! It isn't what you are used to. Special sale Saturday. $4.73 to $28.48.

Next week we shall show the Gem Ice Cream Freezer at work. Arrangements have been made to serve cream to all who come.

FORBES & WALLACE.

SULPHUR BITTERS.

For those deathly Bilious spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS. It will cure you.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up, and make you strong and healthy.

Do you suffer with that tired and all-gone feeling? If so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in-doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

$1000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich, and strong, and your flesh hard.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting thro' the skin in Pimples, Blotches and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send three 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

BANANAS, ORANGES AND LEMONS.
PINE APPLES. GARDEN SEEDS.
W. E. STONE.

WARE FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP.

FIRST-CLASS IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS
—AND—
GENERAL MACHINE REPAIRS.

WE have in stock, or make to order at short notice: Plow Points of all kinds, Cultivator Teeth, Scrapers, Stall Collars and Guards, Hitching Posts, Lawn Settees and Chairs, Umbrella Stands, Sinks, Kettles, Wagon Shoes, Window Weights, Building Columns, and all kinds of iron and brass castings.
We also do all kinds of machine repairing promptly and in the best manner, at reasonable prices.
2-tf. J. P. PERO, Proprietor.

WHITE FROST FLOUR AT SMITH & CO'S.

The Telephone Girl.

I'm a Central Union telephone girl,
Ting-a-ling-ling, ting-a-ling-ling,
I come when you give your 'phone handle whirl,
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting;
I'm a queen of a hundred holes here in a row,
A hole for each telephone number you know,
And for each of these holes I've a cheery "Hello!"
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting.

I can hear every word that you speak o'er the wire,
Ting-a-ling-ling, ting-a-ling-ling,
E'en down to the whispers of love's fickle lire,
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting;
I know all the secrets that are in the town.
Where faithless men smile and suspicious wives frown—
It would take me a year just to write the half down.
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting.

I am just as curious as curious can be;
Ting-a-ling-ling, ting-a-ling-ling,
The faces of all my patrons to see,
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting;
If I could but see as I hear o'er the line,
My knowledge of things would be semi-divine,
And my job I would never, no never, resign,
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting.
—*Columbus Dispatch.*

AMONG THE PARAGRAPHERS.

THE PESSIMIST.

I am not wed, nor wish to be;
The only time I feel like love
Is when my torn coat I see
Or lose a button from my glove.

But even wedded bliss, I vow,
Is very liable to fail.
A certain married man I know
Holds his suspenders with a nail.
—*New York Herald.*

It is supposed that a hen lays an egg because she can't stand it on end.—*Berkshire News.*

There is no dampness so oppressive as the dampness of a cringing woman.—*Atchinson Globe.*

All who pass through the door to success will find it labeled "push."—*Oil City Blizzard.*

The ancients excelled us in many things. Now there was Job, a boiler that never exploded.—*San Francisco Alta.*

My son, don't advertise your griefs. If you have crooked legs do not wear striped pantaloons.—*Boston Transcript.*

In the Harlem flat.—"What is that beastly noise?" "It's the Bronson baby 'being cunning for papa.'"—*New York Sun.*

At his uncle's—Yellowly (consulting his watch)—"Is your watch going Brownly?" (despondently)—"Going? It's gone."—*Boston Courier.*

He—"And to-morrow is our wedding day, dearest." She—"Yes, and it is bargain day at Silkman's, too. Isn't that aggravating?"—*Boston Times.*

Put a nickel in the slot and get a cigar. "Shure," said Pat, "I'm not as stingy as that; here"—dropping a dime—"gimme two."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

An Unexperienced Joy. "I'm sorry for the Venus of Milo." "Why?" "The poor thing never knew the bliss of twelve-button gloves."—*New York Sun.*

It Might Become Useful. He—"I love you more than tongue can tell!" She (thoughtfully)—"Suppose you put it in writing, George."—*Mansey's Weekly.*

Everything Smoked. She—"I think cigarette smoking is something vile. What do you smoke mostly in Chicago?" "He (of the Lake city)—"Hams."—*Time.*

It is impossible to convince a woman who arrives five minutes late at a station that the engineer did not see her coming and started off just out of spite.—*Palatka Herald.*

Even Better. "Isaac," said Jacob, "do you gonsider marriage a vailure?" "That depends. Iv you marry a rich girl, id is petter dan a vailure."—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Belle—"Mamma I had an awful close call last night." Mamma—"Why, daughter, what do you mean?" Belle—"Oh, nothing, only Harry was here, you know."—*Kearney Enterprise.*

Sukker (who lives on his friends)—"What's them? Beets? No, thanks, I never eat beets." Blunt—"Does you credit, old man. It would look a little like cannibalism, that's a fact."—*Boston Transcript.*

Mother—"Now, you have broken my cup. You deserve a whipping; come here." Fritz—"No; I won't come." Mother—"Come, Fritz, till I whip you, and then you shall have a slice of cake."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

"Johnnie," said his mother, "did you get any marks at school to-day for conduct?" "Yes," promptly replied Johnnie, "several; but if you want to see them, I'll have to take off some of my clothes."—*Norristown Herald.*

The Parson—"And you, Elvira, prom—" Dunstin—"Hold on, there! Just because your are marrying us you've got no call to be so almighty familiar. This is Miss Williams so far, and don't you forget it."—*Puck.*

A Matter of Taste. Ray Trousy—"But how can you think I'm pretty, when my nose turns up so dreadfully?" Jay Bonsy—"Well, all I have to say is, that it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth."—*Puck.*

Caller—To decide a bet, will you please tell me where the familiar quotation, "Turn about is fair play," originated? Man at the desk (impatiently)—Take your Bible questions to room 64. This is the sporting department.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Youthful Astronomer. Little Boy—"Papa, what are the stars?" Papa—"You will find out when you grow older." Little Boy—"I know now. They are the ends of the cigars the angels are smoking, and the clouds are cigar smoke."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Indignant Physician—Man, what have you done? You sent my patient the wrong prescription, and it killed him. Druggist—Vhell, vhat vas der matter mit you? Last veek I send your odder patient der righd berscription, and dot killed him. How can somebody blease sooch a man?—*Advertiser.*

"Pat, you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning." "Indade, an' Oi am, sor. It's a family thrait, Oi do be thinking." "Then your father is an early riser too, eh?" "Me feyther, is it? Faix, an' he roises that early that of he'd go to bed a little later he'd mate himself gettin' up in de mornin'."—*Stray.*

Mr. Fainwed—Then you refuse to marry me? Mrs. Mainchance—For the present I must. My husband is in good health and we are the best of friends. Mr. Fainwed—And you can give me no encouragement. Mr. Mainchance—I will keep your address and if a vacancy should occur I will drop you a line. (N. B.—This happened in Chicago, of course.)—*America.*

A young ostrich came to its mother, groaning with pain and with its wings tightly crossed upon its stomach. "What have you been eating?" the mother asked with solicitude. "Nothing but a keg of nails," was the reply. "What!" exclaimed the mother; "a whole keg of nails, at your age! Why, you will kill yourself that way. Go quickly, my child, and swallow a hammer."

HIS FIRST REPORT.

When the late Stanley Huntly was on the New York *Tribune*, he was sent to report a meeting of the Farmer's club, which convened in the Cooper Institute. The members got into a quarrel over a new kind of potato, and Huntly gave a very funny account of it, which, not finding the city editor in when he went down to the office, he sent upstairs in the regular way. The next day the article appeared on the first page of the *Tribune*, and young Huntly thought he had struck it rich in his new situation, and thereupon looked forward to being made managing editor, at least.

When he arrived at the office he noticed that the other reporters were smiling, but he attributed this to jealousy. In a few minutes Mr. Moore, the city editor, called him and said Mr. Greeley wanted to see him. Swelling with pride and casting a look of triumph around the room, the young reporter walked out of the office into Mr. Greeley's room. The door was closed and so he rapped gently.

"Come in," responded a shrill, falsetto voice.

Mr. Huntly did so. Mr. Greeley was seated at his desk, writing, and so he waited patiently until he came to a stopping place, and then the old gentleman wheeled round in his chair and said:

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"You sent for me, sir."

"For you? What is your name?"

"Stanley Huntly."

"Oh! So you are the blamed fool who wrote up the Farmers' club?"

The hopes of the future humorist experienced a sudden decline.

"Why did you do it?"

"They acted disgracefully sir."

"Yes, I know it, but what did you do with your copy?"

"I didn't copy it, sir," returned Mr. Huntly with dignity, "I wrote it all myself."

"What did you do with your manuscript?"

"I shoved it in a hole in the wall and whistled twice."

"Young man, how long have you been on the press?"

"Twenty-four hours, sir."

"Well, sir," said the editor, a twinkle coming into his eyes, "you didn't know of course, what the rules of our office are. But you oughtn't to have written that report, indeed you oughtn't to. Of course they are a pack of fools; they always have been; but you shouldn't have said so in the *Tribune*. Young man, I'm the president of that club."

ECONOMICAL TRAVELING.

A new departure in social shams is described by the New York *Tribune*. A woman came into the office of a claim agent who works a large European collection field recently, and asked how much he would charge her to have her name and those of her daughters written this summer on all the fashionable hotel registers and other books kept for that purpose in the chief places of historical and scenic interest throughout Europe. He was to be careful not to get them registered in two places at the same time, and was to be sure they were duly telegraphed to the American newspapers. "At first," said the agent, "I did not understand her motive, and said: 'But why don't you do it yourself, madam? We would have to charge you a great deal more than it is really worth—it would be little trouble for you to attend such a little thing, or one of your daughters.' 'Why, man, don't you understand,' she replied, annoyed at my dullness in not taking in the situation, "we are not going over at all." So I took the contract at a good price, and her name will be duly cabled over as among the latest arrivals in London, Paris, Rome, Venice, etc., to the envy of her friends, while in reality she will be hiding away in some country boarding-house."

HOW COL. HICKS GOT BUSINESS.—Some years ago, when Judge H. G. Hicks was not as prosperous as he has been in later years, he owed a little bill of $25 to a well-known firm, and one of the members came to see him about it. The judge, then a plain colonel, lately returned from the war, frankly confessed that he was "busted," and asked for an extension of time. "Can't do it," said the gentleman: "if you don't pay it, we'll have to sue you." "How can I pay when I haven't got the money?" asked the colonel. "All I want is a little time." "Well, we'll have to bring suit," said the gentleman as he started off. "Hold on," said the colonel, as a bright idea struck him; "if you must sue me, why not give me the case? You will have to employ some lawyer." "That's so," said the gentleman; "all right, bring the suit." Col. Hicks brought the suit, confessed judgment, sent in his bill for $50 attorney's fee, collected it, then settled the judgment. From that time on he had all the firm's law business.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

HOW HE PAID THE LAWYER.—"My first case in San Francisco," said Attorney James K. Wilder, to a reporter, "was the defense of a young fellow charged with stealing a watch belonging to a Catholic priest. I was appointed by the court, because the prisoner said he had no money.

"The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, and, as the defendant was leaving the court room, I called him back, and just as a joke handed him my card and told him to bring me around the first $50 he got.

"Next day he walked into my office and planked down two $20s and a $10.

"Where did you get all that money?" I demanded, as soon as I got over my surprise enough to speak.

"Sold the priest's watch," he replied, as he bowed himself out."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

They tell a good one about a certain gentleman who is at present a professor in the Theological School at Yale. He went to call upon a certain lady in this city and she was out. Her little son, about four years old, was playing in the front yard. The Professor said: "My little man, can you remember to tell your mother that Professor——called to see her?" Young America wrinkled his brows, and presently replied unconcernedly: "There are so many things I want to remember and can't remember that I don't think I shall trouble myself to try to remember things I don't want to remember." Professor——says he went home ruminating upon the workings of the human intellect.—*New Haven News.*

HOW THEY MARRY.—Returned Tourist—"And so your daughter is married! She was the idol of her set. Did she make a wise choice?" Hostess—"About as wise as women generally make. You know she was devoted to society—one of those social beings who live and breathe in a whirl of excitement, and she was scarcely ever without half a dozen companions." "Yes, I remember." "Well, she married a light-horse keeper."—*New York Weekly.*

Minnie—"How provoking! Here he has sent me word that he will call this evening, and I ate a lot of onions to-day." Mamie—"That oughtn't to make any difference. If his love is not stronger than onions, you are simply wasting your time."—*Terre Haute Express.*

PECULIAR.

To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

Peculiar in its medicinal merit, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

Peculiar in strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Peculiar in its "good name at home"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers.

Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

THE IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Pure Blood Makes

THE HAPPY BODY.

To coin a good word Dear Reader are you "Blood-happy," or is your blood dragging you through the depths of distress with

Influenza, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Constipation, Scrofula or Kindred Diseases? Then

Free the blood from these poisons. Don't mope along half alive, half dead, but rouse up your system. Give your good old friend, the stomach, a chance to do its work.

Here is the Remedy.

Tried, Trusty and True. The ingredients of this wonderful remedy have been used as a favorite and successful medicine for many years, but like the improvements in the telegraph since Morse, the sewing machine since Howe, and the electric light since Franklin forced the first spark, the new and perfect combination of these ingredients has never been reached until combined as now in FISCHER'S IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

This medicine purifies the blood as naturally as water quenches thirst. *It cures.* This is its history in a nutshell. Grateful testimonials are received every day. Price $1.00.

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Lemons, Bananas, Figs, Dates, Peanuts.

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PERFUMERY, TOILET WATER, COMBS, BRUSHES OF ALL KINDS.

A nice line of Pocket Books, Pocket Knives, Box Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Ink, &c.

Tobacco, Pipes, Cigars.

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HAS JUST RECEIVED A FULL LINE OF

Agricultural Tools,

Which he proposes to sell at lowest prices.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF ALL THE BEST GRADES OF PLOWS, DISC, CUTAWAY AND ACME HARROWS, HORSE HOES & CULTIVATORS.

A FULL LINE OF

SHOVELS, FORKS, RAKES AND HOES

Of the best makes for the least money. Anything in the line of Agricultural Implements not in stock we will procure for you at short notice.

We are also agents for the celebrated

WILLIAMS & CLARK

HIGH GRADE

BONE FERTILIZER.

This Fertilizer is composed largely of bone and blood, and its analysis is as high as any in the market. All farmers who have ever used it need no further recommendation, as it has always given perfect satisfaction. It will be found on sale at Foskett's Mills, and at the store of Louis Brown in Brimfield.

OUR PRICES WILL BE AS LOW AS ANY DEALER.

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P. O. Address,
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I am and shall continue to be prepared to furnish First-Class

Building Brick

from my yard. The brick manufactured at this yard have no superior, being of large size, good color, great hardness and perfect shape. My

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is located at West Brimfield, the first station east of Palmer on the Boston and Albany railroad, and my facilities for getting out

BRICK

Are first-class. Prompt attention and satisfaction in all cases.

C. L. ALEXANDER,
PALMER, - MASS.

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CURE FOR ASTHMA, CATARRH, HAY FEVER, DIPHTHERIA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP AND COMMON COLDS.

Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists throughout the world. Send for free sample.

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DEAFNESS and head noises cured by Peck's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard, comfortable. Successful where all remedies fail. Sold by F. HISCOX only, 853 Broadway, New York. Write for book of proofs free. 4-4

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

CLEANSES AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never fails to restore grey hair to its youthful color.
Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 50c. and $1 at druggists. 4-4

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR MY STORY OF THE WAR,
Or, "Four Years Personal Experience as Nurse" in hospitals and on the battle-field. By MARY A. LIVERMORE. Now selling like wildfire. No competition. 700 pages. Splendid steel plates. 61st thousand. 5000 more agents wanted—men and women. Distance no hindrance, for we pay freights and give extra terms. Address A. D. WORTHINGTON & Co., Hartford, Conn. 4-1

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PAYABLE QUARTERLY.

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RELIABLE, DIVIDEND-PAYING MANUFACTURING STOCK

In amounts of 100 up. This stock will undoubtedly largely increase its dividends, and the business has proved sufficiently attractive to have induced more than 250 responsible, conservative New England people to buy it for an investment. Write to

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U. S. PATENT OFFICE, Oct. 27, 1874.

G. W. Gregory, Esq.:—In accepting your resignation as Principal Examiner, I take this opportunity to express my sincere regret that the office is to lose your valuable services. By an intelligent discharge of your duties, at the head of one of the most important classes in the Patent Office, you have won not only the esteem and commendation of more than one Commissioner of Patents, but also the confidence of those having business before you. Very respectfully,
J. M. THATCHER,
Commissioner of Patents.

HOPEDALE, Mass., Nov. 23, 1887.

Mr. G. W. Gregory has taken out for us since January, 1875, more than one hundred patents.
4-4 GEO. DRAPER & SONS.

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ROOT BEER.
In Liquid. No Boiling or Straining. Easily made.
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BOSTON & MAINE R. R.
CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.
TIME TABLE COMMENCING MONDAY, JULY 1, 1889.

LEAVE BOSTON for Northampton, Hadley, Amherst, So. Amherst, Belchertown and Bondsville, 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Northampton, 6.00, 8.15 a. m., 2.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.25 a. m.
Hadley, 6.06, 8.21 a. m., 2.05 p. m. Sunday, 6.33 a. m.
Amherst, 6.15, 8.30 a. m., 2.14 p. m. Sunday, 6.43 a. m.
So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19 p. m. Sunday, 6.49 a. m.
Belchertown, 6.34, 8.47 a. m., 2.32 p. m. Sunday, 7.03 a. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 8.57 a. m., 2.42 p. m. Sunday, 7.16 a. m.

LOCAL SERVICE BETWEEN WARE & NORTHAMPTON.

LEAVE, Ware, 6.10, 10.35 a. m., 4.38, 6.33 p. m. Sunday, 4.33 p. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 10.49 a. m., 4.54, 6.49 p. m. Sunday, 4.50 p. m.
Belchertown, 7.00, 10.59 a. m., 5.05, 7.00 p. m. Sunday, 5.03 p. m.
So. Amherst, 7.40, 11.12 a. m., 5.19, 7.14 p. m. Sunday, 5.17 p. m.
Amherst, 7.55, 11.18 a. m., 5.26, 7.19 p. m. Sunday, 5.23 p. m.
Hadley, 8.21, 11.28 a. m., 5.36, 7.29 p. m. Sunday 5.33 p. m.
ARRIVE, Northampton, 8.38, 11.35 a. m., 5.43, 7.35 p. m. Sunday, 5.40 p. m.
LEAVE, Northampton, 6.00, 8.15 a. m., 2.00, 7.10 p. m. Sunday, 6.25 a. m.
Hadley, 6.06, 8.21 a. m., 2.05, 7.20 p. m. Sunday, 6.33 a. m.
Amherst, 6.15, 8.30 a. m., 2.14, 7.50 p. m. Sunday, 6.43 a. m.
So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19, 8.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.49 a. m.
Belchertown, 6.34, 8.47 a. m., 2.32, 8.30 p. m. Sunday, 7.03 a. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 8.57 a. m., 2.42, 8.50 p. m. Sunday, 7.16 a. m.
ARRIVE, Ware, 7.00, 9.10 a. m., 3.00, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.35 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for Ware, Gilbertville, Barre, Rutland, Oakdale and West Boylston, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Ware, 7.00, 9.10 a. m., 3.00 p. m. Sunday, 7.25 a. m.
Gilbertville, 7.09, 9.18 a. m., 3.08 p. m. Sunday, 7.44 a. m.
Barre, 7.35, 9.33 a. m., 3.27 p. m. Sunday, 8.08 a. m.
Rutland, 7.50, 9.48 a. m., 3.45 p. m. Sunday, 8.27 a. m.
Oakdale, 8.28, 10.16 a. m., 4.10 p. m. Sunday, 9.08 a. m.
West Boylston, 8.39, 10.20 a. m., 4.15 p. m. Sunday, 9.12 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for New Braintree, Hardwick, Barre Plains, Coldbrook, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1. 15 p. m.
RETURN, New Baintree, 7.17 a. m., 3.11 p. m., Sunday, 7.52 a. m.
Hardwick, 7.29 a. m., 3.14 p. m. Sunday, 7.56 a. m.
Barre Plains, 7.28 a. m., 3.23 p. m. Sunday, 8.02 a. m.
Coldbrook, 7.42 a. m., 3.32 p. m. Sunday, 8.14 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for So. Clinton and Berlin, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN
So. Clinton, 8.44 a. m., 4.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.21 a. m.
Berlin, 8.57 a. m., 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 9.31 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for Hudson, So. Sudbury, 7.45, 9.20 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 5.25, 6.25, p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Hudson, 6.30, 7.40, 9.08, 10.42 a. m., 12.35, 4.39 p. m. Sunday, 9.44 a. m.
So. Sudbury, 6.48, 7.55, 9.28 a. m., 12.52, 4.54 p. m. Sunday, 10.04 a. m.
LEAVE for WAYLAND, 7.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WAYLAND, 5.50, 6.55, 8.02, 8.45, 9.26 a. m., 12.58, 2.40, 5.01, 5.15 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m.
LEAVE for WESTON, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WESTON, 6.00, 7.04, 8.10, 8.54, 9.44 a. m., 1.07, 2.49, 5.09, 5.25 p. m. Sunday, 10.21 a. m.
LEAVE for WALTHAM, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WALTHAM, 6.08, 7.12, 8.17, 9.02, 9.52 a. m., 1.15, 2.57, 5.16, 5.34 p. m. Sunday, 10.30 a. m.
LEAVE for WAVERLY, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WAVERLY, 6.15, 7.18, 8.22, 9.07 a. m., 1.20, 3.02, 5.40 p. m. Sunday, 10.36 a. m.
LEAVE for BELMONT, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN BELMONT, 6.18, 7.21, 8.25, 9.10 a. m., 1.23, 3.05, 5.48 p. m. Sunday, 10.39 a. m.

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G. W. BURDICK.
Monson. 10-tf

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Smith & Murray.

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We have closed out the entire stock of a very large manufacturer of Moquette Carpets at one-third less than the usual price. We mean that we will sell you regular $1.50 Moquettes for $1.00. Your choice of fifty different patterns.

The above is an opportunity of a life-time to buy new, choice designs for one dollar per yard.

Also a lot of short lengths, some long enough for a room, at seventy-five cents per yard.

Samples of Moquette.

Four hundred samples of Moquette. Each piece measures one and a half yards, finished at both ends for Rugs. Your choice of this lot 25c each piece. Come early and get first choice.

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Just to make it interesting to every one in need of Carpets, we have closed out several lots of Extra Super and Tapestry CARPETS which we have put in this sale at extremely low prices.

20 pieces Ingrain at 25c.
15 pieces Ingrain at 29c.
25 pieces Heavy Ingrain at 37c.
35 pieces Extra Heavy Ingrain at 45c.
20 pieces Extra Heavy All-Wool at 50c.
40 pieces Extra Fine All-Wool at 58c.
40 pieces Tapestry Brussels at 55c, worth 75c.
50 pieces Extra Tapestry Brussels at 62½c, worth 85c.

China Mattings.

We were one of the largest buyers at the great Auction Sale of Mattings last week, where we bought at our own price 500 rolls.

Good Straw Mattings at 17c, worth 25c.
Very Fine and Heavy at 29c, worth 37½c.
Extra Fine China Matting at 25c, worth 50c.

Every one should see our stock and examine our goods before buying. We can save you money every time.

Smith & Murray,

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Price Never so Low Before!

IRON, LEAD, BRASS AND COPPER PIPE.

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STEAM, WARM AIR AND HOT WATER HEATING.

Crawford Range,

The best Range used on earth at the present time.

STEAM,

WARM AIR AND HOT WATER HEATING,

PLUMBING AND PLUMBERS' GOODS.

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FANCY CROCKERY.

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GROCERIES
New goods received every day.

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Fancy 70. Choice 60. Fine 50.
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Fancy 65. Choice 50. Syrup

The Palmer Journal.

VOL. XLI. PALMER, MASS., FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 16, 1890.---SIX PAGES. NUMBER 7.

Furniture, Carpets and Ranges.

FURNITURE, CARPETS AND RANGES.
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FURNITURE, CARPETS AND RANGES.

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BABY CARRIAGES AND REFRIGERATORS.
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If you would like to learn to sing by note at a small outlay, JOIN PROF. DAY'S SINGING CLASS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. $1.50 per term of 12 weeks. This is low enough to tempt anybody to join who is interested in singing.

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NO CLASS OF GOODS HAVE MORE ARTISTIC LABOR EXPENDED UPON THEM THAN

Useful and Ornamental

FURNITURE.

Spring awakens the curiosity of all to see what

Things New and Novel

The season affords. We are now fully stocked for the coming season. All are welcome, whether wishing to buy or not, and we think any one can find real enjoyment in going over our establishment.

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Thirteen Packages First Quality Seeds for 25c, namely:

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SPECIAL OFFER.—12 Assorted Geraniums, 50c; 12 Assorted Chrysanthemums, 50c; 12 Assorted Ever Blooming Roses, 50c; 12 Assorted Verbenas, 35c; 12 Assorted Pansies, 25c.

All of the above free by mail at prices quoted.

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We have the greater part of our stock at first hands, and thus bring the producer and consumer into the closest possible relations, to the advantage of both.

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In conspicuous instances other houses occasionally meet our prices, but taking promiscuously a dozen or so articles from our stock, it will be found our prices are at least 10 per cent less than others for like quality.

Potter & Hunt,

Main Street, near Bridge Street,

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NORTHFIELD CREAMERY BUTTER, 30c.

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Butter is one of our specialties.

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WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Choice Flower Seeds,

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WE GET OUR SEEDS DIRECT FROM THE GROWERS AND ARE

THE BEST TO BE HAD.

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We can furnish anything the trade wants and keep the following in stock:

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THE CONICAL PLOW,

The "NEW DOE" HARD WELD PLOW,

—AND—

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Colors in Oil and Sapan. Varnishes, Shellacs, Japans, Liquid Dryer.

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AND

CUTLERY.

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POCKET KNIVES,

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BUTCHER KNIVES,

KITCHEN KNIVES,

SCISSORS AND SHEARS.

Split Bamboo Fishing Rods,

LANCEWOOD FISHING RODS.

REELS, FLIES, LINES.

Drifted Apart.

We had a little quarrel,
She and I;
We thought to mend our quarrel
By-and-by;
But we made such long delay
The forgiving word to say,
That we drifted far away,
She and I.

We had been friends together,
She and I,
Through clear and cloudy weather,
She and I;
Our friendship we'd declared,
Our cares and comforts shared,
And most pleasantly had fared,
She and I.

No evil genius dreading,
She and I
Spoke freely of our wedding
By-and-by;
And talked as lovers do,
Of a cosy nest for two;
Such a home we had in view,
She and I.

We met and were light-hearted,
She and I;
But sorrowfully parted,
She and I;
And though bitter the regret
As the broken amulet,
We have never spoken yet,
She or I.

They say I'm rather mulish;
That may be;
And I was young and foolish—
So was she;
'Twas a quarrel most absurd,
And I can't recall a word,
And just how the breach occurred
Puzzles me.

We had a foolish quarrel,
She and I,
That furnishes a moral!—
Who'll deny?
So if any one offends,
Let him haste to make amends;
If he waits he'll have no friends
By-and-by.

HALF A LOAF.

"Half a loaf is better than no bread, Charlie."

Little Mabel Castleton said this wistfully, her eyes as she spoke wandering to the cradle, where two curly heads were lying.

"But when one has had the whole loaf, May, one does not exactly relish the half rations you mention," said Charlie moodily. But his eyes followed his wife's to the cosy nest of the twin babies.

"It is a bad time of year to be out of a situation," said Mabel after a long silence; "and many of whom we know are idle? It would not be very easy to find employment now."

"You think I had better remain with Mr. Mifflin."

"I do. Tell me exactly what he said to you."

"The substance of what he said was simply this: Business is so very dull that he is obliged to curtail his expenses, and he must discharge some of his clerks. I have been with him for ten years, and he was pleased to say I am very useful to him and he is very unwilling to part with me. But he can give me but half my present salary, though he promises to raise it when business prospects brighten. I don't know what to do. We are none too rich at my present salary."

"Yet we have saved something each month. Besides, we have not tried to be economical. There are many ways in which I could save."

"And make a perfect slave of yourself."

"Not a bit of it. I have plenty of leisure time now that May and Bella can amuse each other. Come Charlie, accept Mr. Mifflin's offer. You may hear of something better, even if you remain there; but don't throw yourself out of a situation in the dead of winter, for my sake and the children's."

The last argument conquered. Charlie knew too well that it would be almost useless to look for a new situation, for the whole town was echoing Mr. Mifflin's cry of hard times. The small nest egg in the bank would soon melt away, when it became the sole support of four; and so, kissing Mabel, he promised to follow her advice, though it cost his pride a sore wrench.

He had entered the service of his present employer at seventeen and slowly, steadily gaining favor by dint of faithfully performing every duty, he had won his way to the desk of head clerk. Not until he had secured this position and the handsome salary accompanying it, would he ask Mabel to become his wife, furnishing a pretty cottage home from his savings, and giving her a thoroughly comfortable income for housekeeping expenses. He was not extravagant, but it pleased him to see his wife well-dressed, to give her an efficient servant, to have his twin girls ever presentable, his table well-appointed. All this had been easy enough upon his salary, and there had been something added for three years to the little bank fund.

But to do all this upon half the present income was simply impossible. House rent must be paid, and the sum remaining each month would have to be carefully calculated to meet all the expenses, leaving but little for pleasure or extravagance of dress.

Then what would Will say?

Will Castleton was Charlie's cousin, who had been his life-long companion. Together they had left the school room for a business position. Will entering the grain store of Harvey & Russell at the same time Charlie had taken the place in Mr. Mifflin's dry goods store. Shoulder to shoulder the young men had worked their way, till this financial crisis had brought all business men into temporary difficulties of greater or less magnitude.

Will had expressed the warmest indignation at the proposal made his cousin, strongly advising him to throw up his situation, and see how old Mifflin would get along without him, and Charlie, before seeing Mabel, was quite ready to follow his advice.

He knew Will would think him mean spirited to remain upon half salary, and yet, Mabel was right. Half a loaf was better than no bread.

And while Charlie Castleton was thus weighing the pros and cons of his decision Mr. Mifflin was listening to the counsel of his old friend and chum, the senior partner of the firm that had been Gardner & Mifflin, and who, though he had retired years before, was still the friend and frequent adviser of his former partner.

"It is a mistake, Mifflin," he said. "You had better send young Castleton about his business and engage an entirely new bookkeeper. You will find that half pay means half service, mark my word."

"But I might search C—— from end to end and not find a clerk competent to take his place."

"Then pay him full salary."

"I cannot do it unless I reduce the number of salesmen, and I am short-handed now. There is but one way to keep my head above water; you see Clark's failure involves me heavily and"—

And the worried man of business entered into explanations of his difficulties not necessary to repeat here.

It touched Charlie Castleton deeply, when entering the counting house to announce his determination to remain in his old position, to see the face of his employer brighten. And as Charlie spoke the large eyes grew brighter and he smiled pleasantly as he said:

"Thank you, Charley. It would have caused me serious embarrassment to lose you, and I am heartily glad you will stay. I trust you will not long be obliged to take a small salary, but circumstances compel me to economize."

"You have been a kind employer to me for ten years,' replied Charlie, "and if I am really of any more value to you than another would be in my place I will not desert you."

And looking into the careworn face that trouble was marking more deeply than age, Charlie resolved to serve Mr. Mifflin more faithfully in his perplexities than in his more prosperous days.

It was not long before the old gentleman felt the sympathy of his young clerk and looked to him as he never did before, for advice as well as service. He admitted him to confidential relations, explained to him the difficulties caused by the failure of other firms, some heavily indebted to the firm of John Mifflin, others upon whom he had depended for goods obtained upon credit.

Day by day as the hard, trying winter wore away, the two friends grew faster, and and so far from lessening his work, Charlie found himself willingly lifting some of his employer's burdens upon his own shoulders.

He gave more time to business and he was gaining an insight into it of which an opportunity had never been given him.

And Mabel, at home, was bravely taking her share of the diminished loaf with a smiling face and a cheerful heart. As far as might be she kept from Charlie a knowledge of her domestic economies, but some of them were apparent.

The woman whose competent aid demanded high wages was dismissed and a half-grown girl engaged to mind the babies, while Mabel cooked and washed and ironed and sewed, meeting difficulties with a courageous heart. She had never been a drone in the world's hive, having been a busy little dressmaker before Charlie Castleton won her heart and took her to preside over his pretty home.

But for three years of her married life, she had been much petted, and there were many pleasures to put aside, many dollars well weighed before they were spent.

It was with a heart full of pardonable triumph that the young couple, at the end of the year's reduced pay found they were still out of debt and had not touched the nest egg in the bank.

"You see, Charlie, we made the half loaf go round," said Mabel, as they went carefully over the year's expense book.

"There are no crumbs," he said with a weary face.

"Never mind that; it was better than idleness."

"You are right; and there was more than that, Mabel. I have been able to help Mr. Mifflin more than I could have done in our old relations to each other. His complexities made him long for some one to whom he could speak confidentially, and when the ice was once broken he took me fully into his business confidence. I could often suggest a way out of the difficulty that had not occurred to him, and even when I was not of actual use to him, it was a relief to pour out his troubles to one who was in full sympathy with him."

"But you have worked very hard, Charlie. I never saw you so tired as you often have been this year, and your face is more careworn than it has ever been."

"Well, it is sometimes a comfort to know that business prospects are brightening. By closest economy Mr. Mifflin has managed to meet the obligations he was afraid would ruin him, and there is a good lookout for another year."

"Will he give you a whole loaf yet, Charlie?"

"Not yet, I think. Never mind. We will not despond yet."

"Despond! I guess not. I am going to have some of those crumbs you were speaking of, next year. I have learned some valuable lessons in saving."

The second year was certainly not an easy one to Mabel. A wee baby, in addition to the three-year old twins, kept the mother's hands busy, while there was no decrease in the household work. Many articles of clothing and housekeeping, too, that lasted well enough one year, were past service in the second, and it was not easy to replace them.

Often Mabel feared that their savings for a "rainy day" must be broken in upon, but she kept all such fears shut up in her own heart, and always had a bright word of cheer for tired Charlie when he came home.

She never told him that the late breakfast she had planned to let the babies sleep while he ate his early one, comprised none of the little tempting dishes of his own meal, but was literally bread and milk six mornings out of seven. She never let him know that the reason she suggested his lunch down town, to save the long walk home, was really to save the price of that meal toward the dinner, the dainty little parcel he carried never costing the price of a regular meal for them all.

She did not tell him that she was cutting up her old dresses to clothe the twin girls, and sewing busily every leisure moment to keep all the little ones tidy.

And yet there came a day in June, when six months of the second year were almost gone, when she spent the last dollar of the week's money while the week was half gone. Charlie had given her, long before, some signed checks to meet such an emergency, but it was her pride to think that not one of them had been presented at the bank.

She took one from the desk where it had laid so long and spread it out before her, calculating with puckers on her pretty face, how small a sum she could stretch over the necessary expenses.

"I hate to begin," she said half aloud, "if once we break in upon that money, it will melt away like snow before the sun."

There was no alternative but debt, and Mabel knew that Charlie would never be willing to owe any man a cent while he had a cent with which to pay him. So with a great sigh, she dipped the pen in the ink to fill out the bank check. Before it touched the paper, however, she paused, listening. There was a step in the hall which was not that of the nurse or her charges, a voice ringing out full and clear, calling:

"Mabel! Where are you, May?"

"Here in my room," she answered. "Oh, Charlie, what is it?"

For the face at the door was so radiant, that all care seemed to have slipped from it forever.

"Good news, May; and yet—perhaps I should feel sorrow, too, only I did not know him."

"What are you talking about?"

"Did you read this morning's paper?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice the death of Amos Gardner?"

"No. Is it that Mr. Gardner who used to be Mr. Mifflin's partner before you went into the store?"

"Yes; he was a bachelor, and he has left his whole estate to Mr. Mifflin except a few legacies. The store will be closed till after the funeral; so we have three days' holiday, May."

"I am glad; you will be able to rest."

"But that is not all. Do you guess the rest?"

"You are to have your old salary again."

"More than that. Mr. Mifflin took me to his house this morning and told me all his plans. He will enlarge his business and take on all his old salesmen who are willing to come. He has given me permission to offer a position to Will Carleton, who has been nearly a year out of employment because he would not accept your theory of 'half a loaf being better than no bread.'"

"I know. Poor Will! I am am afraid that Maria had a worse year than ours has been, Charlie."

"Nor is this all, May."

"More good news still?"

"More still! Mr. Gardner, Mr. Mifflin says, did me some injustice some time by supposing that I would proportion my work to the decrease in my salary. To atone for this he has left me five thousand dollars!"

"Oh, Charlie!"

"Hold on, little woman; he also advised Mr. Mifflin in their very last interview, to reward me for my faithful, disinterested devotion to him in his late difficulties, by taking me as a partner in the business."

"Charlie! Oh, my Charlie! I must either laugh or cry," said Mabel, almost hysterically."

"Laugh, then, by all means! The new firm of Mifflin & Castleton must not be christened by tears, even happy ones! Hurrah! Who says after this that half a loaf is no better than no bread?"

THE BEAR AND THE PARALYTIC.

Some years ago, says a writer in the *N. O. Picayune*, just before leaving the Asiatic station for the United States, the flagship Tennessee visited one of the ports in the China Sea not much frequented by our men-of-war, and upon her departure the admiral was presented by the governor of the province with a small, brown Burmese bear. At first Bruin was kept in a cage, and every one stood in mortal terror of him, mistaking his friendly advances for a thirst for blood; but before many days it was discovered that he was not very vicious, and he was accordingly released from his cage, but kept chained. This, in turn, was found in a short time to be unnecessary, as the little fellow soon became accustomed to his surroundings, and ere long he was a privileged character on board, roaming at will on the upper deck, and affording no end of amusement to the crew. One of the peculiar features of this bear, and one which had led to his being misunderstood at the outset, was his growl. It was big enough for a bear twelve times his size, and perfectly blood-curdling in its ferocity; but it seemed to be his way of laughing. He would climb the rigging, and, when some unsuspecting person was below him, suddenly let go and come down on top of his victim, letting out this frightful growl. The first time he tried this trick he landed on top of a midshipman, who fainted on the spot.

One day, all hands being at the time on the upper deck, the bear fell down a hatchway, finding himself in a new world—on the gun deck. Being of an investigating turn of mind, he started on an exploring expedition, and finally found intense amusement in walking round and round the hatch over the sick quarters, situated on the deck below. In a cot in the sick bay, directly under the hatchway, lay a sailor who had never heard of the bear. He had been in his cot a month, suffering from paralysis of both legs. He lay now reading a newspaper, which he held in such a way as to shut out from his sight everything overhead. Deeply absorbed in the paper he saw and heard nothing of the bear above him. Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, down came the bear on top of the paralytic, with his awful growl. The paralytic gave a yell; forgetting all about his paralysis, he jumped from his cot and ran screaming along the deck; the bear, unused to such a reception and thoroughly angered by it, pursued him. On went the paralytic, scantily attired in red flannel; on came the bear, murder in his eye. Reaching one of the doors of the officers' quarters, the paralytic rushed in, yelling, "Look out for the bear!" The officers and paralytic rushed pell-mell in the opposite direction, and Bruin, who had pursued his prey, was caught, the doors being shut on him. Poor Bruin never recovered his good humor, and had to be killed. But the paralytic? He claimed that the bear had killed his baralysis, but others thought differently, and to insure against a relapse severe punishment was inflicted upon him, for fooling the doctors and shirking his work.

A KENTUCKY STORY.

One Kentucky gentleman meets another Kentucky gentleman, and they address one another with that solemn earnestness which is characteristic of southern high life:

"Good mohning, sah! Hope you are well, sah?" Whar have you been this mohning?"

"I have just from the coat house, sah; Senator Blackburn has been making a speech—the finest speech I have heard since the wah. He is a bawn awter, sah—a bawn awter!"

"Excuse me, sah, but what do you mean by 'a bawn awter.'"

"A bawn awter? Don't you know what a bawn awter is? Why, sah, you and I would say, 'two and two make fo', but a bawn awter wouldn't say that; a bawn awter would say, 'when, in the coase of human events, it becomes nee'sa' or expedient to coalesce two integers with two other integers, the result—I declare it boldly and without feah or favah—the result, by a simple arithmetical calculation called addition, is fo'! That's a bawn awter, sah."—*Chicago News.*

The Farmer Feedeth All.

My lord rides through the palace gate,
My lady sweeps along in state,
The sage thinks long on many a thing,
And the maiden muses on marrying:
The minstrel harpeth merrily,
The sailor plows the foaming sea,
The huntsman kills the good red dear
And the soldier wars without a fear.
But fail to each whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Smith hammereth cheerily the sword,
Priest preacheth pure and holy word,
Dame Alice worketh broidery well,
Clerk Richard tales of love can tell,
The tap-wife sells her foaming beer,
Dan Fisher fisheth in the mere,
And courtiers ruffle, strut and shine,
While pages bring the Gascon wine;
But fail to each whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castles fair and high,
Whatever river runneth by,
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand,
Great arches, monuments, and towers,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers,
Great work is done, be't here and there
And well men worketh everywhere;
But work or rest whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

—*Charles Godfrey Leland.*

SCOTCH HUMOR.

Dr. Scott of Greenock used to tell of a sailor who came to be married, but when asked if he would take the woman to be his wife, looked blank and said: "I would like to know first what you are going to say to she." At another time, when the woman was asked if she would obey—but did not answer, the man—also a sailor—exclaimed, "Leave that to me, sir."

In those days people that felt sleepy during the sermon used, as now in Germany, to shake of drowsiness by standing up; but poor human nature made this at times an occasion of display. At Old Monkland a man who had on a rather gaudy vest stood up more than once and then threw back his coat, apparently to let his vest be seen. Mr. Bower, the minister, at length said: "Noo, John, ye had better sit doon. We have a' seen your braw waistcoat."

It was to Mr. Bower that the grave digger once said: "Trade's very dull the noo. I haena buried a leevin' cratur for three weeks."

The people seem to have had a dislike to sermons being read. They used to say: "Hoo can we mind the minister's sermon if he canna mind it himsel' ?"

What are we to think of the lady who sent to her minister, Mr. Risk of Dalserf, a polite message that "he should clean his teeth," and received the answer that "she should scrape her tongue?"

When his people sent a deputation requesting him to tell them more in his sermons about renouncing their own righteousness, he tartly replied: "It is the first time I heard that you had any righteousness to renounce."

Mr. Thom of Govan, maintained a great warfare against the Glasgow magistrates. One day, while he was standing with the provost in the street, a ragged urchin came up begging, and was sternly driven away by the provost, who had himself risen from nothing. Mr. Thom interposed, and said: "Hey, laddie, there's a penny for you. Ye'll maybe be provost of Glasgow yourself yet."

One of the magistrates saw him one day riding a good horse, and said: "You're better than your master, Mr. Thom, for he rode on an ass." Mr. Thom retorted: "We would be willing enough to ride on asses, too, but they're not to be got nowadays. They've made them all magistrates.—*Scottish World.*

HE STOOD THE TEST.

A Woodward avenue dentist received a call the other morning from a couple whom he soon had reason to believe were lovers. The girl had an aching tooth, and as they entered the office the young man said:—

"Now, darling, the worst is over. Just take a seat and it will be out in a minute."

"Oh, I dasn't," she gasped.

"But it really don't hurt you any, you know."

"But I'm afraid it will."

"It can't. I'll have one pulled in a minute if it ached.

"I don't believe it."

"Oh, yes, I would."

"Has she got a bad tooth?" asked the dentist.

"Yes, sir. It has ached for a week, and I've just succeeded in getting her down here. Come, darling, have it out."

"Oh, I can't!"

"But you must."

"I can't stand the hurt."

"Hurt?" Now, then, I'll have one pulled just to show you that it doesn't hurt."

He took a seat, leaned back, and opened his mouth, and the dentist seemed to be selecting a tooth to seize with his forceps, when the girl protested:

"Hold on! The test is sufficient. He has proved his devotion. Get out, Harry, and I'll have it pulled."

She took the chair, had the tooth drawn without a groan, and as she went out she was saying to the young man:

"Now, I can believe you when you declare that you would die for me."

And yet every tooth in his head was false. —*Detroit Free Press.*

A STEAMSHIP'S PROVISIONS.—The food consumed on one of the large steamships from New York to Liverpool was as follows: Nine thousand five hundred pounds of beef, 4000 pounds of mutton, 900 pounds of lamb, 256 pounds of veal, 150 pounds of pork, 140 pounds of pickled legs of pork, 600 pounds of corned tongues, 700 pounds of corned beef, 2000 pounds of fresh fish, 20 pounds of calves' feet, 18 pounds of calves' heads, 450 fowels, 240 spring chickens, 120 ducks, 50 turkeys, 50 geese, 600 squabs, 300 tins of sardines, 300 plovers, 175 pounds of sausages, 1200 pounds of ham, 500 pounds of bacon, 10,000 eggs, 2000 quarts of milk, 700 pounds of butter, 410 pounds of coffee, 87 pounds of tea, 900 pounds of sugar, 100 pounds of rice, 200 pounds of barley, 100 jars of jam and jelly, 50 bottles of pickles, 50 bottles of sauce, 20 barrels of apples, 14 boxes of lemons, 18 boxes of oranges, six tons of potatoes, 24 barrels of flour.

Riding along the country highways one often sees many very comical signs, placed in conspicuous places, forbidding trespassing. The following is a sample: "Any person ketched on these grounds, or cows, or wimmin will be liable two fine itself in a skrape."—*Gainesville, Fla., Advocate.*

Together.

Babes that on a morn of May,
Laughing, in the sunshine play;
Babes to whom the longest day
Seems to fly!
Babes to whom all things are toys,
Like a sweet that never cloys,
Home a fount of simple joys,
Never dry.
Babes so bright, so blest, so fair,
With dimpled cheeks and golden hair;
Can they be that happy pair!—
You and I?

Babes no longer, now they stray,
Girl and boy, beside the bay,
On a sunshine holiday—
Fond, but shy.
Smiles are many, words are few,
Hearts are light, when life is new
And eyes are bluer than the blue
Of the sky.
Laughing schoolboy brave and free,
Little maiden fair to see
Gath'ring seaweed—can they be
You and I?

Boy and girl are man and wife;
Hand in hand they walked for life;
Peace and joy be theirs, and strife
Come not nigh!
Wand'rers by the eternal deep
Whose snores are time, so may they keep
Together, and together sleep
By-and-by!
Sleep in death when day is done,
Wake to like beyond the sun;
One on earth, in Heaven one—
You and I!

—*All the Year Round.*

MY DARLING.

Two gentlemen, friends who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city thoroughfare. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight he said:

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, 2 o'clock, sharp. I'm anxious for you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer tenderly, "a daughter. She's a darling, I assure you."

And they parted; the stranger in the city getting into the horse car bound for the park, whither he desired to go.

After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car; they are all young and evidently belonged to families of wealth and culture—that is, intellectual culture—as they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket; each was attired in a very becoming spring suit. Doubtless they were too going to the park for a spring picnic. They seemed very happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and upon their faces there were looks of distress mingled with some expectancy. Were they, too, on their way to the park? The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain:

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too."

"I shouldn't want to leave my door if I had to look like that. Would you?" this from another girl.

"No, indeed! But there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this conversation went on in a low tone, but the gentleman had heard it. Had the child too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears glistening in the eyes. Then he looked at the group of finely dressed girls, who had moved as far away from the plebian as the limits of the car would allow. He was angry. He longed to tell them that they were vain and heartless as they drew their costly trappings closer about them, as if fearful of contact with poverty's children.

Just then the exclamation, "Why, there is Nettie! Wonder where she is going!" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced girl stood beckoning to the car driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in their exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Whom are they for?" questioned another.

"I'm on my way to Bell Clark's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answerd both questions at once, and then glanced toward the door of the car, she saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then forgetting that she, too, wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little ones. She laid one hand caressingly on the boy's thin cheeks and asked interestedly of his sister:

"The little boy is sick, is he not? and he is your brother, I am sure, he clings so to you."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss; he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss; he is my brother. We're goin' to the park to see if 'twon't make Freddie better"

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a voice meant for no no one's ears except those of the child addressed. "I feel sure it will do him good. It is lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a drive."

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss, may be we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies purpose so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess maybe Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the beautiful park."

Were there tears in the lovely eyes as she listened? Yes, there certainly were; and very soon she asked the girl where she lived and wrote the address down in a tablet, which she took from a beaded bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks, the pretty girl left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths was clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a precious package, from which he helped himself, now and then, saying in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all—every one—when we get to the park. What made her so good and sweet to us? She did not call us ragamuffins, and wasn't afraid to have her dress touch ours; and she called me a dear, she did. What made her?" and Sne whispered back:

"I guess its because she's beautiful as well as her clothes—beautiful inside, you know." The gentleman's ears served him well. He heard Sne's whisper, and thought:

"Yes, the child is right. The lovely girl is 'beautiful inside'—beautiful in spirit. She is one of the Lord's own, developing in Christian growth. Bless her!"

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out with laughter and merry talk. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car, across the road into the green, sweet-smelling park, the sister, with a heart full of gratitude following. It was he who paid for a nice ride for them in the goat carriage; he also treated them to an oyster soup at the park restaurant.

Upon his return to the city he was surprised and gratified to see in the car the kindly young girl who had so tenderly remembered the "least of these." Again he saw her light shine—only a cheery word or two to a poor, trembling old woman, an orange to a fretful, teething child who was torturing his mother and every one else in the car until the orange soothed his hot gums and turbulent spirits—only these little tender services, and yet, how plainly they stamped him as her master's own."

At 2 o'clock sharp the next day the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again."

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly, introducing a comely lady, "and this," as a young lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter Nettie."

"Ah!" thought the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I met yesterday in the street car. I don't wonder that her father calls her a little darling. She is a darling and no mistake."—*Forward.*

ALGERNON McSTAB'S REVENGE.

"Ha! You refuse me, do you, Miss Hamtagg?"

The man who asked this question had passed the first flush of youth. He was no longer, properly speaking, a young man. Yet he was well preserved. He had not reached the age at which it seemed expedient for him to part his hair above his ear and plaster a thin layer thereof over the top of his head. He had thrown aside the walking stick of young manhood, but had not assumed the cane of middle age.

It is well to speak of these facts, for they are necessary to the full understanding of this painful history.

Moreover, they cost nothing extra.

"I do, Mr. McStab," said the young lady, coldly.

"Then listen to me, Rachael Flickergy Hamtagg," he hissed. "I swear you shall bitterly repent it!"

Wild whistled the bleak wind. Dismally moaned the huge elm tree that rasped and scratched itself against the cruel edges of the shingles on the cornice. Shrilly shrieked the weathercock on the barn roof for a drop of oil, and grewsomely moaned Algernon Fitz-Thompson McStab as he stole forth in the dead of night, made his way cautiously by a circuitous route to the ancestral smoke house in the back yard, and went inside.

"I'll show her!" he muttered between his teeth.

From beneath his coat he drew a compact bundle of letters, cut the string that bound them together, struck a match, made a bonfire of the collection, and watched them slowly consume to ashes, while the crazy building shook as if with indignation and the wind sighed hoarsely, like one in sympathy with the wretched, but wrathful man.

He was burning the letters he had written in happier days to Rachael Hamtagg. She had returned them to him scornfully.

* * * * * * * *

"This is so sudden," said the widow, blushingly, "and so unexpected. I—I thought your visits to our house were for the purpose of seeing my daughter."

"She is too young," replied the visitor decidedly. I told her so last evening. We parted in a friendly spirit, but I gave her to understand as delicately as I could that I should not call to see her any more. This is sudden, it is true, but I trust none the less agreeable on that account. May I not venture to hope?"

Why, sir, I——"

* * * * * * * *

"And now, my dear," he said at the end of a happy half hour, as he gently lifted her head from his shoulder, "I should like to see your—or, perhaps I ought now to say our—daughter, to tell her of this happy event."

"Shall I call her?"

"If you please, my dear."

"Rachael," said Algernon Fitz-Thompson McStab, pleasantly, "you will be glad to know, I dare say, that I am to be your father. That is all we wished to say to her, her, was it not, my love? You may go, Rachael. Please close the door, my child, as you go out."—*Chicago Tribune.*

DON'T WRITE SO MUCH.

A habit very common with a number of our thoughtless young ladies who do a great many things quietly which they would not like to have known of at home, a habit deserving of the strongest condemnation, is that of promiscuous correspondence with gentlemen, whether the gentlemen be married or single, says *Harper's Bazar*. The young ladies who find pleasnre in this habit use their pens on any pretext that turns up and sometimes on no pretext at all. We are not really sure that this does not come less under the head of an undesirable habit than a sin; for there is an indelicacy about it quite amounting to immodesty, of which no girl who respects herself or who desires the respect of others will be guilty.

These young letter writers, however, generally get a fit reward for their thoughtlessness or their culpability. If their correspondent be a man of systematic habits, their letters are docketed and ticketed, and his clerks have as much of a laugh over them as they wish; and if he be not a systematic man, then those letters are at the mercy of any and every one who chooses to waste time in reading them. If their correspondent be a married man, then his possession of their letters, even of the most trivial kind, places the writers at a disadvantage. Sooner or later the letters fall into the hands of his wife, who reads the folly or the wickedness with clear eyes and holds the writer not only in contempt, but in her power. No young girl can be sure that her correspondent is not merely amusing himself with her; and it is often the case that her letters are unwelcome and a nuisance, and he does not check them and does reply to them, not from interest in her, but merely manly chivalry. When the writer has recovered from her folly or forgotten about her idleness, there is the letter, ready to rise like an awful, betraying ghst, after she herself has possibly undergone a change, that will make her face burn, branded with shame, should the letter ever chance to confront her, or perhaps even the memory of it. Her motive may have been all innocence at the time, but it is left forever under doubt; and in fact, except in the baldest business affair, there can be no excuse and therefore no innocence in the matter of a young girl's writting letters to any man not her personal relative or guardian. For about most of these letters there is an unmaidenliness almost amounting to indecency and in the end her correspondent himself never thinks other than light of her on account of them,

The time required for a journey around the earth by a man walking day and night without resting, would be 428 days; an express train, 40 days; sound, at a medium temperatnre, 32½ hours; a cannon ball, 21½ hours; light, a little more than one tenth of a second; and electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little less than one tenth of a second.

ALL WENT TO PROFIT.

One day last fall a German grocer, who was doing business in a small town about 20 miles from Pittsburg, sent word to a jobber in the city that he had failed, and could only pay 50 cents on the dollar of his idebtedness, says the New York *Sun*. A man was at once dispatched to the scene. He found the store shut up, with a notice of: "I Vhas Failed For 2 Weeks," on the door, but the grocer was easily to be found.

"Well, Mr. Schmidt, how is this?" was asked.

"Poor trade und bad collections."

"We didn't think it as bad as this. Let's look over the books a little."

In the course of half an hour the agent began to smell a rat, and he finally made discoveries which caused him to exclaim:

"Mr. Schmidt, you haven't failed at all!"

"No! How vhas dot?"

"Why, you owe only $800, and here you have a stock valued at $5000 and over $2000 cash in the bank"

"Yes, but doan' you see dot sign on der door, und doan' I close oop my place?"

"That's nothing to do with it. Why, instead of 50 cents on the dollar you can pay 125."

"Dunder! but vhas dot so? Dot shows how much my poy Shake knows. He says we can fail und make two thousand dollar. Let me call him."

He went to the front door and called the young man off his roost on a salt barrel and explained the matter to him, and added:

"Und now how vhas she? I left it mit you, und you said it vhas all right."

"Vhell, you see, fadder, I vhas going to sharge up dot $2000 to profit und loss, but I was excited und put it all down to profit."

"Und we doan' fail?"

"Not now,"

"Und we continues peesness?"

"Yes."

"Vhell, you take down dot sign und open der plinds und I pays Mr. White 125 cents on der dollar. Dot vhas a h—ll of a way to fail, und if you know vhat vhas good for you, you vhill keep avhay from me until I vhas cooled off!"

THE CHILD'S VISION.

They sat together on the warm, sparkling sand, the mother and the child. The tiny, golden head lay nestled against the protecting breast, the wan face lit by the evening sun; the eyes were closed, and a smile parted the bloodless lips. The maiden slept.

The mother watched beside her sleeping child—and she scarce more than child herself—murmured a mother's prayer, "Lord Jesus, save my little girl." Again and again she repeated it, "Save my little girl."

Softly she drew the threadbare tartan shawl round the slender frame. Gentle as was the motion it roused the sleeper. The great blue eyes opened.

"Did I wake ye, Jeannie?"

"No, no, mither, ye didna wake me; I woke my ainself. I had a bonnie, dream, mither."

"Ay, dearie; what was it?"

"Afore I went to sleep I was watchin' the ships wi' their white sails flittin' ow're the the water, an' I wondered whar they were 'a gaun. I looked, an' looked, an' looked, an' then I thought I was in a wee boatie, wi' white sails, too, mither. They said it was gaun to heav'n. The sky was black owre my head an' great waves tossed my boatie to and fro. But far away the sun was glintin' on the water, an' there were steps of gowd gaun up, up, up. They said that was the way to heav'n. Is it so, mither!" Are ye list'nin'?"

"Aye, aye, Jeannie. I'm list'nin' to ye."

"I sailed for a lang, lang time. I came nearer an' nearer the steps. I was a'most there, mither. They said: 'Gae, Jeannie, an' ye'll no' be tired ony mair.' I was gaun, but they said again: 'No, Jeannie, the next time.' Wasn't no a bonnie dream, mither?"

"My wee lamb." The mother pressed the frail form to her. The golden head sank again drowsily—

"The next time."

The sun set in crimson glory over the sands and sea; heavy purple night clouds overshadowed the earth. Ere the glory faded the little maiden was far away on her journey up the golden stairs. Still the mother watched and prayed: "Lord Jesus, save my little girl."—*From the Scottish American.*

A HERO'S WEAKNESS.

The Detroit *Tribune* tells that a woman recently approached Gen. Sherman in a railroad car, pulling at his coat asked: "Is this Gen. Sherman?" "Yes, madam." "Gen. Sherman, I felt that I must see you. I wanted to look at you and talk with you. I had three brothers in your army of the fifteenth corps. Two of them will never come back again." The general straightened up in a minute and his eyes got a little moist. He would have done anything for her after that. Three brothers in his company and two killed! He sat there and talked with her with such courtly dignity that, encouraged, a crowd of woman and girls, the companions of the sister of the three soldiers, crowded into the car. No one would have suspected that his nap had been spoiled. The woman who had awakened him was young and by no means unattractive in appearance. Her color deepened as the train prepared to pull ont.

"General, is it—is it—true," she asked, hesitatingly, "what they say about your kissing the women wherever you go?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"Well, why do you do it? Does it please them?"

"I don't know whether it does or not. Some of them say it does."

"General, can I—can I"—then she stopped. "Can I do it?" she finally blurted out.

The general was on his feet in an instant, and, reaching up, she gave him a good smack.

One Question Settled Right on that Spot.—Young Mrs. Gotrox (at her first breakfast with her elderly 'catch')—"You eat with your knife, don't you, John, dear?" Old Mr. Gotrox (noticing his opportunity, and with severity and dignity)—"No, madam, I do not. I eat with my mouth. I frequently convey food from my plate to my facial aperture with my knife, but I do my own eating with my own exclusive mouth, and until further notice I will myself furnish all the instructions respecting the method to be employed."—*Puck.*

A little Brooklyn girl returned home from Sunday-school in a state of mind, because she had heard there that Jesus was a Jew. She appealed to her mother for a confirmation of the report. "Yes, my dear, Jesus, was a Jew," said her mother. "Well, mamma, he was the son of God, was he not?" "Yes, my dear." "Well," said the little one, "I don't see how it ever happened that Jesus was a Jew, when God himself is a presbyterian."—*Boston Advertiser.*

Business manager—"Brown writes us to stop his subscribtion to the paper."

Editor—"Dear me, that's bad!"

Business manager—"Well, what are you looking so blue about? I suppose we can get along without Brown."

Editor—"Oh, yes; but I was just thinking how hard it would be on Smith. He was absolutely dependent on that paper."—*Life.*

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Columbia Safety,	$135 00
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DR. ELMER E. HILL,

DENTIST,

HATCH'S BLOCK, PALMER, MASS.

Where Is Your Boy To-Night?

Life is teeming with evil snares,
The gates of sin are wide,
The rosy fingers of pleasure wave
And beckon the young inside.
Man of the world with open purse,
Seeking your own delight,
Pause, ere reason is wholly gone—
Where is your boy to-night?

Sirens are singing on every hand,
Luring the ear of youth;
Gilded falsehood, with silver notes,
Drowneth the voice of truth,
Dainty lady in costly robes,
Your parlors gleam with light,
Fate and beauty your senses steep—
Where is your boy to-night?

Tempting whispers of royal spoil
Flatter the youthful soul,
Eagerly entering into life,
Restive of all control.
Needs are many, and duties stern,
Crowd on the weary sight;
Father, buried in business cares,
Where is your boy to-night?

Pitfalls lurk in the flowery way,
Vice has a golden gate,
Who shall guide the unwary feet
Into the highway straight?
Patient worker, with willing hand,
Keeping the home hearth bright,
Tired mother, with tender eyes,
Where is your boy to-night?

Turn his feet from the evil paths
Ere they have entered in;
Keep him unspotted while yet he may,
Earth is so stained with sin.
Ere he has learned to follow wrong,
Teach him to love the right:
Watch, ere watching is wholly vain—
Where is your boy to-night?

"HANG THE BABY."

"Then you won't go, Alice?"

"No, Herbert—I am sorry—but the baby!"

"Oh, hang the baby!" and Herbert flung out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Alice stood looking at the door, growing whiter and whiter. Then she gave a heart-breaking cry, fell on her knees by the cradle, and hid her face in her hands, sobbing bitterly.

She had looked forward so long to going to this particular party. It was given by Mrs. Mountjoy, a leaders in society, and all who were eminent in politics, diplomacy or literature, as well as distinguished in the fashionable world were sure to be there. She had been kept at home so much since the baby had been born that she really felt the need of a little variety and relaxation. But baby had been threatened with croup the week before, and the fond mother had not yet recovered from her fright. Baby, she admitted, was now better, but not fit, she declared, to be left at least with only the nurse to look after her. Nurses are so careless, everybody had told her, even the best of them. So she felt it her duty to give up the party. She had not asked Herbert to give it up also, and even said there was no reason why he should stay at home; but still in her heart of hearts she hoped he would.

"He said, hang the baby; yes! he did, darling," she murmured, with indignant emphasis, as she bent over the little unconscious sleeper. "It was your papa who said that, and he has gone to a brilliant party with such thoughts of his wife and child! Did you come, dearest, to estrange us from each other?"

This awful idea called for bitter sighs.

Herbert had said such beautiful things in her trusting young maidenhood. Never should their lives run in separate channels, as those of some married people of their acquaintance did—never a joy accepted that did not make them one—never a barrier should come between them. And now to think that this wee babe, with its golden curls, this beautiful little helpless creature, should part them as never strong hands could.

She pictured the gay assemblage, and her Herbert dancing with fair young girls, smiling on others, and leaving her to die of heart-break.

Her imagination, always too vivid, viewed him in his triumphs, until her misery took almost the form of madness.

"He didn't want me to go," she said; "he acted as if he didn't, and then he pretended to throw all the blame on dear, helpless baby."

Suddenly she heard the sound of carriage wheels outside; they stopped at the door; the bell rung, and a fairy-like figure stood on the threshold of the room in all the wistfulness of expectancy, with dimpling smiles and laughing eyes.

"Oh, Mabel!" cried Alice, starting to her feet with a glad cry. "This is indeed a surprise. I'm so glad you have come, my darling sister!"

Forthwith ensued a scene of rapturous welcome. Then the baby was exhibited, and one would not have dreamed that a tear had ever stained the cheek of the proud mother. Then the visitor's trunks were ordered to be carried up stairs.

"But where's Herbert? In the study?" said Mabel at last.

All the light went out of her sister's eyes; her hands fell—

"He's out—out, dear."

"Good! Don't be angry because I'm glad, for we can have such a nice little chat. You didn't expect me?"

"Of course I didn't."

"Well, I didn't think of coming, as you know, for a month yet. But I thought it would be so nice to surprise you."

"O! I'm so glad."

"And then Paul is coming," she said, blushing, "next week to stay a month; he has business here; and he wanted me so badly to stay here, too. I declare," she said laughing, "I'll have to marry him soon to get rid of him."

"Oh, Mabel! don't marry him unless you're certain you'll be happy," cried Alice hysterically. "Be sure, first, he won't go to parties and le—ave you a—lone with baby," she sobbed.

"What! Is Herbert at a party?" queried Mabel, quite subdued.

"Yes, he is; and when I told him I could not go on account of baby, he said 'hang the baby!' Yes, you little angel, your own father said those awful words, and then he sl—ammed the door."

"He's a viper!" exclaimed Mabel, with sudden vehemence. "A nice way to treat a wife like you—a baby like that! But why couldn't you leave the baby?"

"Because he was threatened with croup last week."

"But he's well enough now—sleeps deliciously. He'll not wake up all the night, perhaps. And the nurse would have taken good care of him."

"I should have been thinking of fire, and all that."

"Oh, nonsense! You ought to have gone. But Herbert has no right to behave as he did and he must be punished;" and Mabel threw her wraps on the bed, and took her seat by the fire. "It won't do to let him have the upper hand. Ah! I have it. I've thought of a splendid plan. A charming, delightful little plot;" and she clapped her hands in glee.

"O Mabel, what is it?" and Alice slid down at her sister's feet, gazing in her face with expectant smiles. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm not going to do it. I shall stay here and watch baby. You are going to the party."

"Mabel! Impossible!"

"Quite possible. In fact, it must be done. You must let Herbert see that you are as pretty as anybody, and quite as much admired. It is decided. You are to go to the party and play a part. Let me arrange the programme."

"But, Mabel, I haven't a dress prepared—or anything. I gave up going a week ago, you see, when baby was threatened with the croup."

"Pshaw! You shall wear one of mine, one of the most bewitching, bewildering of dresses, bought from my last allowance from Uncle Curtis. Only to see it would throw you into ecstacies. Worth never composed anything more lovely. I want to see it on you. Come, call your maid; I am all impatience. We'll shame our bad husband into good behavior, see if we don't. No irresolution, pretty sister mine. I will stay at home and fancy myself mistress here, and count your pictures, vases and pretty things, and catalogue them so as to make mamma happy with a letter to-morrow. Order John, Jack, Bill, or whoever your coachman is, to get the carriage—if that's impossible, send for a cab."

In less than an hour Mabel led her sister to the great French mirror, and laughingly introduced her to the loveliest and best dressed woman she had almost ever seen.

Alice trembled a little when she found herself actually on the way to Mrs. Mountjoy's; but her sister's urgent will had conquered, and her heart was hardened by Herbert's emphatic expression regarding the baby. She was re-assured, however, by Mrs. Mountjoy's hearty welcome.

"So glad you've come, my dear," she said. "Your husband said he feared baby would keep you at home; but I told him it was all nonsense. You did right to consider the matter."

Herbert, like many handsome society men was a little spoiled and selfish without knowing it. He loved Alice devotedly, but he was not unwilling to receive the sweet smiles and honeyed words of others; while with a man's inconsistency, he was not desirous that his wife should play the part of a married belle.

It was while he was dancing with one of the most noted and beautiful women of the metropolis, who was more than willing to listen to his nonsense, that Herbert looked up from the face leaning against his shoulder, while the dreamy waltz music "thrilled hearts sensitive to sadness as to joy," encountered the sparkling face of his wife, and saw her arrayed in the freshest and most graceful costume in the room. She was moving quietly along with an escort in uniform.

"Pray don't stumble," said his partner petulantly, for from that moment the graud repose of his manner was gone, and the lady on his arm might have been made of wax or any other ductile material for all he now cared.

"How the dickens came she here?" he muttered to himself, as he led his partner, absently, to a seat, deaf to all her pretty words, blind to her fascinations. "It certainly is Alice—but that dress—the prettiest thing here! and I left her quite determined not to come. I don't understand it. Dancing with that military puppy, Guinnett, too. She knows I hate him."

With these amiable thoughts he laid himself out to gain the attention of his wife, and make her explain.

It was some time before he had a chance, so he was obliged to content himself with following her graceful motions, angry with himself, and with her.

"Alice! can I believe my eyes?" he said, at last, in the pause of the dance.

"I should think you might, rather," was the nonchalant reply.

"Pray, how did you come?"

"Pray, how did you come? I rode. Did you walk?"

"Well, but—"

"Excuse me. I'm engaged four deep already;" and Herbert was forced to move aside as a pompous acquaintance claimed her hand.

"I'd like to knock that fellow down," he muttered, angry in earnest.

Another pause and another tete-a-tete. No satisfaction given. Herbert had hardly the grace to redeem his dancing engagements.

"About the baby, Alice?" he asked anxiously.

She put her rosy lips to his ear, and in a subdued voice exclaimed:

"Hang the baby!"

Herbert started and changed color. To be sure he had used the same language; but from her it was to exasperating. How he got through the evening he could hardly tell. When, at last, they were together in the carriage, driving home, there might have been an open rupture, but for the determined calmness of Alice, who took everything as a matter of course.

One glance in the beautiful nursery unsealed his eyes. There by the fire sat Mabel in all the abandon of a neglected toilet, her luxuriant tresses falling in glossy freedom over her shoulders, while the little fellow on her lap clutching at one long, shining curl, crowed and laughed as well as he could for "auntie's" smothering kisses.

A sudden revulsion of feeling came over the father's heart at sight of this sweet home picture.

"Aha! I know who contrived this plot," he said. "But I am glad to see you, Mabel, nevertheless."

"Wasn't she the belle of the ball?" asked Mabel, saucily.

"There's no doubt of that. At any rate I didn't get a chance to dance with her."

"Of course. Who ever heard in society of dancing with one's wife?" she said, sarcastically. "I see that she followed my directions implicitly. You must learn, sir, that a house divided against itself cannot stand—that, is if one-half is flirting at a party, and the other half at home crying her eyes out."

"Oh, Alice—were you really?"

"I should think she was. I can assure you that I myself saw half the house dissolved in tears and so wretched that—"

"Mabel, hush!" said Alice imploringly.

"Traitor, do you turn on me!" exclaimed Mabel with mock displeasure.

"My child," she went on, tossing the crowing cherub, "tell your selfish papa that he also had some obligations, and that if you had known you were to be the bone of contention in this family you'd have stayed in the garden of angels where you were wanted."

Herbert was strongly affected by this audacious outburst, but it had the effect of leading him to see his duty in a new light. It taught him to reflect; opened his eyes to his selfishness; and made him, from that evening, a better and more considerate husband.

Six moths from that time Alice was dressed for a party, But this time the party was given at her own house, and in honor of Mabel's marriage. Even the bride did not look lovelier, for nothing now occurred to mar Alice's happiness; and happiness, after all, is the best preservative of beauty.

"Ah, how charming you look," whispered Mabel, with an arch glance, as they passed each other in the dance. "Prettier even, and it is saying a great deal, than when I cured your husband, by sending you to Mrs. Mountjoy's party."

STRANGE FOODS.

The old saying that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison" is realized in the opposite tastes of people. The Turks shudder at the thought of eating oysters. The Digger Indians of the Pacific Coast rejoiced in the great locust swarms of 1875 as a dispensation of the Great Spirit, and laid in a store of dried locust powder sufficient to last them for several years. The French will eat frogs, snails and the diseased livers of geese, but draw the line at alligators. Buckland declares the taste of boa constrictors to be good and much like veal. Quass, the fermented cabbage water of the Russian, is their popular tipple. It is described as resembling a mixture of stale fish and soapsuds in taste, yet, next to beer, it has more votaries than any other fermented beverage. A tallow candle washed down with quass forms a meal that it would be hard to be thankful for.

In Canton and other Chinese cities rats are sold at the rate of fifty cents a dozen, and hindquarters of dogs are hung up in the butchers shop alongside of lamb, but command a higher price. The edible birds' nests of the Chinese are worth twice their weight in silver, the finest varieties selling for as much as $30 a pound. The negroes of the West Indies eat baked snakes and plain worms fried in fat, but they cannot be induced to eat stewed rabbits. In Mexico parrots are eaten, but they are rather tough. The Guachos of the Argentine Republic are in the habit of hunting skunks for the sake of their flesh. The octopus, or the dveil fish, when boiled and then roasted, is eaten in Corsica and esteemed a great delicacy. In the Pacific Islands and West Indies lizards' eggs are eaten with great gusto.

The natives of the Antilles eat alligator eggs, and the eggs of the turtle are popular everywhere, though up to the commencement of the last century turtle was only eaten by the poor of Jamaica. Ants are eaten by various nations. In Brazil they are served with a resinous sauce, and in Africa they are stewed in grease or butter. The East Indians catch them in pits and carefully wash them in handfuls like raisins. In Siam a curry of ant eggs is a costly luxury. The Cinglese eat the bees after robbing them of their honey. Caterpillars and spiders are dainties to the African bushman. After they have wound the silk from the cocoon, the Chinese eat the chrysalis of the silkworm. Spiders roasted are a sort of dessert with the New Caledonians.—*Foote's Journal.*

A DETECTIVE'S RIDE.

Chief Drummond of the secret service department of the United States Treasury has his headquarters in the post office building, and is one of the most ubiquitous detectives in Gotham. His business is arresting counterfeiters, and keeping generally posted on the subject of counterfeits. He knows in an instant a spurious coin, and any smaller than $1 he destroys by placing the piece between his massive jaws and breaking it. The other day he had a curious adventure. He was going up town in a surface car and handed the conductor $1. When the change came back the sharp eyes of the detective discovered a counterfeit dime. He placed the coin between his teeth, broke it, and handed the pieces back to the conductor. The conductor became angry and began to upbraid the chief for mutilating the spurious coin.

It then occurred to the detective that perhaps the conductor was "shoving the queer," so he asked him if he had any more bogus coins. The reply was that it was none of his business. Then followed a little scene. The chief said in a commanding way: "Show me all the money you have on your person." The conductor evidently suspected something, and showed all his money, pulling his pockets wrong side out.

An Israelite seated next to the chief said he "vonld be tunder und blitzened if dot man lived who vould make him turn his pockets." He then told the detective what bad luck he had in passing a counterfeit dollar. He said he kept a store on the east side, and every day he offered that dollar to a customer, but it never left the counter before it was discovered and handed back to him. His brother-in-law, who also kept a store, had better luck, so whenever he was taken in with counterfeit money he sold it at a discount to his brother-in-law.

"If you have any of those counterfeit coins on your person now I will send you to state prison," coolly remarked the detective.

"Vot you take me for, a fiat?"

"I'll take you for my prisoner, if you say you have spurious coin on you that you intend to pass."

The detective threw back his coat, displaying his large shield.

"I vas a liar! I vas a liar!" cried the Israelite, as he got up hastily and fled from the car, amid roars of laughter from the passengers.

A little girl had been absent with her parents at a camp meeting for two weeks. On her return her little playmate, Ella Day, entertained her by showing her new playthings. At night little Mary, in saying her prayers, said: "O Lord, bless Ella Day, and make her a good girl, so I can take all her playthings away and she wan't want them back again."—*Troy Times.*

The True Wife.

There's a voice far sweeter than the chiming of bells,
A voice full of music as upward it swells;
Its echoes resound in the pavilions of souls
As soothing, and lulling, rebounding it rolls
Its chariot of love through the bright dreamland sphere,
And we know she who guides it is still with us here;
In joy or in sorrow she still is the same,
And her husband and children will reverence her name.
The bright-setting sun still crimsons the west
With a mantle of gold, as returning to rest
The partner of her bosom she greets at the gate
With a sweet hallowed kiss, for love conquers hate.
From life's toils and cares how sweet to repose
With those that we love, secure from all foes;
And the angels of God will bless the true wife
With bright, fadeless laurels, 'mid the cares of this life.

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A LESSON IN COOKING.

Miss Cicely Jones is just home from boarding school, and engaged to be married, and as she knows nothing about cooking or house-work, is going to take a few lessons in culinary art to fit her for the new station in life which she is expected to adorn with housewifely grace. She certainly makes a charming picture as she stands in the kitchen door, draped in a chiutz aporn, prettily trimmed with bows of ribbon, her bangs hidden under a Dolly Varden cap, and her dimpled white hands encased in old kid gloves, while she sways to and fro on her dainty French kid heels like some graceful, wind-blown flower.

"Mamma," she lisped prettily, "please introduce me to your assistant."

Whereupon mamma says, "Bridget, this is your young lady, Miss Cicely, who wants to learn the name and use of everything in the kitchen, and how to make cocoanut rusks and angels' food, before she goes to housekeeping for herself."

Bridget gives a snort of disfavor, but, as she looks at the young lady, relents, and says, "I'll throy."

"And now, Bridget dear," says Miss Cicely, when they were alone, "tell me everything. You see I don't know anything except what they did at school, and isn't this old kitchen lovely? What makes the ceiling such a beautiful bronze color, Bridget?"

"Shmoke," answered Bridget, shortly, "and me ohl eyes are put out with the same."

"Shmoke—I must remember that; and Bridget, what are those shiny things on the wall?"

"Kivers—tin knivers for the pots and kittles."

"Kivers?—oh, yes, I must look for the derivation of that word. Bridget, what are those things in that basket?"

"Praties! (For the Lord's sake, where hez ye lived niver to hear of praties?) Why, they're the principal mate of Ireland, where I kim from."

"Oh, but we have corrupted the name into potatoes; such a shame not to keep the idiom of a language. Bridget—do you mind if I call you Biddie?—it is more euphonious, and modernizes the old classic appellation. What is this liquid in the pan here?"

"Och, murther! Where wuz ye raised? That's millik, fresh from the cow."

"Mi-l-l-ick, that is the varnacular, I suppose, of milk, and that thick, yellow roating."

"Is crame. (Lord! such ignorance!)"

"Crame! now Biddie dear, I must get to work. I'm going to make a cake all out of my own head for Henry—he's my lover, Biddie—to eat when he comes to-night."

Bridget, aside—"It's dead he is sure then if he ates it!"

"I've got it all down here, Biddie, on my tablet: A pound of butter, 20 eggs, 2 pounds sugar, salt to your taste. No, that's a mistake. Oh, here it is. Now, Biddie, the eggs first. It says to beat them well; but won't that break the shells?"

"Well, I'd break them this time if I was you, Miss Cicely; and they might not set well on Mr. Henry's stummach if ye didn't," said Bridget, pleasantly.

"Oh, I suppose the shells are used separately. There! I've broken all the eggs into the flour. I don't think I'll use the shells, Biddie; give them to some poor people. Now what next? Oh, I'm so tired! Isn't housework dreadful hard? But I'm glad I've learned to make cake. Now what shall I do next, Biddie?"

"Excuse me, Miss Cicely, but ye moight give it to the pigs. It's meself can't see any other use for it," said Bridget crustily.

"Pigs! Oh, Biddie! you don't mean to say that you have some dear, cunning little white pigs! Oh, do bring the little darlings in and let me feed them. I'm just dying to have one for a pet. I saw some Canton flannel ones once at a fair, and they were too awfully sweet for anything."

Just then the bell rang, and Bridget returned to announce Mr. Henry, and Cicely told Bridget she would take another lesson the next day; and then she went up stairs in her chiatz apron and mob cap, with a little dab of flour on her tip-lifted nose, and told Henry she was learning to cook; and he told her she must not get over-heated or worried out, for he didn't care whether she could cook or not; he should never want to eat when he could talk to her, and it was only sordid souls that cared for cooking.

And meanwhile poor Bridget was just slamming things in the kitchen and talking to herself in her own sweet idiom about "idgits turning things upside down for her inconvanencing."—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN AUTHOR'S GREAT HEAD. First Literary Man—"Did you hear what a strike De Quille made with his last novel?"

Second Literary Man—"No; what was it?"

First Literary Man—"You know De Quille is quite a ladies' man. He knew that he would be expected to dedicate his book to somebody, and he did not want to offend the rest of his fair friends by singling out any one. One day a happy thought came to him. He dedicated his book:

TO HER

To whose bright inspiration whatever merit this story may possess is due, it is respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

Then he sent a presentation copy to every lady that he knew. Each one thought that the dedication was meant for her, and De Quille has been living in clover ever since.—*Somerville Journal.*

In the police court—Justice—"Well, sir, what brought you here?" Prisoner—"Dem two policemen, sah." "Did liquor have anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah; dey was bofe drunk."—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 23, 1890.

JOHN G. CARLISLE of Kentucky, for a long time one of the ablest and most prominent Democrats in the House of Representatives, has been promoted to the Senate, to succeed the late James B. Beck.

AT a special election held Tuesday in the third congressional district of Pennsylvania, Richard Vaux, a prominent Democratic lawyer in Philadelphia, was chosen to succeed the late Samuel J. Randall, in the National House of Representatives, with very little opposition. Mr. Vaux is 71 years of age.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND and Editor Dana of the New York *Sun* are not at present exchanging compliments to any great extent. There is reason to believe that at some time they enjoyed a very intimate acquaintance, and what they then learned about each other they seem quite inclined to give the public the benefit of.

THE McKinley bill has finally passed the House of Representatives in substantially the form in which it was reported from the committee. It will now go to the Senate, and we shall soon know whether it is to be literally "chawed up," as has been predicted, or whether, on the contrary, the Republican majority will support it as a party measure with the same unanimity it was able to command in its progress through the lower branch.

HORACE G. WADLIN, the Massachusetts supervisor of the United States census, announced on Thursday the names of the men and women who are to be commissioned as enumeratives. The whole number is 1267, and those who are strongly impressed with the idea that their business is the business of nobody else will become painfully conscious that trouble has begun about June 2d.

THE May criminal term of the superior court at Springfield was finally adjourned last Wednesday. No important cases were disposed of during the session, the indictment against John Bessette of Indian Orchard, for the murder of his wife, having been certified to the supreme court. The term was held by Judge Robert R. Bishop of Newton, and was the occasion of his first judicial visit to Hampden county.

THE supreme court of the United States has affirmed the dicision of the Utah court in favor of the constitutionality of the Edmunds law by the provisions of which the Mormon church corporation was dissolved, its charter annulled, and the title to about $750,000 worth of its property was vested in the general government. The judges were divided in their opinions, but a majority of the court held that Congress had not exceeded its powers in passing so sweeping a law, and that the proceedings for its enforcement were not a violation of any constitutional rights. This decision destroys the last hope of the Mormon church, and removes the darkest stain which the nation has suffered to exist since the days when human slavery was tolerated under the sanction of law.

GOV. BRACKETT has this week appointed Geo. E. Aldrich of Quincy on the board of education, John M. Raymond of Salem on the board of health, and Mrs. A. B. Richardson of Lowell and Dr. R. L. Hodgdon of Arlington on the board of lunacy and charity. Insurance Commissioner Merrill is given another three-years' term in spite of the strong opposition of several leading insurance companies and a number of prominent citizens of the state, including ex-Gov. Long. This new lease of power will give Commissioner Merrill an opportunity to expand his many qualifications for the office by substituting a judicial temper for the unseemly impulsiveness he has at times displayed, and by correcting some of the other faults which have been urged against him with so much apparent force.

IN suppressing the public bars, and forcing liquor sellers to carry on their business in accordance with the requirements of law, the police commissioners of Boston have set an example which ought to be followed in every city and town in the commonwealth where licenses are granted. A place where liquors are indiscriminately sold, without regard to the wholesome provisions by which sales are intended to be regulated, is something which no community can afford to tolerate, and the fact that the seller has paid a large price for the license under which he claims protection, furnishes no excuse for the daily violation of its conditions. If those who honestly believe in more stringent legislation would interest themselves in the enforcement of the present law, they would do vastly more to advance the cause of temperance than by any amount of zealous discussion as to the comparative merits of local option and absolute prohibition.

IT is positively announced that Secretary Henry B. Pierce has no ambition to invoke God's blessing on the commonwealth for a longer period than his predecessor in office, and that consequently it is his purpose to retire at the end of his present term. Capt. Pierce was first elected in 1876, and has since discharged the duties of the office in a most acceptable manner, until within the last one or two years, during which private business has more or less diverted his attention in other directions. Oliver Warner, whom he succeeded, held the office for eighteen years, but this was a much longer term of service than that of any previous incumbent. The state is full of young men who would grace the position, and worthily wear its honors, but it will be a piece of good fortune if one is secured who will prove as capable and efficient in the discharge of his duties as has been the able and faithful official who is about to retire.

THE happiness of Springfield is at last assured. The contest has been an earnest one, with hardly a parallel since the desperate encounter between the valiant Don Quixote and the unoffending windmills. The city wanted a change, the railroads wanted a change and a change was likewise favored by the commissioners, but there was the law, stern, rigid and inflexible, frowning in opposition. To remove this legal obstacle the cultured taste of the city was taxed to its utmost. The genius of man and the instincts of the beast were alike invoked to aid in the favorable solution of the perplexing problem. The fact was finally revealed that it was not the law but an unfortunate decree with which the city had so long been forced to contend. This changed and her trouble was at an end. Joy now fills her cup to overflowing. A new idol claims possession of her heart. The faultless figure of Miles Morgan is no longer looked upon as her masterpiece. The bronze statue in Stearns park is not the marvel of moulded art she has hitherto been wont to regard it. The morning sun still gilds her church spires, and tinges with golden light the bosom of her beautiful river, but his last rays will delight most to linger and play on the graceful outlines of her five-foot parapet!

LOCAL NOTICES.

Money loaned on personal security. S. H. Hellyar.

Sewing Machines, Belts, Oils and Needles at F. M. Eager's.

Are you posted on the low prices of wall papers at E. J. Wood's, Church Street?

The A. & N. cigar is strictly hand-made. It will give you joy. Found only at Stone's.

"Come early and avoid the crush" is the motto at Dwyer & Sullivan's, where Brussels soap (no rosin) is all the rage.

C. W. Robinson is to be commended for his untiring efforts in introducing such a meritorious article as Brussels soap.

"Honor to whom honor is due." To our grocers belongs the honor of introducing the famous Brussels soap (no rosin) in this section.

Milligan shows a nice line of Ladies' Oxfords, Gent's low shoes, Tennis shoes, Base Ball shoes, and many other goods suitable for summer wear, at reasonable prices.

PALMER NEWS.

The wire mill resumed operations Monday morning.

The house recently purchased by John Desmond is moved and on the foundation.

J. W. Weeks is making some interior repairs and improvements at the Weeks House.

W. H. Brainerd and George W. Randall have been appointed census enumerators for Palmer.

Rev. J. F. Albion, pastor-elect, will preach in St. Paul's Universalist church next Sunday.

E. C. Sexton is treating the exterior woodwork of St. Paul's Universalist church to a coat of paint.

Still another post office petition is in circulation—this time to retain the office in its present location.

The schools were all closed to-day to allow the teachers to attend the teachers' convention at Springfield.

As there are quite a number of wheels owned in town it has been suggested that a bicycle club be formed.

If you find any difficulty in locating the post office, it may be because the windows have recently been washed.

"Consin Jonathan Munger of Palmer will fiddle on ye big fiddle" at the old folks' concert at Ware next Tuesday.

Rev. T. C. Martin of Monson will occupy the pulpit of the Baptist church next Sunday morning, in exchange with Rev. A. W. Weeks.

The A. L. Fennessey house in Springfield, bought by W. C. Dewey of this town some time ago, has been re-purchased by Mr. Fennessey.

In noticing the death of O. H. Bidwell in our last issue, we neglected to say that he left one son, who is now a soldier in Fortress Monroe.

Rev. H. W. Pope delivered an address at the Hampshire county Christian Endeavor convention, which was held at Amherst Wednesday.

Round trip tickets to Saratoga for persons attending the American Institute of Instruction, which meets July 5th to the 9th, will be sold for $5.

L. W. Caryl, who was before the superior court, charged with violating his liquor license by selling to a drunken man, was acquitted Tuesday.

Thomas Parker, recently employed by Oliver LaSalle, has gone to Gilbertville to take charge of a barber shop just vacated by parties from Warren.

The case of John Sugrue of Thorndike, who was before the court last Saturday for obtaining goods under false pretenses, was continued till to-morrow.

Dr. John Wilbur, who came home several days ago for a short visit, has returned West to close up some professional engagements. He will come back to Palmer for the summer about the first of June.

Rev. H. W. Pope and wife on Monday last received a very pleasant surprise from their parishioners in the shape of beautiful floral and crystal offerings, it being the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage.

The ladies of the Woman's Relief Corps are busy just now furnishing their room in the soldiers' home at Chelsea. The home has been enlarged to twice its former capacity, and will be dedicated June 7th.

In the foot race on the park Saturday, between William Mason and Fred Darling, the latter was victorious. Mason expects to run at Thorndike in the forenoon on Memorial Day, and in the afternoon in this village.

The Woman's Relief Corps solicit contributions of flowers, evergreens or food at G. A. R. Hall for Memorial Day, the evergreens to be sent in Wednesday and Thursday, flowers Thursday and food Friday forenoon.

A couple of young men and young ladies, all dressed in the costumes of ye olden time, caused much merriment on our streets Wednesday morning. They were advertising an old folks' concert to be held in the Town Hall, Ware, next Tuesday evening.

Good Delaware strawberries are in the market, retailing at 25 cents, although not very plenty yet. Heavy rains injured the Norfolk strawberries so as to make them unfit for use, and it was almost impossible to get a berry the early part of the week.

The Palmer Wire M'f'g. Co. held their annual meeting Wednesday, and the following officers were elected: President, John S. Holden; vice-president, Wm. C. Dewey; treasurer, Henry P. Holden; clerk, W. W. Leach; directors, J. S. Holden, W. C. Dewey, W. W. Leach.

At a regular meeting Monday night, the Father Mathew Temperance society of this village elected the following delegates to attend the quarterly convention of the temperance societies of Hampden county, to be held at Thorndike next Thursday evening: Oliver LaSalle, Charles H. Burns, Michael Grady.

The senior class of Wilbraham academy visited the Shakers at Enfield, Conn., last Tuesday, making the trip in J. W. Weeks' tally-ho coach. A pleasant afternoon was enjoyed in boat riding and inspecting the grounds and buildings of the Shakers. Mr. Weeks takes the junior class to the same place to-day.

The official count at the post office recently, of matter deposited for mailing for one week, shows these figures: Letters, 3326; postals, 984; transient papers, 503; merchandise, 56 pieces; printed matter 44 pieces. The mail agent between Palmer and Brattleboro received during the same time 694 letters, 105 postals and 125 papers.

Owing to the fact that the proposed Masonic and Odd Fellows' building is slow in materializing, an idea may be entertained by some that the project has fallen through. Such, however, is not the case, as different plans have been submitted, from which a selection will at once be made, and work on the building will be commenced at an early date.

Comrades of L. L. Merrick Post are requested to meet at the post room promptly at 6 p. m. next Sunday evening, where conveyance will be ready to take them to Thorndike to attend services at the Congregational church in that village. Rev. C. H. Hanks will preach a sermon appropriate to Memorial Day. Comrades are requested to wear white gloves.

William Morton Fullerton, son of Rev. B. M. Fullerton of Waltham and formerly of Palmer, has been on the editorial staff of the London *Times* since March 1. Mr. Fullerton has contributed articles to several of the leading English magazines, and has just completed a libretto for an operetta by Ernest Ford, which is to be produced at Princess Hall, London, next fall.

The European excursion, of which Elias Brookings of Springfield, Prof. J. H. Pillsbury of Smith College and H. B. Knox of this town are the organizers, now numbers about 55 individuals. About twenty additional outside berths have been secured, and will undoubtedly be filled. There are now booked from Palmer: Rev. H. W. Pope, Mrs. O. P. Allen, Harry C. Newell and H. B. Knox. The party numbered last year 51.

The union temperance concert given in the Congregational church last Sunday evening by the Sunday-school of that church and the schools of the Universalist and Baptist churches, was numerously attended. The arrangements were made by George Robinson, J. B. Shaw and A. E. Fitch, superintendents of the schools represented, and brief addresses were made by Rev. A. W. Weeks, pastor of the Baptist church, and Rev. H. W. Pope.

The special meeting of the fire district, to be held to-morrow afternoon in the district court room, is for the purpose of considering the matter of lighting the streets and extending water pipes. Many taxpayers consider the expense of lighting the streets excessive, but none desire dark streets again. Some plan of lighting will be followed that will be satisfactory. The remote portions of the district should be furnished with water, and but few desire to prevent it.

Mary Howe, Brattleboro's noted singer, with Boston talent to assist her, will give a concert in the Second Congregational church in this village Friday evening, June 20. The entire house will be reserved and seats will sell for $1.00, 75 and 50 cents, and will go on sale at LeGro & Lynde's drug store Monday morning, June 16th, at 9 o'clock. This will undoubtedly be one of the finest musical entertainments Palmer has ever had. A special train will run from Monson.

The title to the lot of land on the corner of Central and Pleasant streets, upon which the memorial and library building is soon to be erected, has this week been transferred to the town. The lot extends 6 rods and 17 links on Central street and 8 rods and 8 links on Pleasant street, and contains 55½ square rods. An effort is being made to secure the small lot lying southeasterly of said tract and adjoining land of Dr. G. H. Wilkins, but the necessary funds have not yet been subscribed.

L. L. Merrick Post, G. A. R., will leave G. A. R. Hall at 8 o'clock on the morning of Memorial Day, and proceed to the cemeteries at Three Rivers, Four Corners, Thorndike (Catholic), and the Depot Village, where the post will decorate the graves of their fallen comrades. After the services at the cemeteries the post with invited guests will proceed to G. A. R. Hall, where a collation will be served by the Woman's Relief Corps, and from there they go to the Congregational church in this village, where the memorial address will be given by Mrs. Eva Cook of Gloucester.

The annual strawberry festival and entertainment Wednesday evening, by the Ladies' Social Union of St. Paul's parish, was a success in every way. The parlor and chapel were crowded to witness the rendering of the old time district school. W. A. Weld was the schoolmaster, who presided over as uneasy a set of boys and girls as ever troubled a pedagogue. The make-up of many of the scholars was very good and the exercises well given. The song, "Twenty Years Ago," by Mr. Royce was especially good, as was also the piano duet by Mrs. W. A. Weld and Miss Leadbetter of New York. Over $90 was cleared by the evening's entertainment.

The Palmer Driving Association met last Monday evening and organized for the season with these officers: H. P. Holden, president; H. D. Converse, vice-president; George W. Ely, secretary and treasurer. This organization voted to join the National Association, and also instructed the secretary to arrange for a trotting meet the latter part of June. In all probability they will unite with the Western Massachusetts Trotting Circuit, which consists of the towns of Holyoke, Easthampton, Turners Falls, Greenfield and Athol, and it is safe to presume that some good trotting may be seen on the park this season.

A new time table went into effect on the Boston and Albany road last Monday, the changes being as follows: Going west, the train formerly leaving Palmer at 10.32 a. m. now leaves at 10.42; the fast western express which formerly left at 5.27 p. m. now goes one minute later, and the 8.57 p. m. Springfield accommodation now leaves at 8.45. Going east the modoc, formerly leaving at 6.46 now leaves at 7.14 a. m.; the governor's train leaves one minute earlier than it used to, at 9.42 a. m.; the express formerly leaving at 2.04 p. m. now leaves at 1.50, and the fast eastern express which left at 8.36 now leaves at 8.46 p. m. The Chicago limited, which formerly left Boston at 7 a. m., now leaves one hour later and arrives at Chicago on the old time, at 9.50 the next morning. To get this train, which does not stop at Palmer, it is necessary to leave here on the 8.09 a.m. train and change at Springfield. The through St. Louis sleeper, which formerly left Palmer at 5:27 p. m., has been transferred to the west bound modoc and shortens up the time between Boston and St. Louis four hours.

Distriet Court.

At the civil term of the court last Saturday a suit of George A. Bills vs. Lewis Smart was entered.

Judgment was rendered for the plaintiffs in the matter of H. G. Rogers *et al*, vs. Eugene Carey, and extention issued.

May 17th—Complaint against John F. Tracy was continued until August 30th.

19th—John M. Riley of Monson, for drunkenness, paid fine and costs amounting to $6.65.

22d—Emory McGregory for same offense paid $5.58.

Sudden Death.

Rozel Sumner Hastings, a life-long resident of this town, dropped dead in his barn of heart disease, about 5 o'clock, Thursday morning. Mr. Hastings was 76 years of age, and has been in feeble health for some time, though his condition has not been such as to cause his friends serious alarm. He has resided in the northerly part of the town for many years, and was one of the prominent farmers of that section. He served as tax collector for several years, and has held other town offices, and was a well-known and highly respected citizen. Mr. Hastings has been married three times, his last wife, who survives him, being the mother of James Fenton, the popular hotel clerk in this village. He also leaves one son, Rozel S. Hastings, Jr. His funeral will be attended at his late residence Sunday, at one o'clock, p. m.

Forepaugh's Big Show.

The Forepaugh and "Wild West" combined shows will exhibit in Palmer, on Holden's lot, Friday, June 13th. Through an arrangement entered into between the proprietors of the leading circuses of the country, the Forepaugh-Wild West aggregation will be the only big tented exhibition that will appear here this season, and this fact, combined with the long-established renown of Adam Forepaugh, will undoubtedly ensure a profitable engagement. The press elsewhere is unanimous in its praise of the "Wild West" department of the show, which, in conjunction with a complete circus and hippodrome performance, is being given with precisely the same accessories as when presented by Mr. Forepaugh 153 consecutive times in New York City. The circus performance embraces many novelties never seen here. The sensations of the season so far have been A. Forepaugh, Jr.'s, forty-horse bareback act and his wonderful trapeze-leaping pony, "Eclipse." The three Parisian gymnasts have also made a big hit.

Base Ball.

St. Thomas' Sunday-school nine defeated the State Primary School nine, 26 to 19, last Saturday.

The Stars were victorious in a five-inning game with the Altar Boys on Holden's lot Wednesday afternoon, the score standing 14 to 6.

The High School nine went to Ware last Saturday and succeeded in shutting out the Juniors of that place in a hard fought seven-inning game, by a score of 4 to 0. The game throughout was full of pretty plays, three doubles being made. Neither side scored for three innings, but by fortunate batting in the fourth, aided by a couple of errors, the Palmers secured two runs, but were shut out in the fifth, scoring again in the sixth and seventh. On account of rain the game was called back to the seventh, after the Palmers had again scored in the first of the eight. A return game will be played to-morrow on the park, and a week from to-morrow the High Schools will meet the Holyoke High Schools at the same place. A good game may be expected both times.

Personal.

T. H. Hitchcock has returned from an extended trip in the south.

S. R. Lawrence was called to New Hampshire last week by the death of his sister.

Mrs. Joseph King and three children have gone to Ocean View, R. I., for the summer.

C. L. Smart of Athol, is the new clerk at LeGro & Lynde's drug store, to succeed W. W. Hall.

Mrs. Pleasant Hunter and son, former residents, were guests of Mrs. John Sedgwick Thursday.

Sumner Blodgett attended the funeral of Benjamin Hazard at Warwick Neck, R. I., last week Thursday.

Cyrus F. Stimson got first in the freshman prize speaking at Colby University, Waterville, Me., last week.

Grand Regent George Robinson attended the 4th anniversary of Highland Council, Royal Arcanum, at Lowell Thursday.

J. P. Lynde, Jr., expects to go to Vermont in a week or two, where he will try his luck at trout fishing, and will visit the locality where he caught one hundred in one day last year.

Rev. Fr. Hart attended the quarterly theological conference of the Roman Catholic clergy of Hampden and Hampshire counties at Bishop O'Reilly's residence at Springfield Tuesday afternoon.

Agent of the State Board of Education Visits the Schools.

E. W. Edson, agent of the state board of education, has been in town this week, and has made as thorough an inspection of our schools as can be made in so short a time. If the question be asked, What comes of these periodical visits of our state agents? the following answer may be given. The agent visits every school building and school; he notes the character of the building—its state of repairs; the condition of the grounds and outbuildings; the equipment of the rooms; their neatness and order; inquires after the education and experience of the teacher; notes her methods; and in the end gives the school some simple tests, calculated to develop the general ability of the pupils. In view of all these facts the agent tries to make helpful suggestions to the teacher. After this general view of the schools he calls the teachers together, and in a kindly way tells them of some of their failings and how they may be remedied; tells them what equipment they lack, and urges them not to rest content till the want is supplied. A large share of Wednesday afternoon was spent by Mr. Edson in a development of modern methods of teaching in certain lines, the teachers being assembled at the high school room for this purpose. The agent supplements his work by urging upon the committee the necessity of a more thorough equipment and supervision of the schools. In short, the state agent does for us once in two years what a superintendent ought to be doing every day in the year.

THREE RIVERS.

Henry D. Geer, recently of the firm of Geer Bros., and who is to have charge hereafter of the horse-radish business, is making many improvements around his new house, and expects soon to erect a large horse-radish factory.

BONDSVILLE.

The Youth's Total Abstinence nine of Ware defeated the Bondsville, 28 to 10, in a game of ball played here Saturday.

Rev. J. A. Day, pastor of the Methodist church, will preach next Sunday on "The Debts we Owe the Boys in Blue," and all soldiers and sailors in this part of the town are invited to be present.

Presiding Elder Eaton will hold the first quarterly conference of the Methodist church in this village for this year next Monday evening in the vestry of the church and all members are requested to be present.

THORNDIKE.

There is soon to be a flag raising here by the grammar school.

The photographer who came to this place a few days ago is now ready for business.

Frank Phanneff, clerk in Kelley Bros.' store, and Miss Carrie Thompson were married Tuesday.

Don't forget the Temperance Club dance at Lawton's Hall next Thursday evening. A good time is assured those who attend.

John F. Luman opened his new store Thursday, and would be pleased to have the public examine his fine line of boots and shoes, and gents' furnishing goods.

Several friends of Rev. Mr. Hanks who are not members of his congregation are more than pleased to learn that he has decided to withdraw his resignation and remain with us for a while at least. Mr. Hanks has made many friends during his stay here.

William Carroll, formerly of this place, who has been traveling in the west for some time, is in town visiting friends, who are more than pleased to learn of his good health. He will remain a short time here before going west, where he will travel with the well-known lecturer, John Boyle O'Reilly.

Base Ball.

The Palmer Brotherhood team will play here the morning of the 30th with the home team, and in the afternoon the Temperance club will play the same club at Palmer.

The Temperance team expect to go to West Warren on Saturday afternoon and play the local team. Broshnan and Kane will be the battery for the Temperance club. The boys will try and bring home another victory.

Wm. Lyons, who managed and played short stop for the Temperance club, has gone to Springfield to learn the barber business with his brother, and consequently cannot play here any longer. He will be much missed by the club, as he was a good all-round player.

The Stars wish to contradict the item in last week's issue of the JOURNAL which states that the game was given to the team from St. Thomas' parish, as they say they played six innings and at the end of the sixth the score stood 13 to 8 in favor of the Stars. They would like to hear from a club whose ages are not over 16. All challenges should be sent to the Star Base Ball Club, Thorndike.

The Temperance club went to Three Rivers last Saturday afternoon and defeated the home team. Broshnan's curves were as usual a puzzle to the home team, who only made two or three hits off his delivery, Cane ably supporting him behind the bat. The boys are now commencing to do good work with the stick, as it was with ease that they made two and three base hits, as is shown by the Saturday's score. The club have lost only one game this season, and should they have the pleasure of playing a return game with the Bondsville club they are confident that they can turn the tables to their satisfaction.

BORN.

At Three Rivers, 13th, a daughter to FRANK A. and MARTHA RUGGLES.
At Ludlow, 17th, DOLLY WOOD, 75 yrs. 5 mos.
At Springfield, 19th, ELIJAH PHELPS CHAPIN, 74.
At West Springfield, 18th, CHARLES F. BAGG, 75.

DIED.

At Palmer, 22d, suddenly, SUMNER HASTINGS, 76.
☞ Funeral at house Sunday at 1 p. m.
At Three Rivers, AMY A. ROBBINS, 67.
At Brimfield, LOVINA FERRY, 58.
At North Wilbraham, 18th, MARGARET CAWTHORN, 54.

TO RENT—Two tenements.
5-tf O. W. STUDLEY.

TENEMENT TO RENT on Fox Avenue at $6.50.
8-tf D. F. HOLDEN.

TO RENT—May 1st, very desirable tenement for small family. REV. A. W. WEEKS,
2-tf Palmer.

TO RENT.—Three tenements. Inquire at office of
tf-50 C. L. GARDNER, Palmer.

FOR SALE—1 light buggy, 1 two-seated buggy, 1 pair double harness, 1 double writing desk (5x4½).
2-8 D. F. HOLDEN, Palmer.

AUCTION—In connection with the auction sale of the farm known as the Nathan Blanchard farm, Monson, there will be sold a number of tons of good hay. Sale Saturday, May 31. 1*8

LOST,—Between Palmer and Monson a valuable Brooch, Wednesday, 21. Anyone returning same to Mrs. Adell Ferry, Monson, will be rewarded.
1-8

FOR SALE.—A small place in village of Palmer, Mass. Will be sold at a bargain, as owner has decided to leave town. For further particulars, call on or address TYLER & MORSE, Palmer. 2-8

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby forbidden trespassing on my land on the northeasterly side of the road leading from Thorndike to Ware, or committing any depredation whatever thereon, such as tearing down fences, walls, etc. This warning is final.
JOHN MOLLOY.
Thorndike, May 7, 1890. 3*6

MUSIC FURNISHED
For Balls, Parties, Weddings, Commencement and Graduating Exercises at short notice. The best of Musicians employed and prices right. Correspondence solicited. Can furnish from one piece to a whole brass band if desired. Address
JOHN F. LEMAN, Manager
5-tf LYONS & LUMAN'S ORCHESTRA, P. O. Box 81, Thorndike, Mass.

HEADQUARTERS
L. L. MERRICK POST 107.
Department of Mass.
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
PALMER, Mass., May 22, 1890.

In accordance with our Rules and Regulations, and in compliance with General Orders from National and Department Headquarters, Friday, May 30th, will be observed by the Comrades of L. L. Merrick Post 107, Dept. of Mass., G. A. R., as Memorial Day.

To the members of the Grand Army of the Republic:

The observance of Memorial Day is a sacred duty. Let us perform it in such a manner that it will reflect credit on us as an organization, and teach others lessons of patriotism.

Comrades will meet at G. A. R. Hall at 7.30 a. m. sharp. The line will be formed at 8 o'clock, and proceed to the cemeteries at Three Rivers, Four Corners, Catholic and Palmer Village. At each of the cemeteries the Post will decorate the graves of their fallen Comrades. After these services the line will be reformed, and, with invited guests, march to G. A. R. Hall, where a collation will be served by L. L. Merrick Woman's Relief Corps. After collation the line will be formed, with L. L. Merrick Woman's Relief Corps and invited guests, and march to the Congregational church at Palmer depot, where the Memorial address will be given by Mrs. Eva T. Cook of Gloucester.

All honorably discharged soldiers and sailors are cordially invited to unite with us in the performance of Memorial exercises.

An earnest invitation is also extended to the school committee, teachers and scholars of the schools in town to meet us at the several cemeteries with flowers.

We would be very much pleased to have as many of the citizens of this town be at the cemeteries, also at the address, as can, to assist at least by their presence in paying the most fitting tribute of honor and respect to the memory of our dead Comrades.

After the address the procession will reform and march to G. A. R. Hall, where they will break ranks. By command of
GEO. O. HENRY,
C. W. CROSS, Adjutant. Commander Post 107, G. A. R.

BANANAS
Direct from the importers. For sale at
Wholesale and Retail.
SPECIAL PRICES
FOR TEN BUNCH LOTS.
James Pendergast.
Monson, Mass., May 21st, 1890. 13-8

FIRE DISTRICT MEETING.
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
HAMPDEN, SS.

To the qualified voters of Fire District No. 1 in Palmer:

You are hereby notified to meet at the Eastern Hampden District Court Room, in said Palmer, on Saturday, the twenty-fourth day of May, current, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to act on the following articles, viz.:

ARTICLE 1. To choose a moderator to preside at said meeting.

ART. 2. To see what action the district will take toward lighting its streets, and whether it will authorize the Prudential Committee to make contract with the Palmer Electric Company therefor, and raise money for the same.

ART. 3. To see if the district will vote to extend the water mains from Main street along Commercial street and River street and raise money for the same.

Given under my hand this fifteenth day of May, A. D. 1890. WILLIAM W. LEACH,
2-7 Clerk of the Fire District.

FOR SALE.
CONCORD BUGGIES,
HANDY WAGONS,
ROAD WAGONS,
TOP CARRIAGES
OF ALL KINDS.
A first-class shifting carriage-pole for $10.
If you want any kind of a wagon or cart, call on me, and I will give you as low a price as they can be sold for.
Plain Horse-Shoeing, $1.25.
G. O. HENRY,
52-1 PALMER, Mass.

PIANOS AND ORGANS
FOR SALE AND TO RENT.
A fair price allowed for old instruments in exchange for new. Good, honest, well-made instruments from reliable manufacturers sold at low prices, within the reach of all. I have on hand some Organs from the well-known
Smith American Organ
AND PIANO CO. OF BOSTON.
FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENTS
in every way and WARRANTED for a term of years. If you are looking for a bargain call and see them. If you can't come,
WRITE FOR PRICES
And particulars to
F. A. Alden,
EAGER'S BLOCK. P8 PALMER, MASS.

Meekins, Packard & Co.
This is to be a great Carpet week.
INGRAIN CARPETS.
We have again added a large line of best
Standard Ingrains
The VERY BEST all-wool, only
50 and 58 cts. Per Yard.
Velvet Carpets
We are showing at
87 1-2 CENTS A YARD
Are the best bargain in the country.
—OUR—
HARTFORD,
LOWELL AND
BIGELOW
BRUSSELS,
At $1 a Yard,
Are not equalled in New England. If you want to buy a carpet right look over our stock now.
Meekins, Packard & Co.,
335 to 339 Main Street,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

OPENING
—OF—
SPRING MILLINERY.
Our general stock of Milliuery Goods is particularly attractive this season, and we take pleasure in inviting all who will to call and examine the same.
In addition to our well-selected stock of Millinery we would call attention to our
Fine Line of Fancy Goods.
MISS FLORA BARTON of New York will attend to your wants in the Milliuery line.
Mrs. L. E. CARPENTER,
59 MAIN STREET, PALMER, MASS.

40 CENTS BUYS A FIRST-CLASS
Window Screen
(ADJUSTABLE),
AT STONE'S.

PIANOS AND ORGANS TO RENT.
Will get any music or music book wanted.
W. E. STONE.

MRS. F. C. HATCH.
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Harmony.
36tf Palmer, Mass.

WHITE ROSE OIL AT SMITH & CO'S.

E. A. BUCK & CO.
SEEDS.
WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
Choice
Flower
Seeds,
Garden Seeds,
Grass Seed.
WE GET OUR SEEDS DIRECT FROM THE GROWERS AND ARE
THE BEST TO BE HAD.

E. A. Buck & Co.
PALMER, MASS.
Agricultural
Implements
We can furnish anything the trade wants and keep the following in stock:
Oliver Chilled Plows,
NATIONAL STEELED METAL PLOWS,
YANKEE SIDE-HILL,
NORTH AMERICAN SIDE-HILL,
THE CONICAL PLOW,
The "NEW DOE" HARD WELD PLOW,
—AND—
THOMAS' SMOOTHING HARROWS,
THE YANKEE PULVERIZER AND HARROW,
STEEL FRAME CULTIVATOR,
STEEL FRAME HORSE HOE,
WHEELBARROWS, SHOVELS, FORKS, HOES.

E. A. BUCK & CO.,
PALMER, MASS.
Paints and Oils.
AGENTS FOR
Union Pure White Lead
—AND—
Cereth Pure White Lead.
THE SHERWIN & WILLIAMS
Ready Mixed Paints.
BAY STATE PASTE PAINT.
DETROIT READY MIXED CARRIAGE PAINTS, ALL COLORS.
Colors in Oil and Sapan. Varnishes, Shellacs, Japans, Liquid Dryer.
Fishing Tackle
AND
CUTLERY.
THE BEST ASSORTMENT IN TOWN OF
POCKET KNIVES,
CARVING KNIVES,
BUTCHER KNIVES,
KITCHEN KNIVES,
SCISSORS AND SHEARS.
Split Bamboo Fishing Rods,
LANCEWOOD FISHING RODS.
REELS, FLIES, LINES.

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 23, 1890.

WEST WARREN.

Willard Hall is considered dangerously ill.

Mrs. Rufus Baker is visiting her daughter in Palmer.

Miss Nellie Brann is entertaining friends from Three Rivers.

Work is rapidly progressing on the brick block on Main street.

Mrs. Nen spent last week with her daughter, Mrs. A. E. Watts.

Rufus Baker is visiting his son in Chicopee and daughter in Springfield.

Mrs. A. Pierce and daughter Maude, of Lynn, are visiting at Miss D. P. Johnson's.

Miss Minnie Orcutt and Miss Minnie Matchett spent Sunday with friends in Springfield.

Rev. C. M. Hall of Ware will preach in the Methodist church Sunday in exchange with Rev. Putnam Webber.

WILBRAHAM.

William Warren of Boston University spent Sunday in town.

The seniors of the academy had a class ride to Shaker Pond Tuesday.

The Willing Workers of the South church met in the chapel Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Miss Etta Boswith, who has been spending the past year in Anderson, Ind., is expected home this week.

Miss Emily Phelps has gone to care for her sister, Mrs. Sterns, who is quite ill at her home in Connecticut.

Ludlow Grange was entertained by the Wilbraham Grange last Tuesday evening in the chapel of the South church.

Rev. Mr. Herrick will deliver the memorial sermon before the Sons of Veterans in the Methodist church next Sunday.

Thomas E. Beselow, a student of the academy, gave an address upon Africa in the chapel of the Congregational church Sunday evening.

Miss Belle Phelps, who has been seriously ill at Wellesley College the past three months, has so far recovered as to be able to be brought home.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Congregational church was entertained by Mrs. Charles Pease in the ladies' parlors of the church last Wednesday.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the South church entertained the societies from Ludlow, Collins Depot and Sixteen Acres Monday evening. Rev. Mr. Pope of Palmer gave an address, followed by other speakers, which was very interesting.

BRIMFIELD.

James I. Brown visited Boston this week.

There are rumors of a wedding in town soon.

Misses Hayward and Drake spent Sunday at Barre.

Marshall Allen of Worcester spent Sunday at his home.

Frank Shepard and wife of Spencer spent Sunday in town.

Geo. Brown of Palmer is visiting his brother, Ed. Brown.

Mrs. Sumner Parker is visiting her son, Fred Parker, at Holliston.

Mrs. Charles Webber of Boston is visiting her father, Mr. Blachfield.

Mr. Tucker of Maine has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Austin Moulton.

Col. Buffington of Springfield spent a few days in town recently, trouting.

Mrs. M. L. Richardson visited her sons at Worcester and Marlboro, last week.

Rev. Charles Sumner of Spencer occupied the pulpit at the First church Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Garland of Worcester were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Sawin last week.

Ex-Congressman Joyce and wife of Rutland, Vt., visited his sister, Mrs. Randall, last week.

Oscar F. Brown caught eight trout Tuesday that weighed seven lbs. and nine oz., the finest string caught in town this season.

Louis S. Brown spent a few days last week in Rhode Island with his friend, Frank Potter, a former student of the high school.

Mrs. Edward Bliss has an elegant cactus in bloom, with eight clusters of a bright pink color, which makes her window very attractive.

Miss Anna Tarbell, assistant teacher at the high school, expects to sail for Europe about June 28, with the Brookings party of Springfield.

BELCHERTOWN.

Griggs Post, G. A. R., is arranging to hold most of the Memorial Day services at Granby this year.

It is estimated that 25 conversions have resulted in the Congregational parish from the recent religious awakening.

Charles B. Southwick has been appointed special administrator by the judge of probate on the estate of the late Mrs. Lucia Owen.

On account of the severe rain last week Wednesday evening, the reception and pound party which was to have been tendered Rev. H. B. King at the parsonage, was postponed to Wednesday evening of this week.

The work of grading and improving the grounds around the Congregational church and chapel received the attention of a portion of the society last Saturday, and when completed will indeed be a decided improvement.

The temperance question is being agitated to a considerable extent just now inasmuch as the town recently voted no license. The selectmen have been so deliberate about granting a druggist's license that the doctors have found it difficult to get any liquor for one or two cases where it was very much needed.

The ornamental work on the library building has been cracked for some time, and portions of it have fallen on the tiles, breaking them and injuring the roof. Workmen are engaged repairing the broken parts, and elastic cement will be used in place of that used by the builders, with the hope that it will be much more durable.

It is rumored, and the citizens of the town hope with some foundation, that the Central railroad people will soon put on a local passenger train that will make a good deal better time than the present mixed train, which is an hour going from Ware to Belchertown and an hour and a half in passing between Belchertown and Northampton.

WARREN.

Frank Keyes is grading his lot on East street.

Miss Alice Washburn of Boston, is visiting in town.

Mrs. Albert Whitney has returned from a visit to Brooklyn.

C. F. Strickland has purchased of Mrs. Rich, her home on Bacon street.

Rev. O. I. Darling exchanged with Rev. L. W. Mason of Brookfield Sunday.

Chas. B. Moore, wife and daughter, spent a part of last week at J. W. Chadsey's.

Roxina Greeley has been appointed administrator of the estate of the late John Greeley.

Rev. Alonzo Sanderson, a former pastor, preached at the Methodist church last Sabbath.

The change in the morning mail for the east from 6.50 to 7.20 will be a satisfactory one to many.

The game of ball Saturday afternoon between the Warrens and Gilbertvilles was won by the latter, 18 to 12.

Chas. D. Tufts has resigned his position as gate-tender at the Maple street crossing, and is employed at the pump shop.

The flag which was raised at the high school building Friday, was presented by the ladies of the Tuesday club.

Robert E. Johnson of this place and Miss Hattie V. Curry, formerly of Springfield, were married Friday by Rev. Mr. Beeman of West Brookfield.

A number of Warren people attended the funeral of F. B. Knowles at Worcester Monday. Mr. Knowles was a former resident of Warren, and brother of the late Lucius Knowles, of the Knowles Pump Works.

Edward Fairbanks has been in the Adirondacks this week looking after a tract of land, which has been purchased by a party of gentlemen from Springfield and Warren, for a fishing and hunting camp.

The drama of "The Old Flag" by local talent Thursday and Friday evenings of last week drew good houses both nights, and about $150 was realized. The pig that took part in the play was sold by ticket Friday night, and George E. Tarbell drew it.

The Christian Endeavor Society connected with the Congregational church re-organized Tuesday evening, electing the following officers: President, W. D. Hosley; vice president, S. Tallman; secretary, Miss M. J. Holt; treasurer, Wm. Dobson; prayer meeting committee, chairman, Mr. Allen; lookout committee, Miss Faustina Kinney; local committee, Mrs. George DeLand; visting committee, Miss Edith Chadsey; literary committee, Agustus Kelly; flower committee, George Aborn.

MONSON.

The local Order of Iron Hall has paid up its charter.

The unsightly fence around Memoral Hall has been removed.

Rev. J. F. Lee is beautifying the grounds to the parochial residence.

Selectman Foskett, with a gang of men, is putting the cemeteries in order for Memorial Day.

Wm. Beattie has moved from Mrs. Chick's house on Flynt avenue into Samuel Closson's house.

Thompson Bros. have the contract for rebuilding the embankment wall near Blanchardville.

The *American Wool Reporter* says "it is rumored that the mill at North Monson is about to start up."

Eli Rogers, 86 years old, father of Henry and Lewis Rogers, is very low, and his recovery is doubtful.

Several of the Sons of Veterans met at the Grand Army Hall with the Post last evening for drill, at 7.30 o'clock.

Twenty-three persons from the Universalist church attended the annual strawberry festival at St. Paul's church, Palmer, Wednesday evening.

The Nathan Blanchard farm of East Hill is to be sold at auction next week Saturday at 2 o'clock p. m. It consists of 150 acres, and is pleasantly situated.

Clifford Miller, delivery clerk for Gage Bros., met with what might have been a serious accident last Tuesday noon by being thrown from his wagon and struck by the wheels. He was bruised about the head somewhat and was stunned for some time, but he was at his post next morning.

Monson people who visit Springfield will find a change in the Boston and Albany railroad time table, which took place last Monday. The train that has left Palmer for Springfield at 10.32 now leaves at 10.42, and on return trip leaves Springfield at 1.25 instead of 1.35.

There were about 400 present at the mock trial given in Memorial Hall last Tuesday evening. It was very humorous and amusing, especially in the examinations of the witnesses. It was said by the lawyers from Worcester, attorneys for the plaintiff and defendant, that this was the best trial that they have had for a long time. About $129 was taken.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Methodist church celebrated its second anniversary last Wednesday evening. The meeting opened with a selection by a male quartette, and a very interesting address was given by Rev. W. R. Newhall of the State street Methodist church, Springfield, on "Drifting." The secretary gave the following report: Present number of members, 95—active 81, associate 11, honorary 3; admitted in the past year, 27—active 22, associate 2, honorary 3; a gain of 15 in the year; 15 have joined the church the past year from the society; 74 of the 81 members are church members.

A flower committee has been appointed and organized, consisting of ladies and gentlemen, for the purpose of gathering flowers and evergreens and putting them together in appropriate emblems for the decoration of the soldiers' graves and also to decorate the Hall Memorial Day. The town has been districted out to the members of the committee, and it is the intention of the committee to solicit potted plants and cut flowers in the village. So if the village people will kindly save their flowers it will be greatly appreciated. The committee is disposed to be quite active, and it is hoped the people will heartily respond to their wishes.

Memorial Day.

Arrangements for Memorial Day have been completed by the Grand Army Post as follows: Next Sunday the post and all old soldiers will meet in Grand Army Hall at 10 a. m., and march to the Universalist church, where the pastor, Rev. L. H. Fisher, will preach the annual sermon. Memorial Day a detachment will be at Moulton Hill at 1 p. m. to decorate the soldiers' graves; at 2:30 the exercises will be held in Memorial Hall, when the Monson Academy Glee Club will furnish the singing, under the leadership of A. D. Norcross, and an oration will be given by Col. W. S. B. Hopkins of Worcester. After the oration the post will be escorted by the Monson consolidated band and sons of veterans to the Center cemetery, where they will decorate the graves of their comrades. All old soldiers, whether members of the post or not, are invited to participate in these exercises.

Personal.

Miss Kate Cornish sailed for Ireland yesterday.

Mrs. Warren Eager of Wales is visiting at E. H. Brown's.

R. M. and T. Reynolds quote prices of coal in another column.

H. M. Barlow and wife spent last Sunday in Ware and vicinity.

Mrs. Walter McKendrick of Wales is visiting at her home here.

Dr. F. W. Bancroft and family of Southbridge were in town last Monday.

Geo. W. Brown of Storm Lake, Iowa, has been visiting his brother, E. H. Brown.

The annual pay day for the firemen took place last Monday, each receiving a $2 check.

Rev. Frs. Lee and Wrin attended the theological conference at Springfield Tuesday.

John A. Orentt, and John A. Orentt, Jr., and wife of West Springfield, have been spending the week at their home here.

The Paulist Fathers of New York, who gave the mission at the cathedral, Springfield, during the past two weeks, were the guests of Rev. J. F. Lee last week.

Dr. W. T. Browne, of Jewett City, Conn., spent last Sunday in town, returning Monday with Mrs. Browne, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. M. Bell.

E. E. Thompson and wife of Westboro have been visiting Mrs. Thompson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Rogers. Mr. Thompson has been engaged for another year by the H. O. Bernard Mfg Co. of Westboro.

An Old Settler.

Mr. W. N. Flynt has in his possession a box turtle which was found in his park last Wednesday, bearing the inscription E. G., 1823, B. T. S., 1853, and the figures 78. The initials E. G. belong to Erasmus Gates, now living on North Main street, and one very remarkable incident in connection with this is it was found in nearly the same place by Mr. Gates as it was this time. Mr. Gates found the turtle when he was 16 years old while at work on the farm, which was at this time owned by his father. Mr. Gates is now 83 years old, but remembers very distinctly the facts in regard to this turtle, which has carried his initials for 67 years, and it is not known how old the turtle was when he put them on. He says that it looks just the same now as it did then in color and size. This is the third time that he has seen this turtle, the second time being about 12 years ago, when it was found by a Mr. Olmsted, and it is thought that the figures 78 were put on at that time. The initials B. T. S., 1853, are not known by him. Following is a clipping taken from a scrap book owned by Mr. Gates' daughter, dated October 19th, 1878: "Erasmus Gates recently came across the identical turtle which he placed his initials on in 1323, and the animal looked good enough for many a half century yet." Mr. Gates also knows of two more turtles bearing the names of Gates, of which mention of one in another clipping is as follows: "E. P. Keep recently found a turtle on his lot near the Gates' quarry, marked 'Asa Gates, 1832.' and 'Wm. H. Gates, 1870.'" The other was over 50 years ago, when his brother Henry wrote a letter to him stating that he had found a turtle and had put his initials on it. This turtle is quite an historic one, and had it the power would undoubtedly tell quite a tale.

Academy Glee Club Concert.

The Academy Glee Club concert given in Central Hall last Friday evening was largely attended, about 450 people being present. It was the largest audience that has been in the hall for a long time, and all felt repaid for attending, as it was one of the best entertainments that Monson has had for many a day. Much of the credit of its success is due to A. D. Norcross, who has directed and instructed the club, which consists of 33 members, and the result of his careful training was shown by the splendid work of the club, this being their first public appearance before such a large audience, thus involving a great deal of responsibility upon the leader. The music sung by the club is such as is frequently given by large choruses, not being of the trashy sort, and all was finely executed.

Mr. Poole of Boston, the violinist, gave some very fine selections, he being heartily encored at different times, as did Miss Cheneverde, also of Boston, both being very much enjoyed. Miss Cheneverde's whistling was done in a way surprising to all. Miss Fiske, the pianist, performed her part exceedingly well. As for Mr. and Mrs. Norcross perhaps nothing can be said to express the appreciation of the audience of their good work better than the hearty applause given them as they entered the stage. A treat was expected and received, and Mrs. Norcross' solo, "Charming Bird," was heartily encored. Mrs. Rufus Flynt of Palmer surprised all her many friends, and musical critics say that she never sang better. Her voice was clear and distinct, and the pleasing remarks were many by the audience. During the evening she was presented with a very fine basket of cut flowers. The guitar quartette, consisting of Messrs. Cushman, Amadon, Robbins and Prentiss, was much enjoyed. In fact nothing could be said against the concert, it being beyond the expectation of all. The work was all voluntary, except the violinist and whistler, and quite a little sum was netted, which is for the benefit of the Glee Club. It is hoped that they will be able to give another concert soon.

THE comparatively moderate price at which tickets for an ocean voyage can now be procured is inducing many people to visit the Old World who a few years ago would not have considered such a journey possible. The popular method of securing the greatest amount of pleasure at the least expense is through the organization of large parties to travel with competent guides, and under such management as almost wholly to relieve the individual members of any personal responsibility. The desire to "go abroad" is a very common one, and every year finds large numbers of those who have time and money at their command preparing to spend a season in foreign travel. If no direct benefits were to result from these trips beyond the mere pleasure they are certain to afford, their tendency to inculcate in those who undertake them a desire to see and know more of their own country is an advantage the importance of which is deserving of no little consideration.

LEGISLATIVE MATTERS.

BOSTON, May 21, 1890.

It seems that there was another case, besides that of Mr. Davis of Gloucester in which the liquor men tried to use money to change the vote of a member, though it amounts to nothing. Three liquor dealers went to one of the members on the same matter (the reconsideration of the Hemenway bill) and asked him to get Mr. Tibbetts of Lynn to change his vote, saying that he might offer Tibbetts $100. But the member said nothing till the affair was settled and then he told Mr. Tibbetts about it. The Lynn member is a square man, but they seem to have approached him because they thought he would influence a colleague and so was as good as two votes.

A strong attempt was made Thursday, headed by Mr. Williams of Dedham, to reconsider the rejection of the caucus reform bill. But the Republicans said their caucuses did not need reforming and they did not propose to pass a law just for the sake of the disorderly Democratic caucuses in Boston. So the bill was defeated by nearly a party vote. The record was 85 yeas to 111 nays on reconsideration. One Democrat voted no and a few Republicans yes.

A bill has been reported for a new insane asylum with accommodations for 500 inmates, the plans to permit enlargement to 1500, the cost not to exceed $500 per patient.

By seven to four the street railways committee is in favor of allowing the West End street railway company to build an elevated road in Boston.

On Friday the first move came in the Senate on the West End elevated railway bill. Senator Breed of Essex, who was in charge of it, moved to assign it to May 27. Senator Metcalf of Hampden and others opposed this motion vigorously and the bill was finally tabled by 22 to 13. Afterward all of the petitions for elevated roads on which adverse reports were pending were also laid on the table. A long and hard fight is expected on the bill, for it involves vast amounts of property and the future of rapid transit in Boston.

Another plan which is proposed in the interest of clean politics, in addition to the Australian ballot act and the amendments pending to it, is that which appeared in a bill in the Senate on Monday. It is a plan to punish by a fine of $100 or six months imprisonment the distribution of any printed circulars or the like, which are intended to defeat any political nomination or election, unless they are signed by the chairman and secretary of the political party in whose interest they are, or by some resident of the Commonwealth. An adverse report has been made on many of the plans proposed for changing the Australian ballot law, but the committee on election laws is not unanimous on all of them. Mr. Quincy of Quincy, for instance, has dissented from the report against his idea that the official ballot should have the name of each party printed in some convenient place and that the voter should be regarded as voting the straight party ticket when he makes his "X" against the name of the party.

A bill is pending to change the Australia law in some matters of detail, but the amendments are friendly. It is proposed to give more time for the nomination of State officers, to provide for the death of candidates, to appoint a ballot commission to settle questions about the administration of the law and to regulate the caucuses further.

Without debate the Senate has voted, 27 to 0, for the house resolve to exempt every veteran in the state from paying a poll tax as a suffrage qualification. This slipped through the legislature last year without any attention being called to its real character, so it will now go to the people. It is to be hoped, for the honor of the veterans, that the people will defeat the amendment. If the poll tax abolition, as a suffrage qualification, should be adopted finally, this amendment would be useless, but, as it is, many veterans object to the discrimination forced upon them as if they were not on the same level as other citizens.

The House had a long debate Tuesday on the bill to require the sale of new railroad stock at public auction, and finally defeated it by 83 to 119, and 9 pairs.

The new rule of the House to school the attendance of members—that each member shall report his presence once every day to the monitor of his division and that the names of the absentees shall be printed in the journal—is having excellent effect. It shows the good sense of the House that it is willing to improve such a rule and live up to it, though it is manifestly hard upon members at times.

Legislation is pending to regulate effectively the sales of "bankrupt" or "fire" stocks of goods, which have competed so severely in some places with the local dealers. The House has defeated the bill for recording conditional sales of personal property.

The Senate has taken the stand on the matter of enforcing the public bar law which was advised by the Republican House caucus, but was rejected by the full House—that it is against the spirit of the constitution for the legislative department to interfere so much with the executive as to ask for the enforcement of this particular law. All of the Senate Democrats voted for the stiffer resolution of Senator Haggerty of Worcester—much like that adopted by the House.

There was reported to the House on Wednesday practically the same bill as was passed by the House last year and killed in the Senate to regulate the use of money at political conventions.

Most of the day on Wednesday was devoted by the House to the bill to regulate the consolidation of gas and electric light companies. Evidently it was a cover for some great "deal," and it was severely attacked on the floor as permitting unlimited watering of stock. Finally it was amended so that the aggregate stock of the consolidated companies shall not exceed the united stock of the same companies before consolidation, and in that shape it had the favorable vote of 112 to 94.

By vote of 95 to 24 the House has gone on record in favor of the bill to regulate the basis of political conventions. It abolishes delegates at large, as the Republican state committee has done, and provides for equal representation, but gives one delegate to every town and ward of a city. LANDON.

Colonel Clark,

U. S. Army, writes: "For the last two years my health has been excellent. This, I think, is due to my using Sulphur Bitters, as formerly my health was miserable, owing to the frequent changes of climate, etc., so incident to a soldier's life.

The Father

of all diseases is impure blood, when loaded with foul humor. How important then that the blood should be pure, rich and strong, without which there can be no health. To purify the blood Sulphur Bitters is incomparably the best medicine that it is possible to obtain.—THE EDITOR.

The entering wedge of a complaint that may prove fatal is often a slight cold, which a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral might have cured at the commencement. It would be well, therefore, to keep this remedy within reach at all times.

The prevalence of scrofulous taint in the blood is much more universal than many are aware. Indeed, but few persons are free from it. Fortunately, however, we have in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most potent remedy ever discovered for this terrible affliction.

It may not be generally known that most of the Flags and Bunting sold in New England come from G. W. Simmons & Co., Oak Hall, Boston. Note this if you are likely to want anything of the kind and send for their flag circular. Memorial Day will witness a great display of bunting.

It's a saving of time as well as money going to Springfield and to Broadhurst Bros'. shoe store when in need of shoes. Their store, as most of our readers know, is right on Main street—376 is the number. All the leading dry goods and clothing stores are centered right around them. Ladies who want an easy boot should see their "Comfort" Button for $3. Men who want the best $3 shoe to be found should get Broadhurst Bros'. improved welt—none any better and few as good.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.
2y31

To become happy, read about the improved Medical Discovery in another column.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. 1y-23

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

BUNKER HILL

$3.00-PANTS.-$3.00

Lots of Orders this Spring.

300 SAMPLES.

W. E. STONE.

NEW PONCE MOLASSES. At SMITH & CO.'S.

Potter & Hunt.

A STORM IN

Ladies'
Russet
Goat
Oxford
Ties,

Just arrived in the nick of time, 1000 pairs of Ladies' Fine Hand-Turned Russet Goat Oxford Ties, in the most advanced shade, viz., the Bristol Brick hue, which we offer in all sizes, and A, B, C, D widths, at

$1.50 PER PAIR.

The only reason we are enabled to sell these at less than $2 to $2.50 is that they were made during the past dull season by a New York manufacturer to keep his help employed, and positively without profit to him.

Potter & Hunt,

GILL'S BLOCK,

Main Street, near Bridge Street,

SPRINGFIELD, - 26-6 MASS.

COAL. COAL. COAL. COAL.

We are now ready to receive orders for coal to be delivered after August 1st next, within reasonable distance from either railroad station, at the following prices:

Stove Size,	$5.25	Pittston Egg,	$5.25
Chestnut Size,	5.25	Sugar Loaf Lehigh Egg,	5.50

Will furnish good men to house and bin the same, charging for their time only. We cannot sell any more at the above-named prices than is covered by this purchase, and advise sending in orders early. The Lehigh Egg quoted is from the best Lehigh section, and as a furnace coal cannot be excelled.

Orders by mail or left at our office will have prompt attention.

R. M. & THEO. REYNOLDS.

Monson, Mass., May 23, 1890.

OUR AGENCY!

We represent the following Co's. and respectfully solicit your patronage:

THE ÆTNA	OF HARTFORD.
" HARTFORD	OF HARTFORD.
" PHŒNIX	OF HARTFORD.
" NATIONAL	OF HARTFORD.
" CONNECTICUT	OF HARTFORD.
" CONNECTICUT MUTUAL Life Ins.	OF HARTFORD.
" TRAVELERS Life and Accident Ins.	OF HARTFORD.
" HOME	OF NEW YORK.
" NIAGARA	OF NEW YORK.
" PHENIX	OF NEW YORK.
" CONTINENTAL	OF NEW YORK.
" NORTH AMERICA	OF PHILADELPHIA.
" PENNSYLVANIA	OF PHILADELPHIA.
" SPRINGFIELD Fire and Marine	OF SPRINGFIELD.
" NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE	OF LONDON.
" ROYAL	OF LONDON.
" GUARDIAN	OF LONDON.

MORRIS & FARRINGTON,

52-44 MONSON, MASS.

ITS FOUR GREAT TRAINS

ARE EN ROUTE!

THE GREAT FOREPAUGH AND WILD WEST SHOWS COMBINED!
A STUPENDOUS AND UNPARALLELED AMUSEMENT FEDERATION!
THE SENSATION AND CROWNING GLORY OF THE CENTURY!

"There can be no question but that Adam Forepaugh has justly earned the title of King of American Showmen, and that his successor to the throne is J. E. Cooper."—*New York Sun.*

Forepaugh and the Wild West combined, with the Peerless Paris Hippodrome added, and fresh from surpassingly splendid successes in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati and St. Louis, will exhibit at

PALMER, FRIDAY, JUNE 13th.
HOLDEN'S GROUND, SOUTH MAIN STREET.

SPECIAL NOTE—The Forepaugh-Wild West Combination will be the only tented exhibition of any importance that will appear in this state and county the present season.—*Editor.*

MAGNIFICENT AND UNABRIDGED PRESENTATION OF ALL THE FAMOUS FEATS AND FEATURES OF THE WEIRD AND WONDERFUL

Wild West!

Together with all the Renowned and Remarkable Arenic, Zoological and Hippodromatic Resources of the Marvelous and Matchless

FOREPAUGH SHOW!

J. E. COOPER, Proprietor.
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STARTLING, VIVID AND IMPRESSIVE ILLUSTRATIONS OF CIVILIZATION'S MARCH ACROSS THE PLAINS.

THE CUSTER BATTLE!

Vividly dramatic reproduction of the World's Saddest Tragedy—the awful, appalling massacre of General George A. Custer and his gallant command by Sitting Bull and his savage hosts, on the Little Big Horn River, Montana, June 25, 1876. Portrayed by 200 mounted combatants—Genuine Scouts, Cavalrymen, Cowboys and Sioux Indians. Sensational introduction of Sergeant Charles C. Wagner, sole survivor of Custer's forces at Little Big Horn. Thrillingly realistic representations of the ambuscade, attack, repulse, defeat and death of the Chivalric Custer.

Greatest Gathering of Scouts, Cowboys, Prairie Girls, Crack Shots, Mexican Vaqueros and Real Blanket Indians ever seen this side of the Rocky Mountains. Capt. A. H. Bogardus, the Laurel-Crowned Champion of the Universe, shoots at every performance.

SHERIDAN'S FAMOUS RIDE!

The most interesting, intrepid, inciting and inspiriting incident in the late internicine war. An Arabian Charger, black as night, is daily ridden over the huge Hippodrome track.

Capt. A. H. Bogardus AND HIS Three Famous Sons

THE MOST EXPERT SHOTS ON EARTH.

ADAM FOREPAUGH, Jr's.

Daring and Unparalleled 40-Horse act; "Blondin," only Equine ever taught to walk a rope; Somersault Dogs; Dancing, Fighting, Clown, Musical, Quadrille and Pyramid Elephants; "Eclipse," the Trapeze Horse; and the World-Famed $50,000 Troupe of Ranch-Bred Bronchos.

Tremendous marshaling of the wonders of the Orient and Occident—1000 rare and costly Animals and Birds—30 ponderous, marching Elephants—100 marvelous Animal Actors—International Congress of earth-renowned Giants—Prodigious Museum, Aviary and Aquarium—Three brilliant circus companies in three separate star rings—150 phenomenal Mid-Air and Arenic Champions—The famous original Paris Hippodrome, with all its daring and dashing Jockeys, Charioteers, Racing Cars and 60 Thoroughbred Flyers—200 Scouts, Soldiers and Savages in graphic pictures of wild life on the Plains—Absolutely the most Stupendous and Consummate Managerial Achievement in the history of the Show World.

Forepaugh's Street Parade.

On the morning of the Exhibition from the show grounds will march forth at 10 o'clock, FOREPAUGH'S MONSTER STREET PAGEANT. Never in the history of man have such scenes of splendor been witnessed. Three miles of solid wealth massed in resplendant glory. More costly chariots, richer costumes, gorgeous cages, blazing tableau cars, chrystal vans, beauteous women, brave men, smiling children, wild animals, hissing serpents, beautifully plumaged birds, more mellifluous music, more mounted knights, courtiers, couriers, heralds, warriors, pilgrims, conquerers, heroes, chieftans, crusaders, halberdiers, pursuivants, sages, pages, poets, mild, lady's fayre and modest maidens than ever before assembled at any glorification, coronation, installation, inauguration or ordination that has ever taken place since creation in any nation on all the green earth.

More than 500 chargers gaily caparisoned in silk and silver harness. Hundreds of mailed Knights armed cap-a-pie. Teams of Elephants, Camels, Dromedaries, Elks, Zebras and Giraffes. Whole tribes of Indians, squaws, papooses and red-handed warriors. Wild and woolly Western Warriors, Cowboys, Trappers, U. S. Scouts, Pathfinders, Trailers, Desperadoes, Ranchmen, Trocaderos and Half-Breeds, and in a word more Oriental and Occidental sights intermingled than were ever seen before. The car of Juggernaut, the Golden Chariot of the Sun, Cleopatra's barge, Casarian Chariots and Mythological groupings.

BE IN TOWN EARLY. DO NOT MISS THIS GRAND SIGHT. YOU WILL NEVER LOOK UPON ITS LIKE AGAIN. IT IS THE GRANDEST SPECTACULAR PRODUCTION OF MODERN TIMES.

15,000 splendid seats. Admission 50c, children under nine 25c. Reserved numbered seats, with back and foot rests, and with magnificent view of Custer Battle and start and finish of Hippodrome Races, extra. TWO COMPLETE EXHIBITIONS DAILY. Doors open at 1 and 7 p. m. The ring performances, under the artistic direction of Mr. Adam Forepaugh, Jr., begin at 2 and 8.

Cheap Round Trip Excursions on all Lines of Travel.

CONSULT LOCAL AGENTS.

For the accommodation of those who would avoid the crowds at the ticket wagon on the ground, tickets and reserved seats can be obtained at O. P. ALLEN'S Drug Store, at the usual slight advance.

Fine Shoes. Special Shoes

for tender feet.

FRENCH PROCESS—FLEXIBLE SOLES AND ANTI-SQUEAK.

Special drive on

Ladies' Fine Dongola Button Shoe $2.00.

SPECIAL SALE ON

Gent's Calf Shoes, Lace and Congress, $2.00.

THE BEST ON EARTH FOR THE MONEY.

Call and examine.

S. C. HALL, 294 Main Street,

NEXT TO NEW P. O., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

CASTORIA.

CASTORIA promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.
82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."
ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D.
1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent-up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD.
Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
77 Murray Street. - - New York.

FORBES & WALLACE'S.

SPRINGFIELD, MAY 15, 1890.

Nearly all the bargains told of in the Springfield papers the past few days are still running.

Black lace capes $3.
Broadcloth capes $2.75.
Scotch Zephyrs 19c.
$1.75 heavy napkins $1.25.
Hair brushes for half.
Wounded music books ditto.
Misses' 25c black hose 17c.

Good trading awaits you all over the store—if you're quick enough.

An importer's sample line of Black Wraps and Capes—no two alike. First-class, high grade new goods, but two-thirds the usual selling rates.

Grades from $18 *to* $40
Are to-day $12 *to* $25.

Such a money's worth we've not seen for many a day. Whoever gets one gets a prize. Second floor.

Baby's Long Coats at fraction prices. A dealer retires. Stock in perfect order, but it must be sold—sold cheap. We take a big slice and squeeze the prices down like this:

$2.00	regular price		$3.00
2.75	"	"	4.00
3.50	"	"	5.00
5.00	"	"	6.50
6.50	"	"	9.00
7.25	"	"	9.50
8.75	"	"	12.00
15.00	"	"	22.50

Only the finest needle-work we are telling of. All Cream Cashmere, except the last, which is Silk.
Second floor.

Baby Carriages at fair prices! Think of fair prices on baby carriages! It isn't what you are used to. Special sale Saturday. $4.73 to $28.48.

Next week we shall show the Gem Ice Cream Freezer at work. Arrangements have been made to serve cream to all who come.

FORBES & WALLACE.

SULPHUR BITTERS.

For those deathly Billious spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS. It will cure you.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up, and make you strong and healthy.

Do you suffer with that tired and all-gone feeling? If so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in-doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

$1000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich, and strong, and your flesh hard.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting thro' the skin in Pimples, Blotches and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send three 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & CO., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

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PINE APPLES. GARDEN SEEDS.
W. E. STONE.

WARE FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP.

FIRST-CLASS IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS
—AND—
GENERAL MACHINE REPAIRS.

WE have in stock, or make to order at short notice: Plow Points of all kinds, Cultivator Teeth, Scrapers, Stall Collars and Guards, Hitching Posts, Lawn Settees and Chairs, Umbrella Stands, Sinks, Kettles, Wagon Shoes, Window Weights, Building Columns, and all kinds of iron and brass castings.
We also do all kinds of machine repairing promptly and in the best manner, at reasonable prices.
2-tf. J. P. PERO, Proprietor.

BORAX SOAP. AT SMITH & CO'S

That's What You Said Last Year.

You said you would settle that tailoring bill—
That's what you said last year;
You said you cared not for your grandfather's will—
That's what you said last year.
But the tailor still waits in his grim discontent
And your grandpa, now dead, didn't give you a cent,
And we judge from your actions you couldn't have meant
All that you said last year.

You said there were plenty of girls you could wed—
That's what you said last year;
That the rum was not made that could turn your nose red—
That's what you said last year.
But you've asked seven girls and by each been repelled,
While your nose is the shade of the quince that is jelled—
So it seems there were points you mistakenly held
In what you said last year.
—*Columbus Dispatch.*

AMONG THE PARAGRAPHERS.

The man who is going down hill meets lots of people with their noses turned up.—*Atchison Globe.*

Honesty is doubtless the best policy, but it seems to have expired long ago.—*Lawrence American.*

"Have a drink, grandpop?" "What is it?" "Schuylkill." "No, dear; I have no teeth.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Old Churchman—"How do you stand on the infant damnation theory?" Liberal Minister—"With both feet."—*New York Weekly.*

A letter is wiser than some people. It never attempts to give information until after it has been posted.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Duke—"Be mine, Miriam. I lay all me titles at thy feet." Miriam—"Go slow, duke. I don't care for titles. Let's see your deeds."—*New York Sun.*

He—"Will you marry me?" She—"No." He—"Then you will marry Bob Sawyer? He wanted me to ask you for him, too, while I was about it"—*Epoch.*

Youthful Enjoyment. Harry—"I tell you what, let's play circus." Adolphus—"What's that?" Harry—"Why, you lie down and I'll jump on your stomach."—*Merchant Traveler.*

"I will die for you, my darling!" he exclaimed, passionately. "Will you be my wife?" "Get your life insured before you die, and I guess it's a go," said she.—*Somerville Journal.*

Tell a woman that she looks fresh, and she will smile all over. Tell a man the same thing, and if he doesn't kick you it is either because he has corns or daresn't.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Clerk—That was a fine looking old couple. Floorwalker—Newly married, too. Clerk—How do you know? Floorwalker—He said "we" want to look at some silks, instead of "I" want.—*Terre Haute Express.*

A young man says a "bridge of sighs" is generally found on the road to matrimony. Sometimes a young man, while traveling on that road, finds himself asking if that bridge isn't a cantilever.—*Norristown Herald.*

Fenderson—"What is the reason, I wonder, that fellow comes here every day or two to make a fool of himself? Fogg—"I don't know, unless it is that he believes in doing in Rome as the Romans do."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Business Matter. Marberry (a good deal flustered)—"Madame, I was perfectly willing to hold your baby for a moment, but now that he's swallowed my locket I should like to know whether you want to buy or sell."—*Judge.*

Domestic Man—"I pity Patti. She would be much happier at home with little children about her." Praetical Friend—"But think of her singing a baby to sleep with a three-thousand-dollar-a-night voice." —*Chicago Globe.*

A Cheerful Prospect. Mr. Lookahead—"Does my daughter give you any encouragement, sir?" Mr. Donothing—"Why, yes, she says that your business is increasing so that you can soon support us in the style we both like."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

She—"You are very kind to invite me to go riding, but—did your horse ever run away?" He—"Often. You see, I am careless about horses, and often let the reins fall to the bottom of the carriage and drive with my feet." She—"I'll go."—*New York Weekly.*

Drug Clerk—"I filled a prescription for a stranger last night for a dollar and ten cents, and now I find the dollar is a counterfeit." Proprietor—"That's highway robbery again. Well, never mind; if the ten-cent piece is good we will make four cents on the sale."—*American Pharmacist.*

Angel Child—"Mamma, is it true that grandma is better off than she was before she died?" Mamma—"Oh, yes, my darling. Poor grandma is in a beautiful land, where sorrow and pain are quite unknown." Angel Child—"Then what's the use of having doctors to keep us from going there!"—*Chicago America.*

"Laura, why do you turn away from me so coldly?" "George, why have you seated yourself in that distant corner?" "To tell you the truth, Laura, I have been smoking a cigarette. I—I hadn't expected to call this evening." "And I have been eating onions. I—I wasn't looking for you, George."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Aunt Coupon—"And now, Georgie, how do you like the fine gold watch I sent you on your birthday?" Georgie—"I liked it pretty well, auntie. After me an' Billy Smith got tired hearin' it tick we busted it open and took out der works. Bill's got der spring tied on to his dog. It's a bully dog, too!"—*Jewelers' Review.*

Mr. Jones—Tommy, when your aunt comes you must kiss her and be very polite. Tommy—No, pa, you just bet I ain't going to kiss her. Mr. Jones—Why not? Tommy (aged 12)—Great Scott! Don't you ever read the papers? Half the divorce suits and shooting scrapes come from men kissing other men's wives.—*Texas Siftings.*

Live and learn. Small Merchant—"Dere goes Mr. Richman past unidout looking in. He neffer buy off me. Vy is dot?"

New Clerk—"He belongs to a class who never deal at cheap stores; he is one of those who believe in paying a good price for good goods."

"Mein Cracious! Is dere many like him?"
"Thousands."
"Mein Cracious! And I neffer know it. Shouny! Mark effery ding oop vifty per zent."—*New York Weekly.*

"I take it for granted, Miss. Laura," said young Dr. Smidgley, "that you condemn, as all sensible young women do, the unwholesome and barbarous practice of tight lacing?" "On the contrary, Mr. Smidgley," returned Miss Laura with a wistful yearning look in her glorious dark eye, "I think a compression of the waist to a reasonable extent not only harmless, but at times positively exhilarating." And that dense, stupid, wooden-headed youth sat there for an hour and argued with the young lady on the evils of tight lacing.—*Chicago Tribune.*

CREAM AS FOOD AND MEDICINE.

Persons consumptively inclined, those with feeble digestion, aged people, and those inclined to chilliness and cold extremities, are especially benefitted by a liberal use of sweet cream. No other article of food or medicine will give results equally satisfactory, and either as a food or medicine it is not bad to take. As an antidote for a tendency to consumption it acts like a charm, and serves all the purposes intended to be served by cod liver oil, with much greater certainty and effect. Where sweet cream can be had cod liver oil is never needed. The volatile and easily-appropriated nucleous matter in cream, besides contributing directly to warmth and vigor aids indirectly by promoting digestion, for the same reason and in the same way that other aromatic and attenuated oils aid the digestive function.

While cream has special merits for certain kinds of invalids, there are no objections to its use by any or all persons. It is an innocent, palatable, nutritious luxury for everybody at all times. It is one of the special blessings that serve to beautify the lives of the dairymen, and which might very properly be used by them and by all others who produce milk, much more frequently than it is now, and would, no doubt, meet with a more liberal use but for the impression many have that it is an expensive luxury they cannot afford. Yet it often happens that many who, for this reason, restrict themselves in the use of cream, use butter, a still more expensive luxury, with lavish hands. For the most part, butter is only a luxury, while cream is always a highly nutritious and life-sustaining food as well as a luxury, and hence the more economical of the two. Somehow the impression seems to prevail with most milk producers that the one great and only legitimate end of milk and its cream is to make butter, and a sense of waste and a misuse involuntarily arises whenever either is used for any other purpose; while, in fact, butter making is the least useful purpose for which milk is employed. A moment's reflection had ought to make it clear that cream is more economical and valuable than butter, since it is equal to both butter and buttermilk. There is more fat in cream than in the butter that is made from it. Cream never churns perfectly. A part of its fat is always left back in the buttermilk, and is lost, unless the buttermilk is also used.—*New York Tribune.*

BIG SALARIES.

There are scores of men in New York who are paid as much for their services each year as the president of the United States. Forty thousand dollars a year is a very tidy salary. There are hundreds of men who get $25,000 a year salary, and the number who get from $10,000 to $20,000 are legion. Very ordinary men get from $5,000 to $8,000 a year, or as much as a cabinet officer. Dr. Norvin Green, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, is paid $50,000. So is Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central railroad. Richard M. McCurdy, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, gets a like amount. John Hoey, president of Adams Express Company, fares equally as well. President Henry B. Hyde, of the Equitable Life Insurance Company is also in the list. George G. Williams, president of the Chemical National bank, the richest banking institution in America, with nearly $5,000,000 of surplus, $20,000,000 average deposits, is paid a salary of $25,000 yearly. President Potts, of Park bank, and President Tappan, of Gallatin National bank, receive a like sum each twelve months.

The best paid minister in New York is Dr. John Hall, a brainy man from the north of Irelaud, who preaches to $200,000,000 every Sunday. His is the smallest church in town. He owes his rise in life to Robert Bonner, of the *Ledger*, who found him preaching to a small congregation in Dublin, and induced him to come to America. He gets a salary of $20,000 a year, and makes $5,000 by his newspaper articles. He is given a luxuriously furnished house as well. Dr. Morgan Dix, the chief pastor of Trinity church corporation, the wealthiest in America, receives $15,000 yearly. Dr. William F. Taylor of the Broadway Tabernacle, gets the same amount. He does literary work and lecturing that brings his income up to $20,000. Dr. Charles Hall of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church is paid $15,000. He is very eloquent, and his church is crowded at all services. Dr. Parkhurst of Madison Square church gets $12,000. He has a large and distinguished congregation. Cyrus W. Field is one of the pillars of the church. Dr. Paxton, who preaches to Jay Gould and others less wealthy, is paid $15,000. The Rev. Robert Collyer, the blacksmith preacher, is paid $10-000.—*Washington Post.*

HARD ON BOTH HACK AND INMATE.

Writing about hacks recalls a funny incident which occurred to a guest of the Continental Hotel the other night. He had been asleep and woke up about fifteen minutes before midnight. He expected to catch the 12 o'clock train for New York, and had to hustle. He jumped into his clothes and got down stairs at five minutes of midnight. Hailing a "night hawk" who happened to be passing, he told him he would give him $3 if he got him to the Broad street station in time for his train. He jumped into his ricketty hack and went rattling away at a great rate. At Twelfth street the bottom of the hack fell out. As luck would have it, the passenger landed on his feet and grabbed hold of the windows. He yelled with all his might for the driver to stop, but his voice was drowned in the slap, bang and clatter of the wheels. All he could do was to run. He had to keep up with the hack. He did run. He must have broken the record and nearly broke his neck. Once in a while he lagged behind, but the back of the cab hit him and made him scoot again. He got there just in time. As he opened the door and walked out of the cage he looked witheringly at the cabman, as he mopped the perspiration from his face, and then ran up the steps to the train. The train pulled out before the driver sufficiently recovered from his surprise to collect his money. He did not know what had happened until he caught another passenger and tried to put him in the bottomless cab.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

DIFFERENT NOW. Sunday-School Superintendent (explaining the lesson)—"Many of these Scripture names, children, have a special meaning. Can any one of you tell me the meaning of the name, 'Ichabod?'"
Several Voices—"The glory has departed."
Superintendent—"Correct. If, then, you wish to convey the idea that some man—say a politician—had become unpopular and could no longer succeed in his ambitions, you—(smiling pleasantly) would call him——"
Whole School—"Dennis!"

The mercury—"What is that singular swelling in the lower portion of your slender form?" The tube—"That is the bulb, to which you yourself have often retired when chilly." The mercury—"Aw—er—beg pardon! But, really, it has been so long since I went that way that I had entirely forgotten there was such a place.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

THE BLOOD

is the source of health: therefore to keep well, purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is peculiarly designed to act upon the blood, and through that upon all the organs and tissues of the body. It has a specific action, also, upon the secretions and excretions, and assists nature to expel from the system all humors, impure particles, and effete matter through the lungs, liver, bowels, kidneys and skin. It effectually aids week, impaired, and debilitated organs, invigorates the nervous system, tones the digestive organs, and imparts new life and energy to all the functions of the body. A peculiarity of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it strengthens and builds up the system while it eradicates disease.
"I think Hood's Sarsaparilla an excellent medicine for the blood, and for debility arising from dyspepsia and catarrh. We keep it constantly for family use, and have not found any remedy so beneficial." N. B. CHADSEY, 10 Courtlandt Street, Providence, R. I.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

THE IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Pure Blood Makes

THE HAPPY BODY.

To coin a good word Dear Reader are you "Blood-happy," or is your blood dragging you through the depths of distress with

Influenza, Indigestion,
Constipation,
Biliousness, Constipation,
Scrofula or Kindred
Diseases? Then

Free the blood from these poisons. Don't mope along half alive, half dead, but rouse up your system. Give your good old friend, the stomach, a chance to do its work.

Here is the Remedy.

Tried, Trusty and True. The ingredients of this wonderful remedy have been used as a favorite and successful medicine for many years, but like the improvements in the telegraph since Morse, the sewing machine since Howe, and the electric light since Franklin forced the first spark, the new and perfect combination of these ingredients has never been reached until combined as now in FISCHER'S IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
This medicine purifies the blood as naturally as water quenches thirst. *It cures.* This is its history in a nutshell. Grateful testimonials are received every day. Price $1.00.

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Under Hotel.

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FOSKETT'S MILLS.

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Which he proposes to sell at lowest prices.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF ALL THE BEST GRADES OF PLOWS, DISC, CUTAWAY AND ACME HARROWS, HORSE HOES & CULTIVATORS.

A FULL LINE OF

SHOVELS, FORKS, RAKES AND HOES
Of the best makes for the least money. Anything in the line of Agricultural Implements not in stock we will procure for you at short notice.

We are also agents for the celebrated
WILLIAMS & CLARK
HIGH GRADE
BONE FERTILIZER.

This Fertilizer is composed largely of bone and blood, and its analysis is as high as any in the market. All farmers who have ever used it need no further recommendation, as it has always given perfect satisfaction. It will be found on sale at Foskett's Mills, and at the store of Louis Brown in Briunfield.

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G. W. Gregory, Esq.:—In accepting your resignation as Principal Examiner, I take this opportunity to express my sincere regret that the office is to lose your valuable services. By an intelligent discharge of your duties, at the head of one of the most important classes in the Patent Office, you have won not only the esteem and commendation of more than one Commissioner of Patents, but also the confidence of those having business before you. Very respectfully,
J. M. THATCHER,
Commissioner of Patents.
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Mr. G. W. Gregory has taken out for us since January, 1875, more than one hundred patents.
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ROOT BEER.
In Liquid. No Boiling or Straining. Easily made.
This package makes 5 gallons.

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Ask your Druggist or Grocer for it.
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Situations permanent. Salary and expenses from start. Quick selling specialties. Experience unnecessary with us. Outfit sent free. Special inducements and choice of territory to every man engaging now. Write for terms quick, stating age. F. S. TAFT & CO., Rochester, N. Y. 4-6

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BOSTON AND MAINE R. R.
CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.
TIME TABLE COMMENCING MONDAY, JULY 1, 1889.

LEAVE BOSTON for Northampton, Hadley, Amherst, So. Amherst, Belchertown and Bondsville, 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Northampton, 6.00, 8.15 a. m., 2.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.25 a. m.
Hadley, 6.06, 8.21 a. m., 2.05 p. m. Sunday, 6.33 a. m.
Amherst, 6.15, 8.30 a. m., 2.14 p. m. Sunday, 6.43 a. m.
So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19 p. m. Sunday, 6.49 a. m.
Belchertown, 6.34, 8.47 a. m., 2.32 p. m. Sunday, 7.03 a. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 8.57 a. m., 2.42 p. m. Sunday, 7.16 a. m.

LOCAL SERVICE BETWEEN WARE & NORTHAMPTON.
LEAVE, Ware, 6.10, 10.35 a. m., 1.38, 6.33 p. m. Sunday, 4.33 p. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 10.49 a. m., 4.54, 6.49 p. m. Sunday, 4.50 p. m.
Belchertown, 7.10, 10.59 a. m., 5.05, 7.00 p. m. Sunday, 5.03 p. m.
So. Amherst, 7.40, 11.12 a. m., 5.19, 7.14 p. m. Sunday, 5.17 p. m.
Amherst, 7.55, 11.18 a. m., 5.26, 7.19 p. m. Sunday, 5.23 p. m.
Hadley, 8.21, 11.28 a. m., 5.36, 7.29 p. m. Sunday 5.33 p. m.
ARRIVE, Northampton, 8.38, 11.35 a. m., 5.43, 7.35 p. m. Sunday, 5.40 p. m.
LEAVE, Northampton, 6.00, 8.15 a. m., 2.00, 7.10 p. m. Sunday, 6.25 a. m.
Hadley, 6.06, 8.21 a. m., 2.05, 7.20 p. m. Sunday, 6.33 a. m.
Amherst, 6.15, 8.30 a. m., 2.14, 7.50 p. m. Sunday, 6.43 a. m.
So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19, 8.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.49 a. m.
Belchertown, 6.34, 8.47 a. m., 2.32, 8.30 p. m. Sunday, 7.03 a. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 8.57 a. m., 2.42, 8.50 p. m. Sunday, 7.16 a. m.
ARRIVE, Ware, 7.00, 9.10 a. m., 3.00, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.35 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for Ware, Gilbertville, Barre, Rutland, Oakdale and West Boylston, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Ware, 7.00, 9.10 a. m., 3.00 p. m. Sunday, 7.35 a. m.
Gilbertville, 7.09, 9.18 a. m., 3.08 p. m. Sunday, 7.44 a. m.
Barre, 7.35, 9.33 a. m., 3.27 p. m. Sunday, 8.08 a. m.
Rutland, 7.59, 9.48 a. m., 3.45 p. m. Sunday, 8.27 a. m.
Oakdale, 8.28, 10.16 a. m., 4.10 p. m. Sunday, 9.08 a. m.
West Boylston, 8.39, 10.20 a. m., 4.15 p. m. Sunday, 9.12 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for New Braintree, Hardwick, Barre Plains, Coldbrook, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, New Baintree, 7.17 a. m., 3.11 p. m., Sunday, 7.52 a. m.
Hardwick, 7.20 a. m., 3.14 p. m. Sunday, 7.56 a. m.
Barre Plains, 7.28 a. m., 3.23 p. m. Sunday, 8.02 a. m.
Coldbrook, 7.42 a. m., 3.32 p. m. Sunday, 8.14 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for So. Clinton and Berlin, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN
So. Clinton, 8.44 a. m., 4.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.21 a. m.
Berlin, 8.57 a. m., 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 9.31 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for Hudson, So. Sudbury, 7.45, 9.20 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 5.25, 6.25, p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Hudson, 6.30, 7.40, 9.08, 10.42 a. m., 12.35, 4.39 p. m. Sunday, 9.44 a. m.
So. Sudbury, 6.48, 7.55, 9.28 a. m., 12.52, 4.54 p. m. Sunday, 10.04 a. m.
LEAVE for WAYLAND, 7.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WAYLAND, 5.50, 6.55, 8.02, 8.45, 9.36 a. m., 12.58, 2.40, 5.01, 5.15 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m.
LEAVE for WESTON, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WESTON, 6.00, 7.04, 8.10, 8.54, 9.44 a. m., 1.07, 2.49, 5.09, 5.25 p. m. Sunday, 10.21 a. m.
LEAVE for WALTHAM, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WALTHAM, 6.08, 7.12, 8.17, 9.02, 9.52 a. m., 1.15, 2.57, 5.16, 5.34 p. m. Sunday, 10.30 a. m.
LEAVE for WAVERLY, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WAVERLY, 6.15, 7.18, 8.22, 9.07 a. m., 1.20, 3.02, 5.40 p. m. Sunday, 10.36 a. m.
LEAVE for BELMONT, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN BELMONT, 6.18, 7.21, 8.25, 9.10 a. m., 1.23, 3.05, 5.48 p. m. Sunday, 10.39 a. m.
JAMES T. FURBER, Gen'l Mgr.
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We have closed out the entire stock of a very large manufacturer of Moquette Carpets at one-third less than the usual price. We mean that we will sell you regular $1.50 Moquettes for $1.00. Your choice of fifty different patterns.

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Four hundred samples of Moquette. Each piece measures one and a half yards, finished at both ends for Rugs. Your choice of this lot 25c each piece. Come early and get first choice.

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Just to make it interesting to every one in need of Carpets, we have closed out several lots of Extra Super and Tapestry CARPETS which we have put in this sale at extremely low prices.

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We were one of the largest buyers at the great Auction Sale of Mattings last week, where we bought at our own price 500 rolls.

Good Straw Mattings at 17c, worth 25c.
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Every one should see our stock and examine our goods before buying. We can save you money every time.

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The best Range used on earth at the present time.

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The Palmer Journal.

VOL. XLI. PALMER, MASS., FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 23, 1890.---SIX PAGES. NUMBER 8.

Furniture, Carpets and Ranges.

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FURNITURE, CARPETS AND RANGES.

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BEDDING.
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Spring awakens the curiosity of all to see what

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The season affords. We are now fully stocked for the coming season. All are welcome, whether wishing to buy or not, and we think any one can find real enjoyment in going over our establishment.

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100 PERFORMERS. TRAINED HORSES. ORIENTALS.

100 EGYPTIANS. MOORS. COW BOYS.

100——RIDERS——100

This show comes to this town and brings with it all there is belonging to it.

It Comes. It Comes. It Comes.

It does not advertise this town for some distant point.

Admission, 25c.

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GOOD BUTTER, 20 to 25c.

Butter is one of our specialties.

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Does Any One Know?

Does any one know what's in your heart and mine,
The sorrow and song,
The demon of sin and the angel divine,
The right and the wrong;
The dread of the darkness, the love of the day,
The ebb and the flow
Of hope and of doubt forever and aye,
Does any one know?

Does any one dream of the love that is yours,
The heart that is mine;
The depth and the width of the cup which each pours
Of richest red wine;
Of the hate that is dark as the midnight of grief,
The anguish and woe,
The doubt clouds of halting and blind unbelief,
Does any one know?

Does any one see what we have in the heart
To love and to hate;
Of life's every motive an intricate part,
Of chance and of fate;
The mem'ry of kisses, of starlight, of songs,
Of roses and snow,
Of women's sweet eyes, of prayers and of wrongs,
Does any one know?

Does any one hearken to music of bells,
And the sigh of the sea,
And the whisper of woodlands that murmurs and swells
For you and for me;
The sound of fond voices that ever respond,
In tones soft and low,
To the prayer we are breathing into the beyond,
Does any one know?

—*Omaha World.*

EXTREMELY AWKWARD.

Mr. Yorke was an author.

Not one of the penniless kind that we are apt to picture to ourselves, scribbling in a garret and waiting with bated breath in the ante-rooms of magazine publishers. On the contrary, he had a snug little private fortune of his own, and he wrote as much to amuse himself as for any desire to amass money. Moreover, he was a successful author. Editors were glad to get his inenbrations, and sent him liberal checks therefor. He walked on Fifth avenue, with an orchid in his button-hole, on sunny afternoons, and rode a saddle horse in the park before breakfast. His table was strewn with cards to balls, dinners, and five o'clock teas, and take it all together, his lines were in pleasant places. And now to crown everything, he had fallen in love with Gwendoline Gordon, the beauty of the season, and she had designed to smile graciously upon him in return.

"Of course," said Gwen to her bosom friend, Muriel Jocelyn, "he isn't stunningly, stupendously rich like Pierre Petroleum, and he don't come of an old baronial family like that English captain of infantry. But he's awfully nice, don't you think so, dear?"

And Miss Jocelyn answered, "Awfully!"

But hidden in the sweetest bunch of roses there are thorns. Mr. Yorke's sharpest thorn was a charitably minded cousin, who belonged to the Working Guild of St. Ingomar's Chapel, went about among the slums, and carried a flat satchel full of "lists." And upon one particular May afternoon when our hero was three-quarters through the construction of a delicious little poem, the servant showed in:

"Miss Lucy Imray, sir, please!"

Mr. Yorke laid down his pen, and leaned back in despair. In his brain the coy little array of rhymes vanished like fairies at daybreak, the ideas melted into nothingness, the "divine afflatus" was gone.

Miss Imray, in her close black bonnet, straight falling cloak, and string of black beads, put the satchel on the table, nearly upsetting a silver standish of violet ink as she did so, and seated herself in a businesslike manner, with folded arms.

"How do, Stephy," said she.

Stephen Yorke eyed her balefully.

"Well, what is it now?" said he. "I sent you a check last week, didn't I?"

"Thanks ever so much," said Miss Imray. "It was forwarded to the Polynesian Islands."

"Oh, it was, was it?"

Lucy nodded.

"We are not allowed to solicit money for our home needs," said she. "It is too easily turned into something quite antagonistic to our platform."

"What do you want, then?" questioned Stephen, despairingly, fumbling up his hair. "Furniture? Or groceries? Or—"

"Clothes," said Miss Imray. "Now, don't look so savage, Stephey; you know it's our duty to help the poor in every way."

"Oh, hang the poor!" said Stephen. "They don't want my dress suit, do they? or my pearl studs, or my patent leather boots? I've a set of new linen shirts just come home from Marshall & Verinder's—"

"Don't be silly," said Miss Imray. "Remember I'm only begging for the poor. Such a deserving old sailor in Plum street, with a rheumatic wife and three little grandchildren."

"I've nothing in my whole wardrobe suitable for a deserving old sailor, with—"

"Oh, yes, you have, Stephy," said Lucy, serene and unruffled. "Think again."

"Nothing, I tell you. Here's ten dollars. Take it and leave me in peace."

"Don't I tell you we are not allowed to receive money? It's old clothes that I want. You must get me something, Stephy. The committee—"

"Bother the committee."

—"will be glad to receive, through me, any article that you may have discarded. Coats and trousers are particulary applicable to our needs. Hats, boots, underwear—"

"I sometimes think, Lucy, that you are determined to drive me crazy," said Yorke.

"If you could only see the poor people crowding aronnd the doors of our relief rooms, Stephy," pleaded the young woman.

"Oh, let 'em alone for that. It pays to crowd around. Your average poor people have a particular sharp eye to the main chance."

"Come, Stephy, what are you going to give me?"

"Nothing."

"That's all nonsense."

"No, it isn't. How can a man give what he hasn't got?"

"Will you just let me take a look through your wardrobe, Stephy?"

"No, I won't! There's where I draw the line. No woman is allowed to prowl through my wardrobe—not if I know it!"

"Then you're colder and flinty-hearteder than I give you credit for being."

"Draw it mild, Lucy, draw it mild," pleaded Mr. Yorke, feigning great alarm.

"You're a miser!"

"Perhaps I am."

"You are not willing to help those who are ready to perish!"

"Can't they perish in anything else but my best suit of clothes?"

"That is a mere evasion!"

"I'm sorry, Lucy, but—"

"So am I sorry—that I have a cousin so lost to all sense of justice and generosity. Good-bye, Stephen."

And the long sister-of-mercy cloak, the close black bonnet, and the string of black wooden beads all vanished abruptly. Stephen York looked after her, half smiling, half remorseful.

"Poor little Lucy!" said he to himself. "She's all absorbed in that charitable business of hers—and I don't doubt she accomplishes a great deal of good in one way and another. But if a man has absolutely nothing to give—" Once more he dropped his pen. "Hold on," said he, aloud. "I never thought of that old fishing suit I brought back from Canada. It's pretty far gone in the knees and elbows, but it's a half a degree better than nothing. No use trying to write after all this disturbance!"

He rose and went wearily into his bedroom, where there was an iron-clamped trunk in an alcove, whence, after considerable rummaging, he produced a disreputable-looking pair of trousers, patched, stretched and seedy in the last degree. The coat was altogether missing. Mr. Yorke eyed the garment with a whistle.

"And the moths have been at it, too," said said he. "Never mind; she wanted old clothes. Old clothes she shall have. I'm sure they couldn't be older! Who's that knocking at the door? Oh, the roses from Bud & Blossom's. Put 'em on the table, my lad"—to the district messenger boy—"and I'll be out directly. Leave the basket."

"Please, sir," said Dick O'Reilly, "I can't leave the basket. There's a lot of pansies and English violets in it for No. 40 Bellefield Place."

And thus speaking he departed. Stephen Yorke emerged from the shadow of the iron-clamped trunk, and viewed the drift of long-stemmed, sweet-hearted roses.

"Beauties," said he to himself. "Exactly what I wanted."

And with sundry sheets of cotton wool, some tissue paper and a flat pasteboard box, he packed the fragrant treasures and wrote a few lines on the back of his visiting card.

"Wear these, dearest, for my sake. If I see them to-night, I shall know that my suit is not in vain.
S. Y."

From Catherine Mermet and Niphetos roses to a worn fishing outfit was a fall indeed—but of such alternations is life composed. On a second card he wrote:

"DEAR LUCY:—I found these after you had gone. Take 'em and do the best you can with 'em.
Yours ever, STEPHY."

The roses refused to pack nicely—the half-worn garments declined to adapt themselves to any box in his possession, with an obstinacy which went far to establish the doctrine of the depravity of inanimate objects—but at last the vexed question was settled, the packages dispatched by special messenger, and peace reigned once more.

The purple dusk was brooding over the wide avenue—a gentle sea breeze had sprung up with the sunset, and the electric lights were beginning to shine here and there when Stephen Yorke sauntered down his door-steps, the famous pearl studs glistening in his shirt front, his white silk necktie adjusted to a nicety. Almost at the foot of the steps Lucy Imray met him, intent one of her charitable missions.

"Halloo!" said Mr. Yorke.

"Oh, Stephy!" cried Lucy, "I'm so much obliged. It was so kind of you to send them. They are such beauties!"

"Beauties, eh?" said Yorke. "Well, opinions differ. If you can make 'em useful—"

"I have made them useful," said Miss Imray with a positive nod. "I sent some of them to a sick girl down on Avenue A—and some of them went to the Hospital Annex, and—"

"Eh!" ejaculated Stephen Yorke. "A sick girl down on Avenue A—a hospital annex! What are you talking about? My fishing trousers—"

"Fishing trousers!" echoed Miss Imray. "What are you talking about? They were roses—the loveliest I ever saw in my life!"

"Roses," Mr. Yorke smote his knee with a smothered exclamation. "Did—I—send—you the roses?"

"With a nice little note, asking me to do the best I could with them!" beamed Lucy.

"Then," said Stephen, "I'm ruined! That's the long and short of it!"

"Stephen, have you gone crazy?"

"Look here, Lucy Imray!" said the young man, "I've sent you the roses I intended for Gwendoline Gordon at whose house I'm going to dine to-night! And I've sent her a pair of half-worn trousers, asking her to wear 'em for my sake! What do you think of that?"

For a second Miss Imray's dimpled face reflected the blank horror pictured in Stephen's every feature, then she burst into peal after peal of uncontrollable laughter.

"Oh Stephy," she cried, "do—do forgive me—but—I can't—help it! Gwen Gordon—the stateliest, the haughtiest of women! Oh, Stephy, I shall die, if I can't get the ridiculousness of it out of my head! Don't glare at me so dreadfully, Stephy; it's a dreadful blunder, I know, but they can neither hang, draw, nor quarter you for it! I'll go to Gwendoline Gordon myself—a little sister of St. Ingomar can go anywhere and do anything, you know—and explain the whole thing!"

"Lucy, you are an angel!" said poor Stephen Yorke.

"I'll never forgive him!" said Miss Gordon, seated in her *boudoir*, like an indignant empress. "Be silent, Muriel! Nothing can justify this! If it is meant for a practical joke, I hate and despise that sort of thing. If he intended a deliberate insult—"

"But he didn't," cooed a soft little voice behind her, as the Sister of Mercy tripped in. "He's down stairs now ready to commit suicide. It was all my fault, Miss Gordon. I had been persecuting him for a suit of half-worn clothes for my poor people, and he packed a box of the de-li-cious roses for you at the same time. And men are such inefficient creatures, you know! And I got your roses and sent them to the sick patients on my list, and the clothes for my old sailor were sent here! And you can fancy poor Stephen's dismay! Yes, that's right, laugh, Miss Gordon! When once one laughs, the bitterness is all gone out of one's heart!"

The Sister of Mercy's intercession was not in vain. Miss Gordon came smiling down to dinner. Muriel Jocelyn followed her all a-giggle. Gwendoline went up to the wretched young man who stood speechless by the window, and held out her soft, snow-flake of a hand to him.

"I can't wear your roses, Mr. Yorke," said she, "because—"

"Oh, Miss Gordon, can you ever forgive me for committing such a blunder?"

—"because," went on Gwendoline, "you didn't send them. But it's all the same as if I wore them!"

And Stephen Yorke knew that he had won the guerdon of his life.

SOMETHING ABOUT BALDHEADS.

"Baldheaded me die sooner than those who possess a full head of hair," said a physician the other day. "Then, doctor, your life is shortened," interposed the reporter.

"I have adopted a protector, you see: the skull cap. If I have no hair to cover my cranium, I do the next best thing and wear a warm cap. I never go baldheaded, no matter where I am, and by that means I never take cold. The majority of men who have baldheads wear nothing to protect the exposed surface, not even a wig. The result is many of them take cold and go off with pneumonia or contract some deep-seated disease like bronchitis or consumption. Yet, if I told a baldheaded man to wear something on the exposed spot, he would, nine times out of ten, pay no attention to my warning. It is a growing cause of increased mortality and deserves great attention both from scientists and empirical laymen. Baldheads are the sign posts of a high aesthetical civilization and at the same time the epitaphs of a physical degeneration. Luxury, ease, comfort, high living and hereditary characteristics have to be taken into consideration when analyzing the problem of baldheads. If the future race is to be devoid of hair, then it must necessarily be a short lived one, because more susceptible to sickness. I have noted many cases of pneumonia, and where the patient is a male over 40 years old the proportion is over one-half in favor of being baldheaded. Whenever I have a baldheaded patient I never rest until he consents to wear a skull cap. If the hair was no protection to man he would have been created without any, and his skin made tough and thick to stand the weather. The wise provisions made to insure perfect physical comfort never contemplated a period in the world's history when man should go about with his head slick as a peeled onion. The man who does it repeatedly sooner or later pays the penalty.

"Cæsar was bald in his last days and shielded his cranium by wearing a crown. In those days, when hats were not worn, few people were bald, and those who were attempted to conceal the fact. It is said that Cæsar wore the crown to hide his bald head, and it may be added correctly that he did it for comfort as well. Women do not suffer from the exposure of baldheads because they wear false head rigging, which generally protects the scalp. Then females are not predisposed to baldness as males. Nature has given them an abundance of hair, and those who grow bald have some kind of skin trouble. Yet there are more baldheaded women than the world imagines. My argument against going about with the scalp exposed is merely from a hygienic point of view, and not because of any false notions about how it makes a person look. Old men, middle-aged men, gilded youths and unfortunate womankind—if you are bald, don't grieve over the inevitable, but wear something warm and upon all occasions. Your days will be longer in the land and your progeny will be less likely to inherit the hairless tendency."—*New York Mail and Express.*

HYGIENIC HINTS.

Wash the hair in cold sage tea; it will keep the hair from falling out.

Never take a cold or hot bath till three hours, or longer, after a meal.

If the feet are tender and sore, bathe them with alcohol each night.

Adequate exercise in the open air should be taken in order to help the skin throw off effete matter.

Good and properly cooked food should be eaten, not food seasoned to cover up decay, partial or complete.

Water, not iced, but cooled by being placed upon ice, either in pitchers or bottles, is cold enough to drink.

Much sickness in farmers' families in winter is due to keeping large quantities of potatoes and other vegetables stored under sleeping rooms.

Horseradish roots grated and moistened with vinegar, put in a bag and applied to the seat of pain, will cure neuralgia.

Occupations which are of an out-door character are the best for the health; eight hours work, eight hours for sleep, eight hours for rest.

Pure air is the food of the lungs. This is obtained by scientific ventilation, which consists in admitting currents or movements through two or more apertures.

Proper and sufficient clothing should be worn; that which is loose, light and warm. Light colors for summer, dark for winter. In winter wear a flannel bandage about the abdomen.

Personal cleanliness is essential. Bathe once a week. Baths to be of the same temperature as the body. Bathing enables the skin to throw off effete matter, causing the dead and useless epidermis to peel off.

The sun bath is beneficial. No sitting or reading in darkened rooms, or those lighted by gas. Gas burns up oxygen very rapidly. Sitting under a gas jet turns the hair gray, and by overheating the scalp destroys its vitality and causes the hair to fall out.

For biliousness squeeze the juice of a lime or a small lemon into half a glass of cold water, and stir in a little baking soda; drink while it foams. To be taken when rising in the morning. This will also relieve the sick headache if taken in the beginning.

Malaria is due to microbes, which reach their victims either from the air, by inhalation, or from drinking water which has absorbed them. Boil the water, avoid the night air, sleeping in the higher room of the house, and guard against all excesses.

HOW TIMOTHY GRASS WAS NAMED.

Timothy or herd grass is the most common grass of continental Europe, growing wild throughout all that vast region between the Mediterranean Sea on the south and the North Sea in the direction the name implies. It is not known exactly when it was first introduced into the United States, but this much is known: it takes its name from Timothy Hanson, a farmer of Maryland, who brought it into general notice as a hay grass after he had cultivated it extensively for his own use for years. The botanical name for the grass is phleum pratense. It is a curious fact that although its native home is Europe, the United States is the first country in which it was grown, cut and cured for hay. Not longer ago that 1785 some timothy heads and seeds were taken to England and exhibited as curiosities.—*Chicago Times.*

The Boys We Need.

Here's to the boy whose not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as those will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this
"Right always wins the day."

SOFT SNAP FOR THE TRAMP.

The sign on the outside of the apothecary shop invited every one to come in and have "A mug of bouillon free of charge," says the Washington *Star*.

"Did you see that shabby looking man who went out at the same moment you came in?"

"I didn't notice him particularly," replied the reporter.

"Well," said the beef-juice disseminator, with a sigh, "I've been in great trouble with that customer for the last three days. He came in here the other morning and grinned horribly as he observed:

"'I see that you serve bouillon free of charge.'

"'Yes, sir,' I responded as pleasantly as I knew how. 'We offer this particular excellent article without demanding any payment for it. Indeed, I have been instructed by my employer to refuse money for it under all circumstances. I trust that you will find it an agreeable beverage.'

"'It suits me,' said the seedy stranger, 'both as to the quality of the article and the price. I will testify to my appreciation of the stuff by calling again.'

"And he did," continued the attendant at the urn. "He came in 18 times that day, by actual count, and on each occasion remarked:

"'I understand that you decline to receive any money for this?'

"And I would reply:

"'I am not permitted to accept anything, sir.'

"Then he would swallow his drink with a smack of the lips and take his departure."

"Did you see him the next day?" inquired the writer.

"Quite as much as I desired. He dropped in 26 times, and on each occasion took a cupful, remarking always:

"'I hope I am not abusing your hospitality.'"

"'So he is here again to-day?'

"Well, I should smile. Seventeen times he has been here already since 9 o'clock this morning. On the occasion of his last visit but one, about three-quarters of an hour ago, he said:

"'Do you know I am starving?'

"I looked at him in surprise, and replied:

"'You astonish me. I should have thought that you were being fairly provided with sustenance here. Within the last three days you must have consumed at this counter the essential properties of about 60 pounds of meat.'

"'Young man,' he answered, sententiously, 'you are evidently unaware that beef tea—even that prepared by natural process from the meat directly—is not really a nutrient. Physicians have repeatedly experimented with it and found that it was merely a mild and palatable stimulant. But it certainly will not support human life. It has even been found by experiment that a dog supplied with unlimited beef tea will die of starvation, pure and simple. For three days I have been living on bouillon, which, however gratifying to my sense of taste and even temporarily exhilarating to my empty stomach, has not given my system anything. It has almost occurred to me that I might be abusing the generosity of your invitation; but I have been reassured by what you have said as to your invariable habit of refusing to accept payment for the hospitalities you offer. And I feel encouraged to ask if you will not lend me the price of a glass of whisky, not that I desire the whisky at all, for, indeed, I abhor it, but merely in order that I may procure a portion of the sustaining free lunch which accompanies it at this time of day.'"

"Did you lend him the money?"

"I did, just to get rid of him. And he came in again just a moment before you arrived to get another mug of bouillon, saying as he gulped it down:

"'Don't you know I felt in need of something with which to wash down the meal I've had. I understand you to say that you decline to accept any remuneration for this, eh? Well, if you really refuse to take any payment for it, I suppose it would not be well-bred for me to insist. So good-bye!'"

MAKING UP THE BIG MAGAZINES.

A writer of some reputation, who ought to know all about magazines and magazine publishing, asked me along in December, says Bok, if I thought it too late to get the Century to print an article in their January number. He seemed to be quite astonished when I told him that I happened to know that all the big magazines were then working upon their March issues, that the January numbers, all printed and complete, were well on their way to distant points, and that the February numbers were already on the presses. When one considers that it takes from six to seven weeks to print and bind a single issue of one of these great magazines, it will be seen that the editions do not go to press too early. The illustrations still further complicate matters, as it takes fully two months to provide an article with engravings such as are made nowadays. Thus I remember that early last summer the Scribners were hurrying forward the preparation of the article on Emin Pasha which appeared in the November number, and were even fearful lest Emin should turn up in Europe before the article could appear. Another trouble the magazine makers have which few people probably realize comes from the conditions of printing a finely illustrated periodical. A newspaper goes to press at 1 o'clock in the morning and the machines begin to throw out papers by the thousand, but to put a "form" of a magazine to press is a very different matter. Usually three and often five days are occupied "making ready" the impression, to get it as near as possible to perfection. The man who will invent a printing press which will print fine cuts as rapidly as the great web presses turn out newspapers has an everlasting fortune assured him.

"SHON."

A gentleman who made a horseback tour of the backwoods of the West some years ago met with many amusing experiences. There were few towns or hotels along the route, and he had to depend in great part upon the hospitality of the residents of the country, but he says that, however contracted were their quarters, he never applied in vain to one of them for shelter. He stayed one night with an old German farmer, whose house consisted of but two rooms, one above the other.

The upper room, which was a mere loft, had in it two beds, one of which was given to the guest, while the farmer's boy, a heavy-eyed, stupid-looking boy of about fifteen years, named John, slept in the other.

Long before daylight the next morning the father began calling, "Shon! Shon! Gid oud!"

"I vill soon," Shon replied, drowsily, and immediately fell asleep again.

This occurred several times; then the father called out in the most emphatic tones:—

"Shon! O Shon! Eef you dond git oud yoost so quick as you can, I vill goom up mit a bail of vater, and I bet I makes you shump!"

John seemed to care less for the possible pail of water than for the frostiness of the morning. "I vill be up soon," he answered, and settled himself for another nap.

In two or three minutes, says the traveller, I heard heavy footsteps ascending the rude steps leading to the attic, and while I lay sympathizing with "Shon," a wave of icy water drenched me almost from head to foot.

"Now, sir," stormed my host, "I told you I would douse you if—"

"But you have doused me!" I managed to gasp, with my teeth chattering.

Thus made aware of his mistake, the amazed father became profuse in his apologies, and more excited than ever.

"Vat!" he shrieked, in the darkness. "It vas you! O-o-o-o-h, dot Shon! I thought he vas in dis bet! It vas dark; I could not see! Und you vas all vet! O-o-o-o-h, but I gives it to dot Shon now! I vill troun him mit a whole par'l of vater! Shon, you Shon! See vat meestake you make me do! I vill—Shon, vere you vas?"

But "Shon" had taken advantage of the hubbub and darkness, and had escaped the wrath of his father for the present, though I fear there was a terrible reckoning for him later in the day.

STATE STATISTICS.

Alabama was settled in 1771 at Mobile; admitted into the Union Dec. 14, 1819, and contains 51,540 square miles.

Colorado contains 103,645 square miles, was settled in 1858 at Denver, and was admitted into the Union Aug. 1, 1876.

Iowa contains 55,275 square miles, was settled in 1788 at Burlington, and was admitted into the Union Dec. 28, 1846.

Michigan contains 57,430 square miles, was settled in 1670 at Detroit, and admitted into the Union Jan. 26, 1837.

Nevada contains 109,740 square miles, was settled in 1860 at Washoe, and admitted into the Union Oct. 31, 1864.

Missouri contains 68,735 square miles, was settled in 1764 at St. Louis, and admitted into the Union Aug. 10, 1821.

Ohio contains 40,760 square miles, was settled in 1788 at Marietta, and was admitted into the Union Nov. 29, 1802.

Oregon contains 94,560 square miles, was settled in 1811 at Astoria, and admitted into the Union Feb. 12, 1859.

Arkansas was settled in 1685 at Arkansas Post, and admitted into the Union June 15, 1836. Its area is 53,045 square miles.

Nebraska contains 76,185 square miles, was settled in 1854 at Omaha, and admitted into the Union March 1, 1867.

Louisiana contains 45,420 square miles, was settled in 1699 at Iberville, and admitted into the Union April 30, 1812.

Maine contains 29,895 square miles, was settled in 1665 at Bristol, and admitted into the Union March 15, 1820.

Georgia contains 58,980 square miles, was settled in 1723 at Savannah, and admitted into the Union Jan. 2, 1788.

Illinois contains 56,000 square miles, was settled in 1720 at Kaskaskia, and admitted into the Union Dec. 3, 1818.

Maryland contains 9860 square miles, was settled in 1634 at St. Mary's, and admitted into the Union April 28, 1788.—*Jackson, Mich., Patriot.*

A BUNCH OF BANANAS.

"Stop a minute and count the bananas in this bunch for me, please," said a genial dealer in fruit the other day to an Indianapolis *News* writer. The reporter stopped, wondering at such a request, and proceeded to count. He first counted all those hanging on the outside in plain sight, and then, lifting them up or pushing them aside counted the hidden ones below. "There are exactly 163," said he. The dealer smiled a pitying smile, and remarked modestly that "he had supposed even a newspaper man could count." Then the reporter proposed to count them again to prove his accuracy. This time he observed that they were arranged in circles or tiers about the stalk, and he numbered them carefully, tier by tier. Alas for his boasting accuracy! He found there were 147 bananas in the bunch. Fully aroused now to the precarious situation in which his mathematical ability was placed, he began again, while the dealer stood by with his arms akimbo, occasionally emitting an audible chuckle. The final count gave 130 as a result, and the newspaper man was attempting to slink away unobserved when the dealer told him to wait a minute. Said he, "You are not inflated with pride in your numerical ability now, are you?" Then the reporter meekly signified that he was not. "Well, then, I'll tell you that not one man in 100 can count bananas correctly as they hang in a bunch, so." "How, then, do you find how many are in a bunch?" "We use strategy. We take a paper of pins and count just how many are in it. They are arranged in rows, and we can count them, and we know we are right. Then we go through the bunch of bananas and stick a pin in each one, going over them several times to make sure that each one has its pin. Then, by counting how many pins are left, and performing a little problem in subtraction, we learn what we are working after. There are exactly 155 bananas in that bunch."

Judge—"You say you are a widow?" Prisoner—"Yes, your honor." "How long have you been a widow?" "Ever since my husband died, your honor." "Thirty days! Next case!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

An Economical Man.

He lived on thirteen cents a day,—
  Ten cents for milk and cracker,
One cent for dissipation gay,
  And two cents for tobacco.
And if he wished an extra dish
He'd take his pole and catch a fish.

And if his stomach raised a war
  'Gainst his penurious habit,
He'd go and kill a woodchuck, or
  Assassinate a rabbit;
And thus he lived in sweet content
On food that never cost a cent.

And, that he might lay by in bank
  The proceeds of his labor,
He'd happen round at meal, the crank!
  And dine upon his neighbor!
And then he'd eat enough to last
Until another day had passed.

He bought not pantaloons nor vest,
  Nor rich expensive jacket;
He had one suit—his pa's bequest—
  He thought would "stand the racket."
He patched it thirty years, 'tis true,
And then declared 'twas good as new.

He owned but one suit to his back,
  And mums cuffs and collars.
He died and left his nephew Jack
  Nine hundred thousand dollars!
And Jack he run his fortune through
And only took a year or two.

—*S. W. Foss.*

MISS PECKHAM'S MONEY.

"Tht's right," said Miss Peckham, "pile on the wood! It's a mortal cold night, and I never was no believer in pinchin' and scrapin'. If you hain't no objection, Mrs. Traverse, I'd like that 'ere corner of the fireplace—I always set on the left hand corner and I don't s'pose it makes any difference to you."

Mrs. Traverse rose, in meek obedience to the spectacled autocrat who ruled the household with a rod of gold.

"And, Abiah Traverse, you'd obleege me by not smokin' while I'm in the house," went on the remorseless old tyrant. "If there's anything that sends the blood straight into the cend o' my nose, its tobaccy smoke!"

Abiah cast a rueful glance at his beloved meerschaum, but he laid it down, nevertheless, with an air of a martyr.

"And now I'm goin' up stairs to get some knittin' out o' my leather reticule, and I hope you'll hev tea ready by the time I get down stairs, 'cause I always was a great stickler for early hours. I know taint your reg'lar customs to hev it afore six, but I couldn't wait so long, no ways!"

And as Miss Peckham slowly climbed the creaking chamber stairs, with her ebony cane tapping at every step, Mary Traverse spoke boldly out:

"Mother, how can you let that arbitrary old Witch of Ender order you around in that sort of way? Father, take up your pipe and smoke it out. She is neither queen nor empress; and if I were you, I'd have tea just when I wanted it."

"Hush, my dear child!" said Abiah Traverse, looking apprehensively at his daughter's kindling cheek and sparkling eye. "You know it won't do to offend her; she's got money to leave."

"Money! and what if she has? Does that give her the right to order us, and domineer over us, and turn all the habits of our lives upside down, I wonder?"

"Mary, my dear, don't speak so loud," put in her mother. "You know, child, it's for the family advantage to humor all her little ways."

"Mother I would rather work for a living than to be so tyrannized over in our own house!"

"Hush, Mary! Papa and I understand these matters much better than you can possibly do. I am afraid, Abiah," said Mrs. Traverse, turning to her husband, "that we shall have to send Richard away."

"Why?"

"Aunt Peckham says she can't bear the noise of a boy around the house."

"Well, then," said Abiah, regretfully, "he'll have to go, I s'pose."

"Father!" ejaculated Mary, with a rising color; "do you mean to say that you would send little Dick away—my uncle's orphan boy—just because Miss Peckham is a whimsical old maid?"

"My dear," said Abiah, turning hot, and looking inexpressibly mean and cringing under his daughter's indignant glance, "you know we really must humor her prejudices."

At this instant the "tap, tap" of Miss Peckham's crutch sounded once more on the stairs, and the discussion was of course interrupted, while Mary went on setting the table, clinking the cups and saucers together with unnecessary energy, and rattling down the knives and forks like a young hail-storm.

"This is a mighty inconvenient house o' yourn, Abiah," said Miss Peckham, gloomily. "Chimblies in the wrong corners, windeys just where they hadn't ort to be and ceilin's so low I feel as if I was bein flattened down the hull mortal time."

"I am sorry," apologized Abiah; but—"

"Sorry!" echoed the spinster. "Sorry don't butter parsnips! I'll tell yon what you'll have to do, if you calculate on my stayin' here along with you—build a two-story wing, with a chimbly right in the middle."

"Yes—but—it will be so very expensive.

"Expensive! Of course wings cost money; hut Luke Storrs' folks would ha' built anything I said, and Jemimy was dretful anxions for me to say there with 'em."

"Well, well, don't say a word," said the daunted Abiah. "I'll build to suit yon, Aunt Peckham."

"Mother," said Mary Traverse, at the end of a fortnight, "I'm going to marry Truman Lilly to-night."

"Mary!"

"I am, mother. I'm tired of this dispotic rule. Father is building an addition to suit Miss Peckham; you have papered all the rooms for her taste; Dick has been sent to the poor-house, and poor, half blind Sally Jones has been turned ont of the kitchen because Miss Peckham thinks that she costs too much. Mother, no blessing will come of this, though Miss Peckham had all the gold of Ophir to back it. And now I can't endure it any longer, so I shall marry Truman—partly because he is a dear, good fellow and I love him, and partly because he says I shall have Dicky to live with me and a corner for blind Sally in my kitchen. And, mother, you may come and sit on your own side of the fire-place, and father shall smoke all over the house, if he likes, and if Miss Peckham shows her wrinkled old face within a quarter of a mile of the place, we'll set the dogs on her, Truman and I."

"Mary! Mary!" ejaculated her mother; but it was not without a singular sense of relief that she heard her daughter's independent plans.

"For you see, father," she said to her helpmate, when Mary was safely married and ont of the way, "Mary was too spirited-like—she never would do as Aunt Peckham wanted—and, to tell you the truth, she told me last week that unless Mary could be disposed of some way, she should go back to Luke Storrs' house."

"I—I'm very glad Mary concluded to have Truman Lilly," said Abiah, cringingly. "It's all-important not to disoblige Aunt Peckham, especially now that I'm mortgagin' the farm to get money to pay for the new wing, and paper-hanging, and things."

The Czar of all the Russias was not half so autocratic as Miss Peckham in her more limited domains. If there was a momentary cessation of homage, she had only to say, "I guess I'll see Lawyer Johnson about altering my will," and they were—figuratively speaking—prostrate before her.

To be sure, Abiah Traverse sometimes contracted his brows over the numberless expenses into which the old woman's whims and humors led him; but he invariably consoled himself by mentally remarking:

"Never mind; she cant't last very long, and it'll be all right when I get her money."

And one day, Miss Peckham being very old and feeble, bethought herself to die, which was perhaps, the best thing she could have done.

"Now for the money!" chuckled Abiah. "It's been a long siege; but I guess it'll pay."

The will was produced, in full family conclave, Luke Storrs' family being all present in deep mourning—Truman Lilly, his young wife, and little Dick, the orphan.

"How much?" shrieked Abiah, as the legal man sonorously read out the long phrases.

"To be equally divided between my nephew, Luke Storrs, and my nephew, Abiah Traverse," shouted the lawyer, "the sum of fifty dollars!"

"Is that all?" fairly shouted Abiah.

"Is that all?" echoed the infuriated Luke Storrs.

"That's all," said the lawyer dryly, taking a pinch of snuff.

"But look here!" ejaculated Abiah, taking him by the sleeve. "Where is Miss Peckham's money?"

"That's Miss Peckham's money."

"All?"

"All!"

"And you knew it all along?"

"Why, yes, of course I knew it, but it wasn't my business to say anything," said the lawyer, intensely enjoying the discomfiture of the two fortune hunters.

"And who is to pay for the new addition to my house—and the painting and papering—and all the expenses she has brought upon me?"

"Ah—who, indeed?" remarked the lawyer. "That is certainly a subject for grave consideration."

And that was the end of all the golden dreams of Abiah Travers and his wife. While Mrs. Truman Lilly observed, with great calmness:

"I told you how it would be."—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

TOM CORWIN'S REPARTEE.

In 1842, when Mr. Corwin was the Whig candidate for governor, he was speaking to a large out-of-door audience in Akron, and in his speech he told his hearers that he wished for their votes, but said he wished it to be understood that it was not for the sake of the salary he would receive. (The governor's annual salary under the old constitution was only $800.) A Democrat near the speaker's stand said, "That's a lie."

Mr. Corwin instantly turned a little and looking squarely into the fellow's face, with a smile clearly expressing a combination of mirth and contempt, said: "No, it is not, and I will tell you why. I am a lawyer, and when at home I can make more money by pleading assault and battery cases for (pointing his finger at him) just such chaps as you are than I could by being governor." As soon as the roars of laughter subsided Mr. Corwin went on with his address just as though he had not been interrupted.

The love of fun was a trait of his character which even his gallantry would not prevent him from enjoying whenever a good opportunity occurred:

Judge Wright of Cincinnati and Mr. Corwin were traveling together during the campaign referred to, and stopped to stay over night at the home of a prominent citizen in the central part of the state. At supper the host's daughter waited on the table, and knowing the distinguished character of their guests, was inclined to put on style; and before pouring tea inquired, first of Judge Wright: "Do yon take condiments in your tea?" The old judge was too polite to say anything but "yes," and let her fix his tea as she pleased.

When she came to Mr. Corwin she repeated the same question. The chance for a joke was so good that he could not resist the temptation to improve it, and he replied: "Pepper and salt if yon please, but no mustard."

I think it safe to conclude that that girl never again proposed "condiments" for tea. —*Cleveland Leader.*

SIMPLE AND DEVOTED.

It is difficult to retain simplicity of life and devotion to religions duty when burdened with business, fortune and honor, but it can be done, for it has been done.

Lord Hatherly was an eminent lawyer and learned lord chancellor, but for forty years he was a Sunday-school teacher among the poor of Westminster. Even while lord chancellor of England he was to be found every Sunday, seated among the poor workingmen's children reading and explaining to them the Scriptures.

But the great man's life was as wonderful in its simplicity as in its devotion to duty. Once, by special invitation of Queen Victoria, he visited her at Windsor castle, and remained over night. On the morning of his departure, the queen said she wished he would stay another night at the castle. Seeing that she seem perplexed, she said:

"Why do you hesitate, my lord?"

"Your majesty," answered the lord chancellor, "I have never, since I was married, been parted from my wife for four and twenty hours before."

"Oh, I won't keep you, then," exclaimed the queen, with that ready sympathy which is one of her traits.

Lord Hatherly returned home, and when again the queen invited him to Windsor, she was careful to ask him to bring Lady Hatherly.—*Youth's Companion.*

KNEW MORE THAN HIS PRAYERS.

They begin the classes in some of the public schools nowadays in the rudiments of civil government at a very early age. And it seems that the young people get, on the whole, a pretty correct idea of the way we are governed. A teacher, who, by the way, is rather fond of English things, was orally instructing a class the other day in the foundations of political science. She had given her young pupils a very interesting lecture about the British system of government. And then she asked the boy at the head of the class:—

"And now, Johnnie, what are the men called who govern or rule over us in this country?"

"Kings!" said Johnnie, promptly.

"Oh, no. Tell me, the next one, by whom are we governed?"

"Queens!"

"No! Next boy."

"Jacks!" said the next boy.

And he was not promoted to the head of the class.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE FOLLIES OF BEAUTY.

With the very latest notes on fashion before me, and my pen suspended, my eyes fell upon an article which lay upon my desk entitled "Gossip About Pretty Girls." It gives the modus operandum of making one's self beautiful, and goes on to tell how a ruddy blonde of Washington fastens her fat little hands to the headboard on retiring so as to reduce the supply of blood and produce the delicate complexion of an invalid friend. To allow the mouth to be open in sleep is simply outrageous, so, to assure an avoidance, many a dainty Miss woos Morphens with her lower jaw and head closely bound with a skate strap. A narrow pillow placed vertically under the back and between the shoulders encourages a perfect stature, so the good old bolster is consigned to the comfort of retired belles and beaux. Disregarding the fair, fresh skin, classical mould and every law of proportion, and in deference to an arbitrary fashion, which cannot but prove fatal to beauty and health, our wasp-waisted belles claim the necessity of slumber corsets to retain their acme of shapeliness. A mask of moist rye flour or coating of cold cream is as regularly assumed as the night robe, and the feminine head drooped pillowward without curl papers or leads is exceptional. Hot foot baths are a regular feature of the toilet, as they tend to draw the blood from hands to face.

Every girl knows the value of beauty and should strive to preserve all attractive qualities; but artificial devices only can conceal the ravages of time and dissipation. Still, "without true regard to the laws of health, even the powder box, rouge, pallet and pencil prove a shallow resource. The maid with a spirituelle cast of features and complexion clogs the pores of her fair skin with paint, while the vigorous, plump, rosy beauty tortures her digestive apparatus with acids and chalks. Each persists in possessing at tributes foreign to her constitution."

To my mind all fresh young faces are beautiful, and where neatness of person and order in dress are preserved with the natural graces given to the maiden there is no occasion for the "paint and powder" rage which prevails among our daughters. They begin the use of cosmetics so early in life that when they are middle-aged the skin is ruined, and in many cases so yellow that it takes a thick coating of powder to keep it from showing through. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WE DO SOME QUEER THINGS.

We are a great people, but we do some things that are queer. One takes for granted that we pay according to our needs, desires and highest conception of goods. We employ men to do things in this world, and pay them according to the pleasure and profit we get out of them. On that basis authors and artists go through life with frayed coats and wistful eyes, and prize fighters wear purple and fine linen. We pay a base ball captain from $2000 to $5000 a year and a life saving attache from $40 to $60 a month, with $100 for the captain of the crew. Think of it! Public sentiment pays the man whose noblest ambition is to play base ball four times as much as the man who gives himself to the fury of the ocean—for what? To win a belt, the cheers and praises of a crowd of hoodlums and small boys, or a newspaper notice next day? Oh! no, This man risks his comfort, his health and the future of his own wife and children to save the lives of strangers. Such is human gratitude. This is the way of the world. But there is something in this most common adjustment that makes a thoughtful man ashamed of his kind. Five thousand dollars to a fellow in knickerbockers, with padded gloves and a wire cage over his face, going about the country as a professional ball player; $700 to the hero that lives on the seacoast, that takes his life in his hands, leaves all that he loves to battle with the fury of the sea, to beat against the waves and wind, to save drowning men and women, and to pick clinging freezing creatures from the spar of sinking ships. Yes, we are the great people, but there are some phases of our greatness which make the cheek burn. We are great, but a three-column illustrated base ball article alongside a paragraph on these brave men who have saved hundred of lives in recent storms is rather calculated to make us wish we were less great and more just and generous. People have howled for four years over the surplus. Paying these men decent salaries would have helped to diminish it. Raising them at once, and granting fair pensions to the widows of our life crews would be nothing but an act of justice, and would give us one cause less to blush for humanity.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

PERSIAN BRIBERY.

A traveler in Persia relates the following incident: "I was on a visit to a judge when a man was brought in who stontly denied the offense with which he was charged. The beglerbeg (judge) sent for a whip.

"I vow I am innocent," said the accused, as he crossed his hands over his breast, at the same time stretching forward one of his fingers. The minion of justice stood ready to strike at a signal from the judge who fixed his eyes on the breast of the prisoner and exclaimed:

"You are guilty!"

"By thy venerable head, I vow I am not guilty," protested the accused, now raising two fingers.

This process was continued until he at last stretched out five fingers on each hand, when the beglerbeg remarked:

"Good, let him go; he is innocent."

I learned afterward that by raising his finger the prisoner meant the judge to understand that he offered one toman (about ten shillings) for his release, and had been compelled to raise the amount by successive bids to ten tomans (£5) in order to satisfy the demands of the Persian justice.

HE NEEDED A START.

"So you want to borrow $500 capital to start on? 'If you only had $500 capital you have a chance now to establish a business that will grow into thousands, and perhaps millions, eh?' All that you need is the start, is it? Well, my son, I don't know about investing $500 in you until you have invested something in yourself. I want to see you trot one heat, anyhow, before I decide whether you are safe to back. Listen to me, my son: The man who can make a $500 business grow into thousands, and perhaps millions, always gets the $500—always. Here, I'll tell you what I'll do with you; I'll give you a dollar. Now, a man who can make millions out of five hundred, can easily make five hundred out of one. Good-by, my boy, good-by. Don't work too hard if you don't want to get rich. And remember, son, the man who has to have another man's capital to start on usually spends all his life working for the other man. Start yourself, my boy; it will be easy work if you're going down hill.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE SAFEST SIDE.—Milkman (to applicant for situation.) "You have had an experience, have you?"

Applicant.—"Oh, yes, sir."

"On which side of a cow do you sit to milk?"

"The outside, sir."—*Bazar.*

NOW IS THE BEST SEASON OF THE YEAR FOR BICYCLING.

Buy a Wheel and Try It.

Columbia Safety,	$135 00
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The "Eagle,"	130 00
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BASKETS IN GREAT VARIETY.

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I take pleasure in announcing to the people of Monson and Vicinity that I have just received the largest line of DRESS GOODS ever shown in MONSON, and WILL be receiving NEW GOODS almost every day during the Spring Season.

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The best in the world, and have a LARGE COUNTER BOOK for the benefit of all who wish to examine. Orders for Patterns left at my store will receive prompt attention.

I AM ALSO AGENT FOR THE FAMOUS STATEN ISLAND FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT.

SPECIAL! SPECIAL!

During the month of April I will present to every one purchasing Three Dollars' worth of goods A BOUND BOOK, selected from the Arlington and Gladstone series.

Come one, come all, and examine if you do *not* want to buy. We take *pleasure in showing* our goods, and we will treat you all the same and make prices so that (we think) when you do want to buy you will come to the

BOSTON STORE.

Thank you for past favors and soliciting a fair share in the future,

I remain, your Obedient Dry Goods Provider,

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26-42

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Remember, there will be no reduction in the quality of work. We have a reputation and we are bound to retain it.

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Dear Sirs:—I can truthfully and cheerfully say that having procured one bottle of your "King of all Remedies" for my wife, it has benefitted her very much. She has great faith in it. For months her appetite was very poor, but after taking one bottle of the medicine her appetite has increased, and she wishes me to express her thanks for this timely and valuable remedy. Yours,

CHARLES A. WAY.

Holyoke, Oct. 21, 1889.

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Gentlemen:—One year ago last February my wife fell down stairs and received injuries which brought on a severe illness from that time until the early part of the present month. She has suffered with almost continuous pains, especially in her bones. Hearing of your great remedy, she tried it, and at the present time, after using two bottles, feels as well as ever, and her pains have entirely ceased. In connection with the Remedy she used Cyclone Liniment. Respectfully yours,

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Prescriptions a Specialty,
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Allen's New Drug Store,
REMOVED TO
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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
SICK HEADACHE
POSITIVELY CURED BY THESE LITTLE PILLS.
They also relieve distress from dyspepsia, indigestion and too hearty eating. A perfect remedy for dizziness, nausea, drowsiness, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, pain in the side, etc. They regulate the bowels and prevent constipation and piles. The smallest and easiest to take.
ONLY ONE PILL A DOSE.
40 in a vial. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents. Five vials by mail $1.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., PROPRIETORS.
NEW YORK.
Sold by druggists. nrm1ply28

JAPANESE SOAP
Is made of the PUREST, CLEANEST and BEST MATERIALS. For the Laundry, Bath or Toilet it has no rival, saving many times its cost to any household in clothes. The price is less than for inferior soaps of equal weight. Send 20 trade marks from wrappers and get handsome Christmas picture.
FISK
MANUFACTURING CO.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS. 52-47

New Undertaking Rooms
—IN—
CARYL'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET, PALMER.
COFFINS, CASKETS, BURIAL ROBES, Etc.
In all styles and prices.
A full line of FUNERAL GOODS on hand.
EMBALMING, LAYING OUT, and all branches of the business promptly attended to.
O. LASALLE.
Residence in Dr. Holbrook's Block, at Point of Rocks. Palmer, Mass. 52-51

DR. ELMER E. HILL,
DENTIST,
HATCH'S BLOCK, PALMER, MASS.

The Fallen.

1.

Toll the slow bell,
Toll the low bell,
Toll, toll,
Make dole
For them that wrought so well;
To them that fought and fell,
Once more, farewell, farewell,
Ouee more, farewell.

Come, eome,
Bid the dull drum
Hush all gladness dumb,
While dolorous horn and death-remembering bell
The steady volee of sorrow swell.
Solemn measures slow
Toll and beat and blow;
Rebuke it, darken, blight
This bright, unpityling light;
Put out all glories that adorn
This sweet, unheeding morn.
Toll—toll—
Toll—toll—
For them, our beauty and our might,
Gone on the unreturning way,
For them that took the night
That we might have the day.
Blow the sad horn
This glad May morn;
Knell, knell,
Let the slow bell
Be struek, and the troubled drum.

Come, eome,
Sound on—since we must weep on—for their sleep
Who had not time to weep,
And our bigh honor keep.
Blow the sad horns,
Briug flowers for them that took the thorns.

The saered scroll—let it onee more be read,
Victors and vanquished, all the fallen together;
Here in the warm May weather,
Number once more the well-beloved dead.
Love, love forgets no brother
Born of our eommon mother;
Here in the warm May weather,
Bow we in grief together,
Kneel we in grief together:
To them that wrought so well,
To all that fought and fell,
Onee more, farewell, farewell,
Onee more, farewell.

II.

Death—Death! Whenee cometh he
Who said that he should be?
Oh, if death were, these were his foremost foes,
Who, though heneeforth they tent
Beyond the firmament,
Deliver still their undiminished blows;
Who, marching bright and far
As flames the farthest star,
Along the fadeless field of light,
The ringing field of life and right,
Forever gather to the fight.

No more let Grief with his pale faee
Offend the splendor and the graee,
The promise, of this place.
Bid hither cringing Doubt,
And drive his devil ont:
The Lord our God, onee more he saith,
"This hand made all; it made not Death."

Sepulchered not, but sown
In virtuous mold, the hardy seed
For harvest of th' enduring deed,
Here live and thrive God's own.
The brute goes down into his darkened gate,
Content with that unlovely ultimate;
But them we laid here side by side,
Scorned the mean clod, and, risen, abide.

Here did our soldiers, one by one,—
The last grand duty grandly done,—
These acres of green martyr sward
Add to the garden of our Lord.
Live words, swift words, and joyous, break
From these still mounds:
"Wake, Freedom, wake!
Blow the glad horn
This bright May morn,
This white May morn;
Strike up the martial stave;
Say, where those colors wave
Believed and battled they
Whose faee was towards the day;
Say, there nor cowl nor crown
Shall strike you, Freedom, down;
Say on till Hell itself shall hear,
Men are that falter not nor fear;
Say, for th' unwavering brave
There is no grave."

Ay, stanch undaunted measures blow,
Still gath'ring courage as they go;
High, defiant measures sound,
Send the echoes round and round
Honor's utmost bound:
Again and yet again say for this land,
Still her soldier's sword is in his hand.
Say, these can yet the stiff sword thrust
Up through the dust.

The sinew and the rib of Liberty,
Who being gave to what was but a name—
Lift for them mightily
The voice of loud acclaim;
Sound their true worth,
Sound their new birth,
Over the earth;
Blow through all the habitation of the brave
Their clear, eternal challenge to the grave.
John Vance Cheney in May Century.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

It was a bright day in the early part of October, 1863, that John Matthews stopped his horse in the middle of a long furrow he was drawing, to watch, with curious eyes, the actions of a United States officer, who was slowly making his way toward him over the freshly-plowed ground. After the customary salute, the stranger said: "I am not mistaken in supposing that I have the honor of dressing Mr. John Matthews of Hanover township?"

"That is the name to which I answer in the regions round about here," was the reply of the puzzled plowman.

"Then, this paper will explain my business," returned the officer, taking a legal-looking document from his pocket, and putting it into the outstreatched hand of Matthews.

A swift glance at the contents of the paper caused a change in the countenance of the farmer.

"I thought that the quota of our township had been filled?" he said, as with trembling fingers he folded the document, and returned it to its envelope.

"It seems not," answered the officer, briefly.

"We have raised an immense amount of bounty for volunteers, at any rate," responded Matthews.

"And still a little short. You will report at headquarters to-morrow evening at four o'clock," said the stranger, turning his horse and galloping away. John Matthews was no coward, and if he had been a young man he would have been in the ranks months ago, but a young family had hitherto demanded his presence at home, and now a favorite daughter, his first-born child, was slowly fading away with consumption. It would be hard for him to take a last look at her young face—for she would be under the sod before he returned, if that time could ever come.

Unhitching his horses from the plow, he led them to the stable, unharnessed and fed them, hoping by the delay to gain his wonted composure before breaking the unexpected news to the dear ones, as yet unconsious of the cloud that overshadowed them.

Going round to the back door, where his wife was at work, he made known the object of the stranger's visit, and begged her, for Maggie's sake, to bear up bravely under the heavy tidings.

"You must not think of going, John. Maggie could not live through the parting," began his wife, in a quiet but decided voice.

"You talk just like a woman, Mary. This is an imperative call and must be obeyed. You know that my going at this time is not from choice."

"I understand all about that, John. I had not thought of lifting my puny arm against the powers that be—but you cannot go."

"What do you mean, wife?" asked honest John, wondering if the ill news had not made the good woman a little daft.

"There are plenty of men ready to go for money, John, and there is that five hundred dollars in the bank," was Mary's cheerful reply.

"But that has been laid aside to remodel the old homestead," sighed John, thinking of all the improvements the money could make.

"Better live in the old house a few years longer, than part with its head forever," insisted Mrs. Matthews, and she carried her point, for before the morrow's sun went down a stannch, ablebodied man had agreed, for the sum of five hundred dollars, to face death in John's place.

The months passed away—Maggie went to join the white-robed throng in Heaven, and before the June roses were again in bloom, the angel of Peace had spread her wings over a torn and bleeding country. The years, as they came and went, left their blessings on the home of the Matthews. A new house took the place of the old one, and the former land-marks were widened for the rich harvests, and the large increase from the flocks filled to overflowing the coffers of the honest farmer. One by one his boys and girls went out from beneath the sheltering love of the dear old roof, to build up homes for themselves. At last only Roy, the baby, remained—to stay and comfort them in their declining years.

It was Memorial Day, 1874, that John Matthews announced his determination of running down to the city to see the procession. His heart burned within him as he listened to the thrilling tales of suffering and death that the memories of the day called fourth. While standing in a quiet corner watching the old veterans strewing the graves of their comrades, the sobs of a little girl near him touched a tender chord in his great, warm, loving heart. Moving up near her he inquired the cause of her distress.

"My papa was a soldier, but the grave is far, far away, and nobody puts flowers on it. Mamma always cries on Memorial Day, and says if papa had only lived, we would have a pleasant home like other folks."

"What is your mother's name?" asked the kind man, with a thought of the bill he would send her when he should reach home.

"Mary Pritchard," answered the child. John Matthews gave a quick start, but controlled his voice to ask the father's name.

"Lenox—Lenox Pritchard; and I had a little brother Lenox, but he died, too," the little one ran on in an artless way, but John Matthews heard only the name "Lenox Pritchard," and asked:

"What regiment did he belong to?"

"One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania," was the reply.

"The same," he mused. "It must be my man. Surely there would not be two of such an uncommon name in the same regiment." He plied the child with other questions, but she could only tell that she was an infant when her father went away, and was now almost eleven years old, and that her name was Nell. The ceremonies in the cemetery being over, he asked her to take him to her mother. At the door, the older sister, Alice, met them.

Without waiting for an introduction, he said: "This little girl tells me that her father's name was Lenox Pritchard, and that he was a member of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania."

"Yes, and he was killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864."

"Did he volunteer, or——"

"He went as a substitute for a gentleman who had been drafted," she replied.

"I thought so. Can you tell me that man's name?" he asked hoarsley.

"I never heard the name, I believe," said Alice, looking at her questioner curiously.

"I'd give a great deal to know," said he.

"I can ascertain from mother. She knows all about the enlistment," Alice returned.

"If you would allow me to speak to her myself I would be greatly obliged," the farmer ventured.

"Certainly! but you will find us in very straightened circumstances," she answered, leading the way up the rickety stairs. The room to which she ushered him was neat and clean, but almost destitute of furniture. The emaciated mother was lying on the only bed the room possessed.

Plunging right into business, he was not long in ascertaining that the Lenox Pritchard he sent away from his wife and children, and the Lenox Pritchard who slept on the lonely battlefield were identical.

"That man died for me," he exclaimed. "My old bones ought to be moldering in that lonely grave, and Lenox Pritchard ought to be here providing for his helpless family."

"It was no fault of yours, Mr. Matthews. If he had not gone for you he would have gone for some other one. He was out of work and accepted your offer eagerly. The next morning he went off in good spirits, but he never came back again. A friend marked his grave, but I have no hopes of ever looking upon the spot where he lies buried. These memorial days bring back my griefs afresh, but my Father's hand is in it all, and soon I will join him in the land where farewells are never spoken."

"You must come out to the country, ma'am, and get a breath of pure air. A few of our sunshiny days will put new life into your blood, and my good wife will soon bring the roses back to the cheeks of these pale damsels, whom I cheated out of a father," said John Matthews, drawing his sleeve across his eyes.

It was arranged, finally, that he would return in a week for the desolate family, but he did not leave until he had slipped a gold eagle into the poor, wasted hand outstretched to him at parting.

"Mary," he said, after rehearsing his story in the presence of his wife and son, "I have about concluded to give that little cottage in town to Mrs. Pritchard and her children. It would be mighty easy to haul a load of coal now and then, or throw some wood or apples into the wagon when we are going to the mill. You know we would never miss such things."

"But we must give so we *will miss*, John. Just think what your fate would have been if Lenox Pritchard had not died in your stead. It is no charity, but a debt we owe his family."

"You are right, Mary, and while John Matthews lives, his substitute's wife and children shall not want."

The little cottage was neatly furnished, and the next week Mrs. Pritchard and her children found a pleasant home beneath its roof. Through their benefactor's influence Alice secured a class in music, and once more the joyous tiuge of health came back to her mother's wan face. To make our story complete, I must tell you of a quiet wedding celebrated in the little home a few years later, when Alice wore the orange blossoms, and Dr. Roy Matthews placed the wedding-ring upon her finger.

Little Nell is a teacher now, herself, but she will never forget the day God sent John Matthews to her among the graves of the dead heroes, who had friends to weep for them.

In a quiet corner of the village churchyard, far removed from the noise and bustle of the busy city, there is a solitary grave marked by a plain monument, with the name of Lenox Pritchard inscribed upon it. Memorial Day it is strewn with more flowers and wet with more tears than those of Nell and her mother.

INTERESTING FACTS.

There are 2750 languages.
America was discovered in 1492.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
Envelopes were first used in 1839.
Telescopes were invented in 1590.
A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.
The first steel pen was made in 1830.
A span is ten and seven-eighth inches.
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.
Watches were first constructed in 1476.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour.
A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.
The first iron steamship was built in 1830.
Gold was discovered in California in 1848.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.
The average human life is thirty-one years.
Coaches were first used in England in 1569.
Modern needles first came into use in 1545.
The value of a ton of pure gold is $602,-799.21.
One million dollars gold coin weighs 3685.8 pounds avoirdupois.
The value of a ton of silver is $37,704.84.
One million dollars silver coin weighs 58,-929.9 pounds avoirdupois.
Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.
The first newspaper was published in England in 1588.
The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.
Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel.
Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.
Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527.
Measure 209 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.
The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.
The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.
The first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriage in France in 1559.
The present national colors of the United States were not adopted by congress until 1777.

WHAT A BABY CAN DO.

Give it a chance and it can smash more dishes than the most industrious servant girl in the country.

It can fall down oftener and with less provocation than the most expert tumbler in the circus ring.

It can make more genuine fuss over a simple brass pin than its mother would over a broken back.

It can choke itself black in the face with greater ease than the most accomplished wretch ever executed.

It can keep a family in a constant turmoil from morning till night and night till morning without varying its tune.

It can be relied upon to sleep peacefully all day when the father is away at business, and cry persistently at night when he is particularly sleepy.

It may be the naughtiest, dirtiest, ugliest, most fretful baby in the world, but you can never make its mother believe it—and you had better not try.

It can brighten up a house better than all the furniture ever made; make sweeter music than the finest orchestra organized; fill a larger place in its parents' breasts than they knew they had, and when it goes away it can cause a greater vacancy and leave a greater blank than all the rest of the world put together.

DOGS A PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE.

"If there had been a dog in Secretary Tracy's house the other night,—even though it were only a measly yellow cur,—this awful disaster would not have occurred; at all events there would have been no loss of life."

It was the policeman patrolling Farragut square who made the remark in conversation with a *Star* reporter.

"Why," he continued, "I consider a dog in the house at night of as much importance for protection against fire as to scare away robbers. The animal is always on the alert to warn his master and the family of anything that may appear to be wrong. If anything like flames or smoke excite his attention he will at once begin barking. The very smell of fire will start him to give a loud alarm. Nobody knows better than he the dangers of burning. He is always on the watch, as he lies outside his master's door, for the safety of the household. I should never think of being without a dog at night in my own dwelling, and I tell you that if there had been such a four-legged friend domiciled within the secretary's walls the death would never have occurred. The family would have been awakened as quickly as the smell of the smoke became perceptible to the beast's keen nostrils by vociferous barking, instead of being left to be slowly suffocated in their sleep. All would have gotten out safely and the very house would probably have escaped destruction. Therefore, I say, keep a dog and have him in the house at night."—*Washington Star.*

Listen.

Whoever you are as you read this,
Whatever your trouble or grief,
I want you to know and to heed this:
The day draweth near with relief.

No sorrow, no woe in unending,
Though heaven seems voiceless and dumb,
So sure as your cry is ascending,
So surely an answer will come.

Whatever temptation is near you,
Whose eyes on this simple verse fall;
Remember good angels will hear you
And help you to stand if you call.

Though stunned with despair, I beseech yo
Whatever your losses, your need,
Believe when these printed words reach you.
Believe you were born to succeed.

You are stronger, I tell you, this minute,
Than any unfortunate fate!
And the coveted prize—you can win it:
While life lasts 'tis never to late!
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

Mrs. Spaulding was the niece of General Lachlan McIntosh, daughter of Colonel William McIntosh, and mother of Major Spaulding, of Georgia.

In 1778, after Colonel Campbell took possession of Savannah, Ga., that section of the country was infested with reckless marauders, and many families fled to avoid their ruthlessness.

Mr. Sdaulding retired with his wife and child to Florida; and twice during the revolution she traversed the two hundred miles between Savannah and St. Johns river, in an open boat, with only black servants, when the whole country was a desert, without a house to shelter her and her infant son.

The part she bore in the dangers of the revolution, and the anxieties to which she was necessarily subjected, so impaired her health that some years afterward it was deemed necessary that she should try the climate of Europe.

In January, 1780, she, with her son and his wife, left Savannah, in a British ship of twenty guns with fifty men, built in all points to resemble a sloop-of-war, without the appearance of a cargo.

When they had been out about fifteen days the captain sent one morning at daylight to request the presence of two of his gentleman passengers on deck. A larger ship, painted black, and showing twelve guns on a side, was seen to windward, running across their course.

She was obviously a French privateer. The captain announced that there was no hope of outsailing her, should their course be altered; nor would there be hope in a conflict, as those ships usually carried 150 men. Yet he judged that if no effort were made to shun the privateer the appearance of his ship might deter from attack.

The gentlemen were of the same opinion. Mr. Spaulding, heart-sick at the thought of the perilous situation of his wife and mother, and unwilling to trust himself with an interview until the crisis was over, requested the captain to go below and make what preparation he could for their security.

After a few minutes' absence the captain returned to describe the most touching scene.

Mrs. Spaulding had placed her daughter-in-law and the other inmates of the cabin for safety in the two state-rooms, filling the berths with the cots and bedding from the outer cabin.

She had then taken her station beside the scuttle, which led from the outer cabin to the magazine, with two buckets of water. Having noticed that the two cabin boys were heedless, she had determined herself to keep watch over the magazine. She did so till the danger was past.

The captain took in his light sails, hoisted his boarding nettings, opened his ports, and stood on upon his course.

The privateer waited until the ship was within a mile, then fired a gun to windward, and stood on his way. This ruse preserved the ship.

THE DEAD FIREMAN'S BABY.

"What is the matter with you, papa?"

Steve Neall's five-year old daughter had caught sight of her dead father in his coffin last Friday evening, and asked the question of those who had gathered around the bier.

"Papa is asleep," they told her.

"Why is papa in that ugly box?" she persisted.

"He can sleep better there."

"Good-night, papa."

She passed into an adjoining room and was soon asleep.

The mourners sat about the coffin of the dead fireman all night.

Shortly after 2 o'clock in the morning the gong on the wall that had so often summoned him to his duty clanged an alarm for the Polk-street fire. It was sounded once and was repeating the alarm when the little girl came flying into the room in her long, white night dress.

She looked at the silent watchers, and then ran to the side of the dead man. Climbing on a chair, she reached into the coffin and shook her father by the shoulder.

"Papa, papa, wake up!" she said. "There's a fire! Wake up!"

The looks of the people in the room and the strange stillness of her father frightened her.

"Wake up, please, papa," she pleaded, her voice beginning to quiver. "Can't you hear the bell? You'll miss the fire."

The father still not opening his eyes, she looked around wonderingly and then added what she thought could not fail to bring him to his feet.

"Wake up, papa, you'll miss the fire and be fined!"

When he did not stir she knew that something was wrong, and turned her tearful, puzzled face to the older people.

"Never mind the bell, darling," some one answered, "papa won't go to the fire to-night."

"But," persisted the baby, "he always got up before when the bell rung—why wouldn't he wake up? What's everybody crying for?"

And the troubled little child burst into tears, and crying piteously at what she did not know, was gently carried back to her cot to cry herself to sleep again.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

She (in evening toilet)—"I wasn't coming to-night, for I hadn't anything to wear." He—"And you seem to have worn it."—*Washington Star.*

Smith (in Paris). "Garcon, parley vous Francais?" Garcon "Not ze American kind, monsieur."—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 30, 1890.

LOCAL NOTICES.

To rent, a square grand piano. S. H. Hellyar.

Money loaned on personal security. S. H. Hellyar.

W. E. Stone guarantees that one bar of Brussels soap (no rosin) is equal to two bars of rosin soap.

Sewing Machines, Belts, Oils and Needles at F. M. Eager's.

If you want the best cigar sold in Palmer call at W. E. Stone's and try the A. & N. 10 cents.

Go to Smith & Co's. and buy 50 cents worth of Brussels soap (no rosin) and convince yourself that one bar of it is equal to two bars of rosin soap.

Geo. H. Magrath, the popular clerk at Smith & Co's., says, "9 out of 100 who once use Brussels soap continue its use. I believe the hundredth would if he continued to use soap."

PALMER NEWS.

Stevie Taft is the possessor of a new safety bicycle.

The Eastern Hampden Medical Society met yesterday afternoon at the Converse House.

Rev. J. F. Albion, the pastor-elect, will preach at St. Paul's Universalist church next Sunday.

There will be a regular meeting of the Young Men's Library Association at the rooms next Monday evening at 7.15.

The Memorial address by Mrs. Eva T. Cook at the Congregational church this afternoon is at 2 o'clock.

Charles H. Keith and P. M. Shearer have been drawn as jurors to serve in the civil term of the superior court.

The rains of Monday and Tuesday filled the small streams and brought the trout fishermen out in large numbers. Many good strings were caught.

A door has been cut through from Walnut street to the rear end of the Nassowanno House block, and the room is being used as a bottling establishment.

A bulletin board of wood has been put up in the corridor of the post office this week, and the inside of the rooms has been freshened by a coat of paint.

The ice dealers say that there is not nearly so much of the article being consumed this year as previously, and no wonder, at nearly double the price. Commencing June 1st the price will be raised again—to 60 cents per 100 pounds.

In order to give the printers a chance to rest and properly observe Memorial Day, the JOURNAL goes to press Thursday night this week, instead of Friday afternoon, thus accounting for the incomplete report of some news matters.

One of the local merchants got tired of having a lot of loafers on his store steps Saturday night and Sunday, and last Saturday night put a small quantity of molasses on the step. It is needless to say that the "gang" didn't roost there over Sunday.

The Ladies' Aid Society will give a fair in Holden's Hall next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. Refreshments will be served in the hall, and there will be dancing each night from 8 till 2. The price of admission the first two nights will be 50 cents, and 75 cents the last night.

Forest Lake Garden opened for the season of 1890 to-day. Excursion tickets were put on sale by the B. and A. Railroad and there was a good attendance. The Boundsville Orchestral Club furnished music, and there was the usual list of amusements, roller skating, dancing, bowling, etc.

At the fire district meeting last Saturday afternoon the prudential committee was instructed to erect 100 lamp posts for kerosene lamps, but no money was appropriated, and no change was made regarding the disposition of the $1600 voted at the annual meeting. It is probable that the end is not yet.

The county taxes have been apportioned, and Palmer will be called upon to pay $2931, against $2841 last year. The total county tax this year is $98,000; last year it was $95,000. The taxes of other towns in this vicinity are: Brimfield $551, Hampden $441, Holland $110, Ludlow $781, Monson $1918, Wales $331, Wilbraham $727.

Last Saturday night Mrs. Ryan, a widow living on River street, awoke suddenly and discovered that there was someone in the house. The intruder fled when he found she was awake, but was recognized as John Dowd, a neighbor. Nothing was found disturbed in the house, and the object of his visit is not known, as Dowd has left town.

At a session of the probate court held in Springfield Tuesday afternoon, the following business of interest to this section of the county was transacted: Administration was granted on the estate of Mary Sullivan, late of Palmer, Michael Sullivan, administrator. Inventory was filed in the estate of Denis Sugrue, real $6000, and affidavit of notice of appointment was made in the estate of the same.

Peter Codeyer was before the court yesterday morning charged with drunkenness, and refused to pay $6.33, although he had $50 or $60 in his pocket. He came from Northampton to Boudsville Wednesday night, and was arrested there. He claims that $110, eleven $10 bills, was taken from the bottom of his pocket, under his bottle, by the officer, either at Bondsville or at Palmer, but as he admits he was pretty drunk when he arrived at Bondsville, the probability is that it was lost at some of the places visited by him.

The officers are looking for William Reynolds of Worcester for assault and battery. Reynolds formerly worked at the wire mill, but his job was given to another man, and he thought the new man ought be be willing to give something for the position, so Monday he came up from Worcester expressly for the purpose of giving the new man a thrashing, which he did, presenting him with a black eye and some other bruises. The affair took place about one o'clock Monday afternoon, and Reynolds immediately "skipped."

A union of the annual meetings of the Massachusetts Congregational Sunday-school Society and the New England Congregational Sunday-school Society will be held at Berkeley Temple, Berkeley street, Boston, next Monday. There will be sessions both morning and afternoon, with addresses by noted persons from different parts of the state. In the evening there will be the public anniversary exercises of the Congregational Sunday-school Superintendents' Union. Rev. F. S. Hatch of Monson is secretary of the New England society.

Miss Josie Ashton, the famous bareback rider, and one of the highest salaried arenic performers in the United States, is with the Forepaugh-Wild West combined shows, which will exhibit in this village on Holden's lot, Friday, June 13th. This is Miss Ashton's first appearance in America after an European tour, and it is said she receives $400 a week in addition to her personal expenses. Forepaugh's array of riders is exceptionally strong this year, and includes Wm. Watson, whose six-horse act is pronounced the greatest in the world, and the break-neck English hurdle rider, Charles Watson.

Base Ball.

The Palmer Brotherhoods will play the Springfields on the park this forenoon at 9.30. An extra attraction will be a mile foot-race for a purse of $10. Mason and Coles of this place are already entered, and there will probably be other contestants.

Last Saturday afternoon the Ware Juniors played a return game here with the High School nine, and were defeated by a score of 11 to 10. The High Schools are a good team, and play a good game, and should be given the support of the ball-loving people in their games here. To-morrow afternoon they play the Holyoke High Schools on the park. The Holyoke club claims to be the champion high school nine in Western Massachusetts, but as the Palmers have defeated them once on their own grounds, they hope to win the game to-morrow. The treasury of the local club is not in a very flourishing condition, and the boys ask for a good patronage at this game.

Personal.

H. E. Huntley of Boston spent Sunday with his family here.

L. E. Moore returned Saturday, with his family, from Ilion, N. Y.

D. W. Taft and wife of Boston were in town a few days last week.

Fred Morrison of Bridgeport, Conn., is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. H. H. Gray of Sandwich is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. W. Smith.

Mrs. C. S. Robinson of Newton Highlands has been stopping with friends in town.

B. F. Angell of Ware has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Truesdell, on Converse avenue.

C. B. Fiske and L. E. Chandler reached home last Saturday after a two-weeks' trip in Virginia.

S. W. Smith has moved into his new house on West Main street, recently purchased of J. H. Gamwell.

George B. Kenerson is confined to his house again by his old enemy, rheumatism, the result of hurting his arm a few days ago with an iron bar.

Carl Anderson, who has been sick for a year or more, started for his home in Sweden Monday, in hopes that a change of climate would benefit his health.

Amos Andrews and wife of the state primary school returned from Baltimore Saturday, where they have been attending a convention in the interests of state charitable institutions.

THREE RIVERS.

Mrs. Frank Lavine has returned from an extended visit at Adams.

Joseph Geer has planted a nursery of over 8000 trees, which are doing well.

Mrs. Nickerson and daughter left on Monday to join Mr. Nickerson at Lynn, where he is now in business.

Mrs. A. C. Rodman of Stafford Springs, Conn., spent a few days in town the past week visiting friends.

A photograph gallery has been opened in the village, and offers chances for the homely and other people to see themselves as others see them.

Rev. George W. Christie will preach next Sunday morning on "No More Sea," a special feature of the new heaven and the new earth.

The theme at the morning service at the Baptist church next Sunday will be "The Voice of God." The evening service will consist of a Bible reading, prayer and conference at 7 o'clock.

The flag at the school-house was flung to the breeze yesterday afternoon with appropriate exercises, consisting of speaking by the school committee, singing and declamations by the school children, and music by the Blue Ribbon army.

The series of lectures given at Union church by Mrs. L. C. McKinstry of Haverhill on "The World's Great Empire," closed Sunday evening. Mrs. McKinstry is a fine speaker and possesses a remarkable memory, using no notes during the entire course of nine lectures, which were very interesting as well as instructive.

THORNDIKE.

Thomas Lines is ill at his home on Harvey avenue.

James Loftus opened his ice cream rooms on Friday, and is now ready for business.

E. W. Burns of this place has accepted a position as porter at the Nassowanno House, Palmer.

The work of repairing the long bridge at No. 1 mill has already begun. Marcy of Palmer is doing the job.

The Temperance dance took place at Latwon's Hall last evening, and a good time was enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. Hallis, formerly a resident of this place, but now living in Denver, Colorado, was in town visiting friends the past week.

A party of young people from this place gave Timothy Cummings of Palmer Center a pleasant surprise at his home the other evening.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Page give an informal reception to their friends Saturday afternoon, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

O. Drinkwater, formerly overseer of the dyeing in the mills here, and who is now running a large restaurant at Boston, was in town Saturday for a few hours.

Sullivan's Dramatic Co. is booked to play a three-nights engagement here commencing on Thursday, with change of play each night. This company played here sometime ago and gave very good satisfaction.

Henry Robinson, who has been sick for nearly two years, died at his home on Tuesday morning, having borne his sufferings without a murmur. His parents have the sympathy of the village in their affliction.

The Hampden County Catholic Temperance convention was held here last evening. The visiting delegates and their friends were tendered a reception and supper after the meeting adjourned. As we go to press one day earlier this week no account of the proceedings can be given.

The Congregational church was filled to its utmost Sunday evening at its preparatory service for Decoration Day. The chancel was prettily trimmed with an arch of evergreen bearing the inscription, "We Welcome You," while above it were two flags, one from its worn and tattered appearance showing that, like many a veteran, it bore the trace of many battles. The G. A. R. and Woman's Relief Corps made a fine appearance. Rev. C. H. Hanks' address was an able one, and the singing good, Mrs. C. H. Hobbs being the soloist of the evening.

Base Ball.

Plenty of games this week. This morning the West Warrens played here, and in the afternoon the Holyokes. To-morrow the Worcesters will play with the Temperance club here. Chapman and Williams, of the Palmer High Schools, willl play their first game with the home team. The boys were beaten at Ware Saturday by a score of 10 to 6, which was not bad, considering the poor condition of Broshnan, the pitcher. The Stars were also defeated at Ware by the Y. T. A. L.'s, by a score of 30 to 1. The second nine of the Temperance Society would like to hear from some clubs in this vicinity. The team has some good material and would like to test it.

OUR HONORED DEAD.

Below is given a list of veterans known to be buried in Palmer and the neighboring towns, whose resting places will be strewn with flowers to-morrow in recognition of the deeds they have done for their country. The list is incomplete in many respects, and cannot be given more fully, as in some cases no attempt has been made to keep a record until within a few years:

Palmer.

DEPOT CEMETERY.

Benjamin King, killed by Indians 1756.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR—1776.

Gideon Graves, Jonathan Cooley, David King, Gideon Abbott, James Merrick.

WAR OF 1812.

Daniel Hamilton, Theron McMaster, Daniel Graves, Kenyon Lillabridge, Zebina Squires.

WAR OF 1861-65.

Joseph W. Graves, Daniel Shields, J. Frank Wellman, Samuel J. Wallace, Isaac Childs, William McGuire, Seth Brown, Leroy Bridgeman, Daniel Hadley, Emory C. Mitchell, Emory Strickland, George A. Hunt, Lorin W. Jonson, H. H. Weeden, Dexter Packard, James Thompson, Abijah Mills, George Holdsworth, Henry W. Calkins, William Bullock.

THREE RIVERS CEMETERY. 1861-65.

Elezel Walker, Thomas Hughs, Joseph Brown.

THORNDIKE—CATHOLIC CEMETERY. 1861-65.

T. Spelman, M. Brien, J. McGrath, William McMahon, George M. Johnson, John Lineh, —— Sullivan, —— Danihee, —— Foley, —— Sullivan.

FOUR CORNERS CEMETERY. 1812.

Isaac Gerrald, M. S. Durkee, L. D. Fuller, Johnathan Goff, Prosper Powell, J. B. Merrick.

1861-65.

Theodore Shaw, Asa Thompson, Frank Kendal, Merton Walker, —— Hodges, Charles Bennet, George Ferrell, L. W. Peebles, Fernando Thayer, John Chapman, Frank Murdock, William Akers, Fred Ruggles, Cephas Pasco, Charles Hastings, —— McDowell, M. Goff, E. M. Andrews, L. M. Merrifield, George Pasco, A. Jackson, Charles Maloney, J. H. Phelps, Charles Robbins, David Milliken, Russel Robbins, —— McMullen, Frank Lester.

Monson.

CENTER CEMETERY. 1861-65.

John Q. Hoar, Co. G, 46th Mass.
George Root, 25th Conn.
James W. H. Gage, 34th Mass.
Moses G. Gage.
John M. Gage.
John N. Black, I, 16th Conn.
William Lester.
Lorin A. Bliss, M, 2d Mass, H. A.
Wm. Barr.
Geo. S. Willard.
Geo. Blaisdell, G, 27th Mass.
Geo. W. Stacy, G, 46th Mass.
H. H. Corey, 27th Mass.
H. H. Underwood.
Eli Thompson, G, 46th Mass.
Truman C. Bradway, G, 46th Mass.
Edwin A. Thrall, B, 11th Conn.
Wm. J. Skidmore, E, 10th Mass.
Charles H. Skidmore, I, 34th Mass.
Alvin S. Nichols, E, 36th Mass.
Osborn Fenton, G, 46th Mass.
Charles C. Carpenter, E, 36th Mass.
Josiah Thayer, C, 10th Mass.
Alanus Bliss.
Marcus Keep, E, 36th Mass.
Charles H. Robbins, G, 46th Mass.
Geo. H. Howe, G, 46th Mass.
Geo. Ward, E, 36th Mass.
Henry T. Frost, G, 46th Mass.
Geo. G. Dunbar.
James M. Harmon, G, 46th Mass.
Lucius L. Merrick.
Warren W. Beebe.
Harlan B. Moody, G, 46th Mass.

MOULTON HILL CEMETERY. 1812.

Capt. David Childs, William Squier, John Squier, Freeborn M. Chaffee, Spencer Tupper.

1861-65.

Geo. M. Green, E, 36th Mass.
Albert Tupper, E, 36th Mass.
Marcus Morton Chaffee, G, 46th Mass.
Harvey Gilbert Skinner.
Lafayette C. Moulton, F, 15th Mass.

REGULAR ARMY.

Henry F. Moulton, I, 1st U. S. Artillery.
George Raymond Moulton.

BUTLER CEMETERY. 1861-65.

Thomas Cunneen, I, 16th Conn. Vols.

Brimfield.

FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

Daniel Burt.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR—1776.

Timothy Danielson, Christopher Ward, Enoch Morgan, Thomas Charles, Benjamin Sherman, Joseph Griggs, Zadoc Nichols, William Eaton.

WAR OF 1812.

Abner Brown, Julius Ward, Sanders Allen, Lemuel Allen, Erastus Lumbard.

1861-65.

Charles E. Alexander, 46th Regt.
George W. Allen, 32d Mass.
William S. Bliss, 2d Mich Artillery.
Dexter W. Barton.
Harrison A. Bond.
Patrick Barry, 34th Mass.
John Cronin, 20th Mass.
James Crosby, 27th Mass.
Charles Dimmick, 16th Mass.
George H. Dimmick, 27th Mass.
Wm. F. Fosket, 46th Regt.
Francis A. Groves, 34th Regt.
James L. Groves.
George C. Homer, G, 46th Regt.
Henry W. King, 2d Mass.
William Kinney, 34th Mass.
Alonzo W. Latham, 18th Mass.
Edgar F. Manning, 34th Mass.
Alexander F. Manning, U. S. Navy.
George A. Munroe, G, 46th Regt.
Wyles Needham, I, 27th Mass.
George W. Paige.
Rufus A. Parker, 2d Mass.
Edward E. Parker, 21st Mass.
Lyman P. Parker, G, 46th Mass.
Silas Phelps, I, 27th Mass.
Anson B. Parker.
John Pratt.
Henry W. Robinson, 27th Mass.
Brainard E. Sibley, 15th Mass.
William H. Sherman, G, 46th Mass.
Jairus Sessions, I, 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery.
William H. Stewart, E, 21st Regt.
Wm. G. Stone, 34th Mass.
Marcus H. Smith, 27th Mass.
Fitz Henry Warren, First Regt. Iowa Cavalry.
Arthur W. Walker.

Wales.

Waterman Penery.

Wilbraham.

WOODLAND DELL CEMETERY. 1861-65.

George Robinson, K, 10th Mass.
Lyman Gray, F, 10th Mass.
Timothy D. Smith, D, 37th Mass.
Watson W. Bridge, F, 54th Mass.
Lorenzo Bliss, I, 46th Mass.
Emerson G. Brewer, D, 34th Mass.
Henry E. Hempstead, 29th Mass.
Robert B. W. Bliss, I, 27th Mass.
Albert Frank Johnson, D, 17th Mass.
Henry Wetherbee, A, 8th Mass.
Job Green, G, 8th Mass.
David A. Hoag, G, 11th Conn.
John Blakeldge, 30th Co., Unattached Artillery.
George W. Hobart, I, 27th Mass.
Arlbus R. Quimby, I, 3d Maine.
Henry Gray, F, 10th Mass.
Horatio R. Calkins, D, 37th Mass.
Algernon S. Flagg, Quartermaster's department.
Lorenzo W. Hancock, Quartermaster's department.
Henry Fuller, Quartermaster's department.
Joseph A. Parker, D, 37th Mass.

Lot in Woodland Dell Cemetery dedicated to veterans buried in the South, graves unknown.

Seth Allen, John H. Balty, George W. Bennett, William H. Brackett, Charles H. Burr, Irving W. Burr, Henry Bushey, Nelson D. Crocker, Nelson Chaffee, Sumner P. Fuller, Elmer Jewett, Almond Laird, Addison H. Moseley, John Neff, Erasmus B. Pease, George Pease, James Rice, Harrison Rowe, William Smith, Cyrrel Scripter, Joseph Twenkler., John Truden.

DEACON ADAMS CEMETERY.

J. Albert Collins, I, 27th Mass.
Wm. H. St. John, G, 11th R. I. H. A.
Daniel Knowlton, D, 37th Mass.
Pelliah Glover, F, 31st Mass.
John Connell, G, 39th Mass.

EAST WILBRAHAM CEMETERY.

Joseph Metcalf, I, 21st Mass.
Ransom Burr, I, 21st Mass.
William R. Barrows, E, 57th Mass.
Henry J. Squires, B, 32d Mass.
Ezra Ferry, B, 32d Mass.

GLENDALE CEMETERY.

Sextus Shields, F, 31st Mass.

Ware.

ASPEN GROVE CEMETERY. 1861-65.

Hiram A. Wilcox.
John Glynn, D, 31st Mass.
Henry S. Blood, 57th Ill.
Wm. D. Snell.
Michael Goodwin, D, 31st Mass.
H. C. Hastings, D, 31st Mass.
C. S. Loud, K, 42d Mass.
G. A. Green, I, 57th Mass.
Waldo Pierce, D, 31st Mass.
Geo. H. Dimond, D, 31st Mass.
C. H. Ball, K, 37th Mass.
John Harper, H, 42d Mass.
L. H. Chilson.
Edwin A. Barr.
Nelson Craw, E, 61st Mass.
S. B. Bond, D, 31st Mass.
Wm. A. Barton, F, 6th Mass.
Jasper A. Wlnslow, C, 16th Mass.
Charles E. Tisdale, I, 34th Mass.
Loring S. Barlow, A, 51st Mass.
E. C. Richardson, M. D., Board of Enrollment.
D. L. Osborne, L, 4th Mass. Cavalry.
Daniel C. Spear, I, 34th Mass.
D. O. Smith.
John F. Phelps, 6th Battery.
Charles E. Howe, D, 4th Cavalry.
Royal A. Smith, I, 27th Mass.
Chauncey Converse, K, 42d Mass.
Thomas E. Raymond, D, 31st Mass.
J. A. Green, 24th Regt.
Chas. S. Robinson, K, 43d Mass.

EAST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH CEMETERY.

Elizabeth C. Wethrell, Hospital nurse.
Charles E. Woodward, D, 31st Mass.

ST. WILLIAMS' CATHOLIC CEMETERY.

Thomas Stafford, D, 14th Conn.
Wm. Canity, Navy.
Daniel Boyle, I, 34th Mass.
Geo. Cashell, D, 31st Mass.
Thomas Ronan, G, 28th Mass.
Michael Keefe, B, 8th Conn.
Patrick McMahon, K, 5th Conn.
Wm. McMahon, D, 24th Mass.
Francis A. Denney, I, 24th Mass.
Robert Mahon.
John Buckley, E, 2d Mass.
Maurice Hartinett.
John Buckley, K, 5th Mass.
Thomas R. Burns, G, 56th Mass.

WARE CENTER CEMETERY.

Newell C. Andrews, 1st Mass. Cavalry.
James W. Tisdale.
Charles Saunders, A, 18th Mass.
William Bartlett, F, 37th Mass.

Ludlow.

LUDLOW CENTER CEMETERY. 1861-65.

Henry A. Hubbard, I, 27th Regt.
Robert Parsons, D, 37th Regt.
Preston B. Alden, I, 27th Regt.
Horace Gates, I, 1st Mass. Cavalry.
James Chapin, I, 46th Regt.
Henry H. Pease, I, 27th Regt.
Lyman J. Bennett, I, 27th Regt.
Frank Carver.
Joseph Rood, H, 1st Mass.
Calvin Cooley, D, 37th Regt.

LUDLOW MILLS CEMETERY.

William Christon.
Francis W. Fisk.
Andrew J. Richmond, H, 62d New York.
Charles Fay, I, 46th Mass.

Belchertown.

Solomon C. Shumway, H, 21st Mass.
Benjamin Alden, 6th Mass.
Dexter Winter, I, 46th Mass.
Samuel Chapin, 16th Mass. Battery.
Charles L. Kibbe, D, First Mass. Frontier Cavalry.
Samuel Sawin, H, 21st Mass.
C. G. O. Hunt, bandmaster, U. S. Army.
William Shaw, H, 46th Mass.
Lyman Chamberlain, F, 31st Mass.
Francis Wiley, C, 10th Mass.
George Strong, C, 10th Mass.
Horatio Sanford, 124th Ill. Infantry.
James Montague, D, 27th Mass.
Lucien Jencks, F, 31st Mass.
Charles Filer, B, 32d Mass.
George Chamberlain, H, 46th Mass.
Jerome Colburn, U. S. Frigate "Wabash."
Henry Bessey, Navy.
Ira Currier, B, 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery.
Charles Albee, H, 46th Mass.
Eugene Porter, I, 46th Mass.

There are 32 buried in the South, 4 in Andersonville and 2 in Florence.

At Tylerville yard—James Foster, H, 46th Mass.

At Lake Vale yard—
William Freeman, 5th Mass. Cavalry.
David Lemon, 37th Mass.
Hiram Freeman, B, 56th Mass.
Dwight Chamberlain, 37th Mass.
James Burns, 37th Mass., in old yard at the west part of the town.
Philo D. Hodgerney, 37th Mass., in the old yard at the south part of the town.

Forty graves of the veterans of 1776 and 1812.

SOUTH CEMETERY.

Nelson Sheldon, I, 27th Mass.
James Armstrong, Vet. Reserve Corps.
Calvin Blackmer, D, 27th Mass.
D. B. Richardson, F, 31st Mass.
Richard Ramsdell, F, 31st Mass.
John Henry, F, 31st Mass.
Perry Bruce, H, 46th Mass.
Jefferson Colegrove, H, 46th Mass., at Dwight's
Charles Spaulding, D, 27th Mass., at west yard.

Hampden.

PROSPECT HILL CEMETERY.

Nelson Crocker, I, 46th Mass. Vol.
Wilson S. Chaffee, 5th N. Y. Vol.
Henry K. Prentiss, A, 12th Ct. Regt.
Reuslo L. Gardner, D, 46th Mass. Vol.

OLD CEMETERY.

Nathaniel M. Chapin, I, 27th Regt Mass. Vol.
Addison Moseley, A, 37th Regt. Mass. Vol.
Samuel Chapin, I, 46th Regt. Mass. Vol.

Holland.

John E. Grout, of Spencer.

BORN.

At Holyoke, a daughter to HENRY and MATILDA WOOD.

MARRIED.

At Three Rivers, 10th, by Rev. John Eyers, HENRY PROCTOR and CATHERINE SUMERILL.

DIED.

At Thorndike, 27th, HENRY ROBINSON.
At Brimfield, 17th, of heart disease, JOHN B. BLOOMINGDALE, 57 yrs. 4 mos. 9 days.
At Hardwick, 23d, Mrs. PHINY DORO, 84.

TENEMENT TO RENT on Fox Avenue at $6.50, 8-tf D. F. HOLDEN.

TO RENT—May 1st, very desirable tenement for small family. REV. A. W. WEEKS, 2-tf Palmer.

FOR SALE—Two second-hand carriages, newly painted, and four second-hand single harness. 2?9 O. C. MARCY.

FOR SALE—1 light buggy, 1 two-seated buggy, 1 pair double harness, 1 double writing desk (5x4½). 2-8 D. F. HOLDEN, Palmer.

FOR SALE.—A small place in village of Palmer, Mass. Will be sold at a bargain, as owner has decided to leave town. For further particulars, call on or address TYLER & MORSE, Palmer. 2-8

MUSIC FURNISHED

For Balls, Parties, Weddings, Commencement and Graduating Exercises at short notice. The best of Musicians employed and prices right. Correspondence solicited. Can furnish from one piece to a whole brass band if desired. Address JOHN F. LUMAN, Manager LYONS & LUMAN'S ORCHESTRA, 5-tf P. O. Box 81, Thorndike, Mass.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN ss. PROBATE COURT.—To the devisees, legatees and all persons interested in the estate of Denis Sugrue, late of Palmer, in said county, deceased, GREETING:

Whereas, Cornelius Foley, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented his petition for license to mortgage certain real estate therein specified, of his said testator to raise the sum of four hundred and fifty dollars and ninety-seven cents, for the payment of debts and charges of administration. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Holyoke, in said county, on the third Wednesday of June next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said Executor is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Palmer Journal, a newspaper printed at Palmer, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court, and to mail a copy hereof to each said devisee and legatee, living out of this county, fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

3-9 SAMUEL B. SPOONER, Register.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE PALMER NATIONAL BANK, at Palmer, in the state of Mass., at the close of business, May 17th, 1890.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts,	$256,764.77
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured,	166.20
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation,	25,000.00
Due from approved reserve agents,	8,258.19
Banking house, furniture and fixtures,	4,000.00
Current expenses and taxes paid,	335.31
Checks and other cash items,	3,061.79
Bills of other banks,	245.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents,	95.84
Specie,	8,019.50
Legal tender notes,	550.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation),	1,125.00
TOTAL,	$307,941.60

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in,	$100,000.00
Surplus fund,	20,000.00
Undivided profits,	22,971.29
National Bank notes outstanding,	22,500.00
Tax Reserve,	1,000.00
Dividends unpaid,	170.50
Individual deposits subject to check,	114,533.86
Demand certificates of deposit,	22,462.64
Due to other National Banks,	3,462.06
Due to State Banks and bankers,	811.25
TOTAL,	$307,941.60

State of Mass., County of Hampden, ss:

I, Chas. B. Biske, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHAS. B. FISKE, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of May, 1890. CHARLES L. GARDNER, Notary Public.

{SEAL.}

Correct—Attest: L. E. MOORE, J. B. SHAW, G. H. WILKINS, } Directors.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

A fair price allowed for old instruments in exchange for new. Good, honest, well-made instruments from reliable manufacturers sold at low prices, within the reach of all. I have on hand some Organs from the well-known

Smith American Organ

AND PIANO CO. OF BOSTON.

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENTS

In every way and WARRANTED for a term of years. If you are looking for a bargain call and see them. If you can't come,

WRITE FOR PRICES

And particulars to

F. A. Alden,

EAGER'S BLOCK, 1?8 PALMER, MASS.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

To Henry Charon, of Thorndike Village in the town of Palmer, county of Hampden, Massachusetts, mortgagor, and to all other persons interested in the estate or mortgage hereinafter described. For breach of the conditions and in pursuance of the power of attorney and sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Henry Charon of Palmer to Louis Burne of Holyoke, Massachusetts, dated October 4th, 1886, and recorded in Hampden County Registry of Deeds in book 429, page 76, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on Saturday, the 21st day of June, 1890, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to-wit: A parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in the village of Thorndike in said Palmer, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at a point in the northerly side of the road leading from Thorndike Village to the village of Bondsville, where the westerly line of land of one McMahon meets said road and at the southeasterly corner of lot to be conveyed; thence by said road northwesterly about 3400 feet to land of James Dunn; thence by said Dunn's land S. 76° 15′, E. 449 feet to a pine stump; thence S. 8° 45′, W. 363 feet; thence S. 70° 15′, E. 734 feet to a stake and stones; thence N. 60° 45′, E. 221 feet to land of Maurice Lawler; thence by said Lawler's land N. 64° 45′, E. 988 feet to a stake at the northerly corner of land agreed to be conveyed or which has been conveyed to Joseph F. Gerald; thence by said land S. 6° 40′, W. about 2000 feet to a yellow pine tree, marked, standing on the brow of the hill; thence by said land last referred to and land heretofore conveyed to Henry Gerald about 283 feet to land of one McMahon; thence S. 35° 45′, 201 feet to the place of beginning. Containing 53.41 acres of land according to the survey thereof.

Also one other tract of land situate in said Thorndike, in said Palmer, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Commencing on the southerly side of the before mentioned road at the northeasterly corner of land of the heirs of Cornelius Wilson, running thence by said road northwesterly about 1802 feet to a stake and stones near a marked chestnut tree; thence by land agreed to be or which has been conveyed to F. N. Leonard and Otis Sikes, N. 89° 30′, W. about 1670 feet to land of George Moores; thence by said Moores land S. 3° 15′, E. about 1134 feet to land of the Thorndike Company; thence by land of said company N. 72° 45′, E. 35 rods; thence N. 55° 15′, E. 29 rods; thence N. 73° 15′, E. 17 rods; thence S. 67° 15′, E. 34½ rods to a large maple tree; thence S. 25°, E. 30 rods; thence N. 70° 45′, E. 8 rods; thence N. 82° 15′, E. 16 rods; thence S. 75° 45′, E. 11 rods to land of the heirs of said Wilson; thence by their land N. 55°, E. 20 rods and 18 links to the place of beginning. Containing by measurement 45.34 acres of land.

Also another triangular tract situate in said village in said Palmer, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Easterly by the before mentioned road about 900 feet; southerly by the road leading from Thorndike Village to Barretts Junction about 1854 feet; northerly by land of one Breen about 1238 feet. Containing by measurement 8.30 acres.

All subject to a prior mortgage of $3000 to Palmer Savings Bank, and unpaid taxes and interest $300, to be paid at the time of the sale, balance upon delivery of the deed.

LOUIS BURNE, Mortgagee.

By his attorney, R. G. KILDUFF.
Holyoke, Mass., May 22d, 1890. 3-9

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN, ss. PROBATE COURT.—To the next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Amy A. Robbins, late of Palmer in said county, deceased, intestate:

Whereas, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to William H. Brainerd of said Palmer. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Holyoke, in said county of Hampden, on the third Wednesday of June next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And the applicant is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Palmer Journal, printed at Palmer, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court, and to mail a copy of such notice to each of said next of kin, who may reside out of this county, fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

3-9 SAMUEL B. SPOONER, Register.

BUNKER HILL

$3.00-PANTS.-$3.00

Lots of Orders this Spring.

300 SAMPLES.

W. E. STONE.

BANANAS

Direct from the importers. For sale at

Wholesale and Retail.

SPECIAL PRICES

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James Pendergast.

Monson, Mass., May 21st, 1890. 13-8

40 CENTS BUYS A FIRST-CLASS

Window Screen

(ADJUSTABLE),

AT STONE'S.

PIANOS AND ORGANS TO RENT.

Will get any music or music book wanted.

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Teacher of Piano, Organ and Harmony.
36tf Palmer, Mass.

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Send for samples and estimates.

NEW PONCE MOLASSES. At SMITH & CO.'S.

Four Miles an Hour Easy.

The J. & T. Cousins

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EASE, ELEGANCE AND DURABILITY COMBINED.

IN NO OTHER BOOT CAN YOU SECURE THAT RESTFUL FEELING TO THE FEET.

$3.00 PER PAIR

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Potter & Hunt,

GILL'S BLOCK,

Main Street, near Bridge Street,

SPRINGFIELD, - 26-6 MASS.

Meekins, Packard & Co.

CARPET DEPARTM'NT

We are making a

GREAT SALE

OF

RUGS and MATS

Having closed out a large quantity from one of the leading manufacturers, we will sell them at such prices all can afford to buy.

1-6 x 3-0	$ .98
1-9 x 3-9	1.50
2-2 x 4-6	2.00
2-6 x 5-0	3.00
3-0 x 6-0	3.50
4-0 x 7-0	6.75

These prices are very low and worth the attention of every buyer.

Meekins, Packard & Co.,

355 to 359 Main Street,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

E. A. BUCK & CO.

SEEDS.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Choice Flower Seeds,

Garden Seeds, Grass Seed.

WE GET OUR SEEDS DIRECT FROM THE GROWERS AND ARE THE BEST TO BE HAD.

E. A. Buck & Co.

PALMER, MASS.

Agricultural Implements

We can furnish anything the trade wants and keep the following in stock:

Oliver Chilled Plows,

NATIONAL STEELED METAL PLOWS,

YANKEE SIDE-HILL,

NORTH AMERICAN SIDE-HILL,

THE CONICAL PLOW,

The "NEW DOE" HARD WELD PLOW,

—AND—

THOMAS' SMOOTHING HARROWS,
THE YANKEE PULVERIZER AND HARROW,
STEEL FRAME CULTIVATOR,
STEEL FRAME HORSE HOE,
WHEELBARROWS, SHOVELS, FORKS, HOES.

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Union Pure White Lead

—AND—

Cereth Pure White Lead.

BAY STATE PASTE PAINT.

DETROIT READY MIXED CARRIAGE PAINTS, ALL COLORS.

Colors in Oil and Sapan. Varnishes, Shellacs, Japans, Liquid Dryer.

Fishing Tackle

AND

CUTLERY.

THE BEST ASSORTMENT IN TOWN OF

POCKET KNIVES,
CARVING KNIVES,
BUTCHER KNIVES,
KITCHEN KNIVES,
SCISSORS AND SHEARS.

Split Bamboo Fishing Rods,

LANCEWOOD FISH

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 30, 1890.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

WILBRAHAM.

The Congregational Sunday-school library has been enlarged by the addition of several new books, and the books have been recatalogued.

WALES.

Mrs. Soule's residence has received a new coat of paint.

Dr. E. W. Royce will soon build a new barn at his farm.

Baker Brothers will soon start the Dell mill, and are making extensive repairs.

Bela Baker and William Flynt, while at work shingling a house last Friday, fell from a staging 25 feet to the ground. Baker had two ribs broken, one penetrating his lung, while Flynn was badly bruised about the back and head.

WEST WARREN.

A carload of horses arrived here Wednesday.

Willard Hall, who has been very sick, is improving.

Rev. C. Hall of Ware preached in the Methodist church Sunday.

The children of the Methodist church are rehearsing for children's day.

Several people from this place attended the old folks' concert in Ware Tuesday.

Presiding Elder Eaton will hold his first quarterly conference in the Methodist church this evening.

The Warren cotton mills will begin on three-quarters time next Monday, running four days and a half.

The shareholders and members of the co-operative store held their first anniversary jubilee Thursday evening, consisting of readings, speeches, dancing and refreshments.

HAMPDEN.

The Methodists will hold a strawberry festival next week.

Selectman C. H. Burleigh and Dr. Warner were recently found fishing on a stream leased by Springfield parties, and will probably settle with Judge Wells. They claim they did not know the stream was posted.

The marriage of Jennie, daughter of Amos Hines, to William Goodwill Button, took place at the Congregational church Thursday, at 11 a. m. They left immediately for a visit to the parents of the groom, at Camden, N. J., but their future home is to be in Boston.

A manufacturer in this town has been known recently to make journeys to the western part of the state, and the people of that town were quite elated, thinking that they were to have a new business established there, but they were greatly chagrined to find he was a widower and only looking for a partner at home.

BELCHERTOWN.

Prof. E. S. Shumway of Rutgers college, N. J., visited his home last week.

Work around the Congregational church was continued on Saturday, and the grounds are much improved.

Henry McKillop and George Canterbury are the jurors from this town to serve at the next session of the superior court.

Mrs. Susan Porter is contemplating renting her house on Maple street for the season and visitinghher brothers and sisters in some of the western states.

The sentiment is strong in the community that there should be some place for the sale of liquors needed for medicinal and mechanical purposes, and a petition is being circulated in favor of giving a druggists' license to W. B. Grover.

Business is rushing at the Belchertown creamery, butter to the amount of 200 pounds being turned out daily. Visitors to the creamery commend the neatness and orderly arrangement of the establishment as well as the fine butter made.

Prof. E. S. Shumway of Rutger's college, New Jersey, intends to sail June 19th for another trip to Europe. He will probably attend the closing lectures at the university of Berlin, and spend the remainder of his vacation in travel, returning in season for the beginning of the next collegiate year. Prof. Shumway's home is in Belchertown.

LUDLOW.

James O. Kendall has been appointed census enumerator for this town.

Station Agent F. S. King is back again, after a four-weeks' vacation in the South.

A number of our people are planning to attend the Presbyterian assembly at Saratoga.

The Veterans and Sons of Veterans attended the Methodist church at the Centre last Sunday.

A. J. Small, a former resident, but who has been living in Calcutta for five years, is visiting in town, and expects to return some time in July.

Henry Fuller has sold his stage route from Ludlow to Indian Orchard station to S. L. Hines of Indian Orchard. Mr. Hines will carry the mails.

The Father Mathew drum corps of Springfield furnished music for Memorial Day exercises, and J. J. Smallwood of Wilbraham academy delivered the address.

The grammar and intermediate schools, taught by Miss Wentworth and Miss Page, had public exercises in the Union church Thursday evening suitable to Memorial Day.

That part of our village having the benefit of the electric lights presents a very brilliant appearance, but makes that other part, which was formerly lighted by gas, but now left in entire darkness, seem very gloomy and desolate.

The new reading room is open every evening from 7 until 9.30 o'clock, and well supplied with papers and magazines. The boys are kept in order or put out, and any one can pass a very pleasant evening in the room. The library is open Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.

Mrs. M. A. Cunningham has been quite ill for nearly two weeks.

Miss Mary A. Darcy is visiting her mother in South Framingham.

Dr. and Mrs. Buffington of Springfield called on friends in town Sunday.

Jason Butler has been drawn to serve as juror in the civil term of the superior court.

Mr. and Mrs. S. I. Wallace of Clinton have been visiting friends in town the past week.

Benjamin R. Chase has been called to Foxboro on account of the serious illness of his mother.

Abner E. Bell went to his old home in Ashland to-day to take part in the memorial exercises at that place.

Master Harry Ellis of Hyde Park, son of W. F. Ellis, who formerly resided here, is visiting relatives in town.

The strawberry and ice cream supper, under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E. of Grace church last Friday night, netted the society about $17.

Miss Ames of Westfield delivered a memorial address in the Advent church, East Wilbraham, Sunday afternoon, which was listened to by the veterans, Son of Veterans and citizens, after which the graves of the dead were decked with flowers.

At a special meeting of Grace Chapel parish Monday evening, Reuben Sikes, Hiram Danks and J. M. Perry were chosen a committee with instructions to procure estimates and plans for a parsonage, and also to ascertain the probable cost of a suitable lot of land for it. The committee will report at an adjourned meeting June 16th.

The friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Mowry to the number of 35 gathered at their residence Monday evening and presented them with a handsome mantel clock, the occasion being Mrs. Mowry's 21st birthday, Rev. Edward F. Wheeler presented the gift. A collation was served, and college songs helped enliven the occasion.

WARREN.

Mrs. E. F. Strickland has returned from Magnolia.

Mr. Nathan R. Morse has been chosen census enumerator for Warren.

A gospel temperance meeting was held in Crescent Hall Sunday afternoon.

H. F. Williams is building a house for Eugene Quinlan at the lower village.

The King's Daughters meet with Miss Emma Ramsdell Monday evening.

The "Round Table" will meet with Miss Ada Wetherbee Wednesday morning.

The Tuesday Club met with Mrs. D. G. Hitchcock, High street, Tuesday afternoon.

J. G. Hastings was home from Amherst his week to attend "Athletics" at Worcester Wednesday.

The county tax for Warren for 1890 is $1815, one-half to be paid October 15, and the balance December 1.

The Ladies' Home Missionary Society was entertained at the Congregational parsonage Wednesday afternoon.

A delegation of the Knowles Council, Royal Arcanum, attended the funeral of C. B. Atwood at West Brookfield last week.

The Womans' Relief Corps gave a reception in Grand Army Hall Tuesday evening to those who participated in the rendering of "Newbern."

Wilson H. Fairbanks has improved the rear of his mother's residence, making a fine garden, and water pipes are laid with hydrants to water the entire grounds.

At the Methodist church next Sabbath, the pastor will preach an after memorial sermon on "Patriotism." The veterans and sons of veterans are specially invited to be present.

A special town meeting is called for next Saturday to see if the town will vote to provide voting precincts for Warren and West Warren, and other matters relating to the re-locating and widening streets.

Memorial Day will be observed in the usual manner. Clara Barton Grand Army Post, Calvin Cutter Sons of Veterans and Clara Barton Woman's Relief Corps will unite in decorating the graves, and W. E. Barrett, speaker of the House of Representatives, will deliver the address of the day. A new feature is the decoration of graves of brothers by Arcturus Lodge of Odd Fellows.

BRIMFIELD.

Miss May Warren of Worcester spent a few days in town recently.

Mrs. Frank Coolbroth and daughters are visiting in Springfield.

James T. Brown is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Dr. March, at Manyard.

Mrs. W. A. Janes and Mrs. Dr. Sawin visited Springfield last week.

Charles T. Tarbell caught a trout Tuesday that weighed 32 ounces. Next!

Mrs Caroline Hale, who has been confined to the house for over a year, is failing.

George Streeter spent a few days at Brattleboro, Vt., recently as the guest of D. L. Griggs.

Landlord Bacon gave a May ball last Friday evening, about twenty couples attending.

George Bacon spent his 83d birthday in Springfield, last Friday, with his daughter, Mrs. Smith.

Nearly all the teachers in town attended the teachers' convention at Springfield last week Friday.

Dr. R. V. Sawin has been confined to the house for a week with illness. Dr. Jackson of Monson is attending to his patients.

Oscar F. Brown, Thomas J. Morgan and Francis E. Cook were chosen to appear in behalf of the town, and take such action as the interest of the town requires with authority to employ counsel.

Our centenarian, Walter Haynes, is as lively as some boys of fifteen years. He rode the horse to plow a couple of hours a week ago, and then rode to the village to do some shopping, looking as smiling as ever.

A town meeting was held Wednesday to see what action the town would take on the petition of Josiah Stebbins and Sanford Booth to the county commissioners, asking to have the report of the road commissioners locating a town way on petition of Josiah Stebbins and others allowed and recorded.

After an adjournment of the town meeting Wednesday, a flag staff, 50 feet long, presented to the Hitchcock Free High school by James Noyes, a former pupil, was raised on the school grounds, upon which the pupils raised a national flag, 10½x18 feet, yesterday afternoon, with appropriate exercises. The flag is the gift of the graduating class of 1890.

The annual meeting of the trustees of Hitchcock Free High School was held on Monday for the transaction of the usual business of the annual meeting of the board. Oscar F. Brown was elected trustee to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Abraham Charles. The trustees voted to divide the board into five classes of three members each in accordance with the provisions of the amendment to their charter, and the result of the division and the term of their office was as follows: George M. Hitchcock, James J. Warren, James S. Blair, term expires July 1891; Francis D. Lincoln, Rev. M. L. Richardson, Henry H. Bowman, expires July 1892; Thomas J. Morgan, Newton S. Hubbard, Rev. W. H. Pierce, expires 1893; Henry F. Brown, E. W. Norwood, Oscar F. Brown, expires 1894; Marshall W. French, William W. McClench, A. P. Stone, expires 1895. The term of office of all trustees elected to fill these classes will be five years.

Memorial Day was observed in Brimfield as follows: The procession formed at the soldiers' monument at 8.45, a. m., led by the American band of Fiskdale, in the following order: Post 173, G. A. R., veteran soldiers of Brimfield and other towns, citizens, teachers and students of the Hitchcock Free High School and the other schools of the town. The procession marched to the town hall to receive the wreaths and flowers, and proceeded to the cemetery, where prayer was offered and graves of soldiers decorated: returning the monument was decorated, followed by short addresses. Refreshments were furnished for the band and post by J. L. Bacon at the Brimfieldhotel, after which they left here to return to Sturbridge for similar services there. In the evening at the town hall there was singing, recitations and an address by Comrade C. M. Booth of Springfield.

MONSON.

Very easy times for the street sprinkler.

The number of dogs licensed up to date is 147.

Rev. F. S. Hatch has purchased for his wife a Kentucky saddle horse.

Inside repairs are being made at the station, which were much needed.

St. Patrick's society is rehearsing for a play to be given in the near future.

E. P. Newton has sent in his resignation as sexton of the district No. 1 cemetery.

Meetings at Monlton Hill and at Pease district next Sunday, weather permitting.

Rev. T. C. Martin exchanged pulpits with Rev. A. W. Weeks of Palmer last Sunday.

Wm. H. Cavanaugh and Wm. E. Cantwell have been drawn as jurors for the June term.

The annual meeting of the trustees of the Methodist church will be held next Monday evening.

G. L. Keeney placed two new guitars in town this week, two young men being the purchasers.

Dr. C. W. Jackson is attending Dr. Sawin's patients at Brimfield, Dr. Sawin being confined by sickness.

Some people want to know why they have to pay more for ice here than others do in neighboring towns.

The Monson House is out with quite a nobby carriage for the transportation of passengers to and from the depot.

There is no need of boundary lines between Monson and Stafford, as it can be told by the condition of the roads.

The joint committee of Monson and Brimfield have elected C. W. Wasson of Friendship, N. Y., school superintendent.

The little son of A. M. Guilford fell last Saturday afternoon and broke both bones below the elbow of one of his arms.

The schools of district Nos. 1 and 8 closed last Friday to give the teachers a chance to attend the teachers' meeting in Springfield.

The Misses Minnie Riley and Kate Coyle left this week for their summer occupation as waiters at the Standish House, Nantasket Beach.

There was a good delegation of Grand Army people at the Universalist church last Sunday, when Rev. Mr. Fisher preached the annual sermon.

A buckboard belonging to Liveryman Curley broke completely in two on Main street last Tuesday night, throwing the four occupants quickly to the ground.

At the union Christian Endeavor meeting of the Methodist and Congregational societies at the latter church last Sunday, there was a large attendance, and the meeting was very interesting.

C. R. Buffington, Geo. E. Knowlton and Amos Hobbs are the latest victims of the bicycle fever, all having purchased safeties, W. A. Squier selling Unions to the two former, and Mr. Hobbs buying a Hartford.

Rev. Mr. Martin will preach to farmers next Sunday morning on the "Advantages, Disadvantages and Temptations of the Farmer's Life." In the evening at 6 o'clock he will lecture on the use of tobacco.

Little Jimmie Stevens of the Monson House received quite a gash in his cheek last Sunday afternoon from the kick of a horse. Dr. Fuller was called and had to sew up the wound, but the little fellow was seen out the next day as lively as ever.

Miss Louise Morris, who has the honor of being the first lady bicyclist in town, is now daily seen riding gracefully along on her safety through our streets. Other ladies are learning to conquer the steel and rubber steed, among them being Mrs. W. A. Squier.

Several friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. John Collins gave them a surprise last week Thursday night, when they presented them with a very beautiful parlor clock. There was also a large delegation of friends present from Stafford Springs. The evening was pleasantly spent in music, readings, and games. Flebut's orchestra furnished music.

At the annual meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent Society Wednesday evening Mrs. T. C. Martin was chosen president, Mrs. Wm. Nason vice president, and Miss Rachel McMillen secretary and treasurer. It was voted to have eight sociables during the year, leaving May, August, November and February open for the Y. P. S. C., if they desire to have sociables those months. Eight groups of three ladies will be formed, each of which will be responsible for the management of a monthly sociable.

Personal.

Mrs. Sanderson has returned to Wales.

Mrs. Barnes of Springfield is the guest of her neice, Mrs. H. Chapin.

Stephen B. Knowlton of Amherst College spent last Sabbath in town.

Harry A. Merchant of Worcester spent last Sunday at his home here.

A. L. Squier left for New York last Monday, where he will remain for the summer.

Artist H. E. C. Peterson of Chicago and family are the guests of Wm. N. Flynt.

David Roach of Stafford Springs has moved to town, living on Bridge street.

P. J. McDonald of Barre, Vt., has been visiting his sister, Miss N. A. McDonald.

Mrs. Welcome Converse has returned to her home for the summer. She spent the winter in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Thresher, who have been spending the winter in South Framingham, have returned to town.

Geo. Reuben Burleigh, the bard of New England, who gave an entertainment in Memorial Hall recently, is to take a trip around the world this summer.

WARE.

H. P. Cummings is to build a school house at Orange for $11,000.

The Otis company's mills shut down Friday and Saturday of this week.

James B. Irwin has purchased the road horse "Viva" of Henry M. Clark.

The annual meeting of the Ware Savings Bank will be held at the banking rooms next Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The Young Men's Union held a social dance at Hitchcock's Hall last evening, with music by Driscoll's orchestra.

It is reported that the creditors of Howard Jordan have been offered a settlement if they will accept 20 cents on the dollar.

The Geo. H. Gilbert Mfg Co. sold at auction last Saturday a horse and lot on Water street to Mrs. McKenney for $1095.

George Morse has the contract to put a $1200 system of hot water heating in the new parochial residence of Rev. J. T. Sheehan.

There will be a meeting of the Springfield Methodist Ministerial Association held at the Methodist church in Ware June 11th and 12th.

Edward H. Newcomb, a student at Mount Hermon Seminary, has been appointed census enumerator, his district being all the territory east of the Ware River.

There is to be a strawberry festival at the Methodist vestry Tuesday evening next. Supper, with strawberries and cream and shortcake, from 5.30 to 7 o'clock.

The restaurant room in Sheldon's block on West Main street has been thoroughly cleaned, and it is expected that out-of-town parties will soon reopen it as a restaurant.

Washington & Arlington United Shows appeared in Ware last Friday and gave a grand street parade. Those who attended seemed well satisfied with the tent exhibition.

The members of one of the young ladies' classes of the East Congregational Sunday-school will hold a plant sale at the chapel on Church street Saturday afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock.

A junior choir has been organized at All Saints' church under the direction of Miss Kathleen Kennedy. Miss Ellen Keefe will be the organist and the choir will sing at first mass Sundays.

The furniture and hardware stores of John F. Robinson, F. P. Clark & Co. and J. B. Sibley are to close Wednesday evenings during the summer, keeping open only Friday and Saturday evenings.

Mrs. John W. Robinson, who had a severe attack of her old heart trouble at the home of her sister in West Brookfield, has so far recovered that it is hoped she will be able to return home in a few days.

There will be two interesting games of base ball to-day on the pumping station grounds. At 10 o'clock a. m. the Emeralds of Worcester vs. the Wares, and at 2 o'clock p. m. the Homesteads of Springfield vs. the Wares.

F. F. Gilmore, landlord of the Mansion House, and Miss Cora B. McKinstry, were married at the residence of the bride's mother on West Main street, Tuesday morning. The happy couple left soon after on an extended wedding tour to Niagara Falls and Montreal. The Rev C. W. Duffield performed the ceremony.

The fire inquest held last Friday and Saturday was with closed doors, only the judge, the town's attorney and the stenographer being present. It is reported that about 30 witnesses were examined, whose evidence is to be read before the judge and witnesses on Saturday and then forwarded to the district attorney.

Ira Barlow has sold three building lots on Church street, opposite P. H. Sagendorph's, to Charles A. Julia, Frederick W. Farrar and M. L. Lane. There seems to be a decided building boom in this direction, and it is expected two of the lots will be built on this season. These lots are 80 feet front and 180 feet deep, and were sold for $600 each.

A movement is being made to get up a petition for the pardon of Patrick Monnahan, formerly of Ware, who is serving a term of 10 years in prison in Tennessee for shooting his sweetheart. The people of Tennessee are favorable to the movement and have written to Monnahan's friends at Ware. He has already served four years and the girl who was injured has married recently.

A large audience attended the memorial service at the East Congregational church last Sunday, Rev. A. T. Perry preaching a sermon especially adapted to the occasion. The Grand Army Post, the Woman's Relief Corps and the Sons of Veterans attended in a body, and occupied the front seats. At the close of the service the congregation remained standing while these bodies passed out.

The postmastership question has been settled by the appointment of Andrew J. Davis, who will take charge of the office June 16th. Rumors are rife in reference to whether the office is to remain where it is or moved to Leland's Block. This matter it is said will be settled by the government "in the best interests of the people," which we suppose means the people that can do the strongest wire-pulling.

By the new time tables there are 18 trains leave Ware daily, as follows: Boston and Albany going south at 7.14 and 10.02 a. m., 12.46 and 4.48 p. m.; north at 8.40 and 11.12 a. m., 3.50 and 7.38 p. m. On the Central Massachusetts for Northampton at 6.10, 10.10, 10.44 a. m, 4.36, 6.45 p. m., Sunday 4.33 p. m. for Boston 7.00 and 9.00 a. m., 3.00 and 7.15 p. m., Sunday at 8 a. m. The 10.10 a. m. leaving Boston at 8, and the 7.15 p. m. for Boston, arriving at 9.30, are the through express trains between Boston and Harrisburg, Penn.

Old Folks' Concert.

The old folks' concert at the Town Hall Tuesday evening was a grand success, the receipts being about $175, and the singing of "sacred likewise wordlye songs" were of proportions to please all. Some of the solos were especially fine and received hearty applause, and some of the leading soloists were Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Roberts, Misses Florence and Lottie Richardson, Messrs. William Anderson, Dunham, Henshaw, W. F. Wilson and Manager Newton. During the recess the singers came into the hall from the stage, and marched up and down the aisles to show their costumes, some of which were most decidedly quaint and queer, showing the styles of many years ago. In the reception room of the hall there was arranged an antiquarian room that was very interesting. Among some of the articles on exhibition was a wooden sugar bowl 300 years old; one of Gen. Hancock's chairs; a military hat worn in 1812, with a bullet hole in it; the old flint-lock musket; eye glasses 200 years old, and some beautiful china and pewter ware. The room was in charge of Mrs. Martha Barrett, Mrs. F. M. Sibley, Mrs. Bottum and Miss Carrie Sibley. Mrs. Eaton presided in the department of carding and spinning wool, as it was done by the mothers of 50 to 100 years ago.

At a meeting of the grand lodge of Odd Fellows of Missouri, recently held in St. Louis, the grand master's report advocated the exclusion of saloon keepers from the order. This was the cause of a heated discussion, when a vote was taken on the question of excluding all saloon keepers from the order, which resulted in sustaining the views expressed by the grand master. There are a number of saloon keepers in St. Louis, St. Joseph and Kansas City belonging to the order, and the enforcement of the rule will be a disagreeable task.

The supreme court of the United States has denied the application for a writ of error in the case of Kemmler, the New York murderer, sentenced to death by electricity. This was the last recourse of the lawyers for the condemned man as well as of the counsel for the Westinghouse Electric company. Kemmler will be resentenced at once, and only Governor Hill can now save him from dying from a Westinghouse dynamo shock.

Ocean travel is unusually dangerous this season from the unprecedented number of icebergs seen much further south than usual. The steamer Thingvalla, which arrived at New York Monday, had a collision with one in a fog, but fortunately was not seriously injured.

James J. Smith, who sued Francis K. Harte, a son of Bret Harte, for the alienation of the affections of his wife, has just been awarded $10,000 damages by a sheriff's jury at New York. Young Harte eloped with Mrs. Smith at Pittsfield in 1888.

A party of 12 persons, six adults and six children, were out in a boat on Watuppa lake, near Fall River, last Sunday, when the boat suddenly capsized, throwing them into water. Five of the children and three of the older people were drowned.

The ship Oneida, with 100 Chinamen and 45 white men on board, was wrecked April 26th on Henrico rock, Lanck Island, in Behring sea, and 77 of the Chinamen were lost, the white men all escaping. The vessel had nearly reached her destination.

LEGISLATIVE MATTERS.

BOSTON, May 28, 1890.

In way of business action, the Senate did much on Thursday afternoon. It gave a long time to the House bill for the taxation of incomes over $2000, and finally voted for it in different shape, so that it does not exempt from the income tax the income over $2000 of property which is itself taxed, but taxes it. This will put more money in the hands of the tax-gatherer, and that was the object of the bill.

The Senate also debated and rejected by 14 to 23 the House bill to reduce from 60 to 58 hours a week the time of women and miners in factories and workshops. Then they took up the House nine-hour bill and finally ordered it to a third reading by 15 to 12, but not till they had awarded it so that there shall be only nine hours' pay, and that it shall be operative only where accepted by popular vote. It applies only to the employes of cities and towns.

The House gave an hour Thursday forenoon to the constitutionality of the manufacture of gas and electricity by cities and towns, and finally adopted an order for taking the opinion of the supreme court on the point. Speaker Barrett took the floor to put the matter through, and Mr. Wardwell of Haverhill had the chair, for the first time this session. Attorney-General Waterman's opinion that the proposed manufacture would be illegal is the cause of this action of the House.

The Senate bill to regulate electric wires has passed the House.

The Senate on Friday reversed its steps on the nine-hour bill. Both of the amndments—to make the pay by the hour and to have the validity of the act depend upon popular vote—were reconsidered and rejected, and then the bill was passed to be engrossed by the following vote of 18 to 13;

YEAS—Bradley, Breed, Corberny, Cook, Creed, E. J. Donovan, J. Donovan, Gleason, Haggerty, Harlow, Hart, Howard, Hunt, Jaques, Oakman, Parker, Pinkerton, Savage—18.

NAYS—Baker, Dodge, Dwinell, Ely, Evans, Field, Fisk, Goodwin, Homer, Palmer, Robbins, Stevens, Towsle—13

PAIRED: Tucke, Gammans, Davenport, yes, with Metcalf, Low, Campbell, no.

The House has shown a disposition decidedly favorable to the bill to permit street railway companies anywhere to use the Meigs system of elevated roads. It was debated in the House Friday forenoon, and the most exalted opinions were given of Capt. Meigs as a talented master of indomitable perseverance and heroism, who had spent a fortune in perfecting and pushing an invention which was thoroughly practical, approved by coupetent engineers and destined to work a revolution in transportation. An almost unanimous vote was given for the bill.

The House has passed the gas-electric light consolidation bill, but with the further amendment that any consolidation must be approved hy the gas commissioners.

Nearly every representative voted for the bill of Mr. Williams of Dedham for the sale of street franchises to corporations like street railways. It involves a great departure in the practice.

The English sparrow has been much discussed in the House this week, and the verdict of the majority has been against him. Hence they have passed the senate bill to provide for the extermination of this pest. The bird found some defenders, especially the Rev. Mr. Emery of Taunton, a member who pleaded with the House to spare the sparrow because it was one of God's creatures and entitled to life as well as any other living thing. He asserted that the sparrow did kill insects and did not drive away other birds. He carried the House on Tuesday, because the committee on agriculture was cut off by the previous question and had no opportunity to defend the bill. But on Wednesday a reconsideration was moved and the sparrow got a severe raking as a most villainous, destructive and murderous bird. The weight of evidence was decidedly against him; the bill was saved and passed to be engrossed.

This week the House has been in quite a mood for electoral reform. A large vote has been given for the bill to improve the detailed workings of the Australian ballot act, and a decided majority has voted for the publication of political campaign expenses. As it was amended by Mr. Wardwell of Haverhill, it includes independent candidates, as well as regular nominees, and it also applies to city and town elections. It has been amended so as to exempt the expenditures of candidates below $20.

The House has also passed the bill for regulating the basis of representation in political conventions. It abolishes the system of delegate at large for every town and ward of city, which has already been done by the Republican state committee for the Republican convention. By this means it is expected to have a party's nominations made by the people who will do the electing, for the old way gave the Republican cities too great proportionate representation in Democratic conventions, and Democratic cities in Republican conventions.

Favorable action has been taken by the House on a bill to stop stock gambling. It makes the "bucket shops" common nuisances, and permits their keepers to be indicted under the common nuisance law. It also permits an action at law against a buyer or seller of securities or commodities, or the broker, by the party who has been bitten by the transaction where there was no intent to receive or deliver the goods.

If a House bill goes through the Senate, the employer's liability law will be amended to cover cases where the death of an employe is not instantaneous and is attended by conscious suffering. It is strange that the law does not read so now, but it does not.

A vote of 8 to 24 was given by the Senate against the House bill to repeal the compulsory arbitration clause Standard fire insurance policy. The insurance committee was solid against it and it had its standing solely on account of the skillful argument of Mr. Williams of Dedham.

Wednesday afternoon the West End bill came up for the first time in the Senate, and it was debated at some length, but it was soon evident that the opposition was scattered and weak. In the first place, all of the adverse reports but one were accepted without debate, showing that the other petitioners had divided to make no fight. It was said in behalf of the bill itself that the time had come when elevated roads were imperative in Boston, that the West End was a responsible company and would build the road, but none of the other parties were responsible. Amendments were offered, but only those favorable to the bill were adopted. Delay was attempted, but in vain, and the bill was given a large majority on its first stage.

A vote of 93 to 80 was given by the House on the bill to permit the purchase of regimental histories as a step to a thorough history of the part which the state took in the civil war. This is following the New Hampshire precedent, and is expected to be of great aid in preparing the final history.

By 78 to 42 the House has voted for the bill for the sale of franchises for use of streets by street railways and similar corporations.

LANDON.

London is to have a line of omnibuses run by electricity on the storage plan.

John Keenan, who fled to Canada in 1886 from the 12th New York assembly district, returned Tuesday and surrendered himself to the district attorney. He is now out on $40,000 bail.

The trades councils at Fall River Monday afternoon, voted to enforce a rigid boycott on Fleischmann, the yeast cake manufacturer, for making his factories non-union.

J. E. Damon, the Springfield mail clerk who was arrested some time ago for robbing the mails, is having his trial at Boston, being defended by ex-Governor Robinson.

C. A. Thompson, cashier of the Owego national bank at Owego, N. Y., is about $75,000 short in his accounts.

An unusually lage number of immigrants were landed at New York Monday, seven steamers bringing 4837.

John Williams, 31, has confessed at Chicago to a murder committed in England in 1879.

Colonel Clark,

U. S. Army, writes: "For the last two years my health has been excellent. This, I think, is due to my using Sulphur Bitters, as formerly my health was miserable, owing to the frequent changes of climate, etc., so incident to a soldier's life.

Slight derangements of the stomach and bowels may often be corrected by taking only one of Ayer's Pills. Through not having the pills at hand your disorder increases, and a regular fit of sickness follows. "For the want of a nail the shoe was lost," etc.

Savages expect to imbibe bravery by drinking the blood of their brave enemies. A more enlightened method of vitalizing the blood is by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It braces up the nerves and gives strength and fortitude to endure the trials of life.

"A Drop of Blood;

Or, the Man with a Thumb"—the greatest detective story of the century to be in the Boston daily *Globe* on Saturday.

BOSTON, May 28.—One of the most important literary announcements of the year was made by the Boston daily *Globe*, which will on Saturday of this week (May 31), begin the great detective story of the century by Barclay North. The title will show how every story reader in New England will be eager to begin it. "A Drop of Blood; or, The Man with a Thumb," indicates the mysterious nature of this pure and clean, but thrilling and unrivalled tale, which will please the old and the young. The titles of the chapters, too, show how interesting this great story is:

1. "Why! It is Blood!"
2. "A Mysterious Tragedy."
3. "How Fortune Plies Her Sports."
4. "The Hearing Ear and the Seeing Eye."
5. Lets in New Light Through Chinks."
6. Weaving a Theory.
7. Setting Up a Man of Fashion.
8. An Adventure.
9. The Man with a Thumb.
10. By Waves Unknown.
11. Tall, Slim, with Brown Hair.
12. Narrowing the Circle.
13. New Disappointments.
14. Lowering Skies.
15. Crushing a Rebellion.
16. Bread Found After Many Days.
17. Piercing Out a Story.
18. The Story Pieced Out.
19. Eustace in the Toils.
20. A Mystery Revealed.
21. An Unexpected Turn.
22. Strange Revelations.
23. A Sign it is of Evil Life.
24. Cathcart Closes His Book.
25. Conclusion.

This story equals "The Leavenworth Case" in interest. Be sure and get the Boston daily *Globe* on Saturday.

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.
2y31

To become happy, read about the improved Medical Discovery in another column.

The Father

of all diseases is impure blood, when loaded with foul humor. How important then that the blood should be pure, rich and strong, without which there can be no health. To purify the blood Sulphur Bitters is incomparably the best medicine that it is possible to obtain.—THE EDITOR.

The colored supplement given with the *Art Interchange* of May 24th, 1890, is called "A Study of Mountains." It shows a portion of the celebrated Catskill range, and is excellent in every particular. The composition is picturesque, and the coloring and handling very good. As there are very few studies of mountains, this one will be very acceptable not only to amateur art workers, but to those who like to decorate the walls with good pictures. A large supplement in black and white gives several charming designs for china painting, tea pot, sugar bowl, pitcher, cups, saucers, plates. There are also designs for embroidered postal card cases; bold arrangement of orchids and ferns for vase decoration; a simple and pretty little corner cabinet; an ingenious device for hiding an ugly mantel by graceful draperies, and a clever sketch giving suggestions for decoration of a nursery. So pretty and entertaining a room, with its pictured walls, would make any child happy. It will be seen from the foregoing that the *Art Interchange* touches on all forms of decorative art work, including home decoration. The text gives very detailed and clear directions for carrying out the designs, and is full of clever suggestions. The *Art Interchange* is a fortnightly, and gives twenty-six colored studies in a year's subscription. Single copies of it are for sale by newsdealers. Published by William Whitlock, New York.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. 1y-23

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

A Safe Investment

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflammation of lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at LeGro & Lynde's drug store. 52-9

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell so well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. LeGro & Lynde, Druggists. 52-9

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by LeGro & Lynde. 52-9

FRESH EGGS 17c PER DOZEN.

13½ POUNDS REVERE GRANULATED SUGAR FOR $1.00.

BEST KEROSENE OIL 13c—5 GALLONS 60c.

W. E. STONE.

BOSTON STORE SPECIAL.

Until further notice is given, I intend making a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT SALE, and will sell such goods at cost, or less than cost price, changing every two or three times each week, until my

ENTIRE STOCK Has been offered at or BELOW COST!

Notice of which will be given on a bulletin board in front of my store. This is no humbug, but a rare chance. People who enjoy a good bargain should

Watch the Bulletin Board.

REMEMBER, THERE WILL BE

A Bargain Every Day on Some One or More Articles.

Do not let this opportunity go by, but take the advantage of a good chance while it lasts.

HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA 6c A BOTTLE DURING THIS SALE.

BOSTON STORE. C. H. TRYON, PROPRIETOR.

Bogan's Block, Main Street, Monson, Mass.

26-42

COAL. COAL. COAL. COAL.

We are now ready to receive orders for coal to be delivered after August 1st next, within reasonable distance from either railroad station, at the following prices:

Stove Size,	$5.25	Pittston Egg,	$5.25
Chestnut Size,	5.25	Sugar Loaf Lehigh Egg,	5.50

Will furnish good men to house and bin the same, charging for their time only. We cannot sell any more at the above-named prices than is covered by this purchase, and advise sending in orders early. The Lehigh Egg quoted is from the best Lehigh section, and as a furnace coal cannot be excelled.

Orders by mail or left at our office will have prompt attention.

R. M. & THEO. REYNOLDS.

Monson, Mass., May 23, 1890.

CASTORIA.

CASTORIA promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.
82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."
ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D.
1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent-up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD.
Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
77 Murray Street. - - New York.

SEWER PIPE

For Almost Nothing.

Price Never so Low Before!

IRON, LEAD, BRASS AND COPPER PIPE.

FITTINGS. VALVES. RADIATORS.

STEAM, WARM AIR AND HOT WATER HEATING.

Crawford Range,

The best Range used on earth at the present time.

STEAM,

WARM AIR AND HOT WATER HEATING,

PLUMBING AND PLUMBERS' GOODS.

W. H. HITCHCOCK.

NOTICE THE CHANGE OF LOCATION:
CENTRAL STREET, PALMER.

SULPHUR BITTERS.

For those deathly Bilious spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS. It will cure you.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up, and make you strong and healthy.

Do you suffer with that tired and all-gone feeling? If so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in-doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

$1000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich, and strong, and your flesh hard.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting thro' the skin in Pimples, Blotches and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send three 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

WORCESTER BRAND SALT.
At SMITH & CO'S.

PALMER IRON FOUNDRY
AND MACHINE SHOP.
At the junction of B. & A. and N. L. N. Railroads. West of Depot.
MACHINERY CASTINGS MADE & GENERAL JOBBING DONE
At short notice and reasonable prices.
52-35 EDGERTON & FRANCIS.

BANANAS, ORANGES AND LEMONS.
PINE APPLES. GARDEN SEEDS.
W. E. STONE.

FOR SALE.
CONCORD BUGGIES,
HANDY WAGONS,
ROAD WAGONS,
TOP CARRIAGES
OF ALL KINDS.
A first-class shifting carriage-pole for $10.
If you want any kind of a wagon or cart, call on me, and I will give you as low a price as they can be sold for.
Plain Horse-Shoeing, $1.25.
G. O. HENRY,
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WARE FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP.
FIRST-CLASS IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS
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GENERAL MACHINE REPAIRS.
We have in stock, or make to order at short notice: Plow Points of all kinds, Cultivator Teeth, Scrapers, Stall Collars and Guards, Hitching Posts, Lawn Settees and Chairs, Umbrella Stands, Sinks, Kettles, Wagon Shoes, Window Weights, Building Columns, and all kinds of iron and brass castings.
We also do all kinds of machine repairing promptly and in the best manner, at reasonable prices.
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A FULL LINE OF FOLDERS,
SUITABLE FOR
OPENINGS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, &c.
AT JOURNAL OFFICE.

BORAX SOAP. AT SMITH & CO'S

My Guest.

At early dawn I woke,
I heard a robin and looked out;
Beneath my window, where the roses bloomed,
Love stood in blushing doubt.
His smile was very sweet.
But yet his lips did not his name disclose.
I knew him not; and soon he went away,
Bearing one crimson rose.

Beneath the high noontide
I met him by the shady garden wall;
We spoke of many things—he clasped my hand—
One kiss, and that was all.
Alas! I knew him not,
And yet he wore my rose upon his heart!
But still the perfume of his kiss remains,
Though I let Love depart.

The day wanes. Toward the west
I lift my eyes—and lo! he comes once more.
He comes a victor, for I knew him now,
And open wide the door.
My rose is now his sword,
My will to conquer and my pride to slay;
But song and sunshine fill my happy heart,
For Love has come to stay.

Annie Louise Brakeridge in Kate Field's Washington.

AMONG THE PARAGRAPHERS.

The merchants are offering strawberries nice,
But they climb a stepladder to quote you the price.
The strawberry shortcake the boarders will get
For many long weeks will be cranberries yet.
—*Chicago Herald.*

The easiest money to spend and the hardest money to save is that which we have not yet earned.—*New York Ledger.*

He—"We swells carry watches in our canes." The Girls—"That's nothing; we have clocks in our stockings."—*Racket.*

"That's the fellow I'm laying for," remarked the hen, as her owner came out with a pan of corn meal.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

He—"Will you have some ice cream?" She—"I don't care." He (relieved)—"All right, we won't have any."—*Yale Record.*

The lady who wore a low-neck dress and forgot to take the porus plaster off her back attracted much attention.—*Burlington Free Press.*

An old chap who lives on State street has such a long nose that he has to take snuff in January in order to sneeze in June.—*Travers City Transcript.*

Briggs—"Wonder what possessed him to jump into the river?" Braggs—"There was a woman at the bottom of it, I believe."—*Terre Haute Express.*

She—"Sir, what do you mean by putting your arm around my waist?" He—"Do you object?" She—"Mr. Arthur Gordon, I'll give you just five hours to remove your arm."—*Beacon.*

Mr. Waldo (of Boston)—"Will you have some of the cheese, Miss Breezy?" Miss Breezy (a guest from Chicago)—"Oh, thanks awfully, Mr. Waldo, I believe you may pass me a small hunk."—*Epoch.*

"Since you have insisted on trying on my hat, Miss Mabel, I shall certainly claim the forfeit." "I don't know what you mean, sir; and besides, this isn't a good place; they can see us from the hotel."—*Life.*

"Hello, Biggs, where yer going so early with that big market basket?" "On a postprandial excursion, old man." "On a what?" "Postprandial excursion; going after dinner, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

Still Hoping. Miss Hevyrox—"No, John, I cannot listen to your love. Farewell forever." John—"Might I ask one question?" "Yes." "Is this a Simon-pure farewell or one of the Patti brand?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Little Willie (at the table)—"I know why you keep your coat buttoned up so tight." Mr. Saintly (the parish clergyman)—"Why is it, Willie?" Little Willie—"Cause you ain't got an any vest."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

"I—aw—quite forgot myself for a moment this morning," began Willie Washington, who was trying to be conversational. "For which," interrupted Miss Belle Pepperton, "you ought to be very thankful."—*Washington Post.*

Women have what may be known as an anniversary memory. They remember every birthday, wedding and death anniversary in the neighborhood. You never saw a man who could remember anything like that.—*Atchison Globe.*

An Old Saying Newly Said. Miss Kewt who wants to bring him to the point)—"I think some old bachelors are horrid." Mr. Batchellor—"What about present company?" Miss Kewt—"Present company always accepted."—*Judge.*

A farm journal says a cow can be prevented from kicking by tying her hind legs together. Perhaps so; but a man can't be prevented from kicking by tying his hind legs together. He would "kick" if he had no legs. That's his nature.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Atchinson *Globe* thinks that a baby is about the only new thing a man can get in his house that will not make the rest of the furniture look shabby. The bachelor who wrote that paragraph will sing a different tune when he becomes a family man.—*New York Tribune.*

In the Vernacular.—"Hello, Jack, where are you living, now?" "I'm boarding with a widow lady on Madison avenue. Where are you living?" "Oh, I'm the guest of a widower gentleman with two daughter ladies and one son gentleman—same avenue."—*Life.*

Housemaid—"There is a gentleman down stairs, ma'am, who is almost pulling the bell out, and says he wants the key to the fire alarm box." Mistress (rushing to the mirror)—"Ask him to send up his card, and tell him I will be down in a few minutes."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Not Much of a Failure After All. "Hello! I say, Potter, old man. Why didn't you turn up with that lecture at the Lyceum last night. Heard you were going to discuss 'Is Marriage a Failure?'" "Yes, but I got a telegram from home in the afternoon. I became a father; twins."—*Chatter.*

Willie (to older sister)—"Say, Irene, you get me a cooky on the sly or I'll give you dead away." Older Sister—"What do you mean, Willie?" "Do you s'pose I don't know Mr. Hankinson was here last night?" "Well, what of it?" "What of it? Nothin', only I put a hunk of gum on the extra chair in the parlor before he came, and it's still there this morning. That's all."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Dolly Feeble—"Aw, what's the matter, me deah fellah, y' appeah awfully excited?" Gussie Silly—"Just pwewented a fellah from having his bwains blown out." Dolly Feeble—"How, me bwave boy?" Gussie Silly—"Why—aw—beastly man up the street said if I didn't give him me—aw—watch, he'd blow me bwains out, and I—aw gave me watch."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

At Luncheon. Mrs. Race (of Chicago)—"I'll wager anything that that gentleman over there is a townsman of mine." Mrs. Riverside Rivers—"How do you know?" Mrs. Race—"He's so refined in his eating arrangements. He put his napkin around his neck with a little gold chain, pinned back his cuffs with pearlheaded pins, and now he's blowing his soup with a cute little silver bellows."—*Puck.*

THE MAN AND THE HEN.

Your mission is to make the world about you a little brighter and happier. If you haven't thought of any other way of doing this, permit me to suggest, if you have a little place in the country, that you should keep hens. By all means keep hens. I don't keep hens myself. I am fond of easy missions, but my neighbor does, and the amount of sunshine that man throws across my daily path would be hard to estimate. Many an hour that would otherwise drag heavily away is lightened with smiles by the amusing and at times thrilling and exciting drama of "The Man and the Hen." To watch him come out of the house to drive an old brown hen into the hennery—I made up my mind that she was an old imbecile the first time I saw her fly upon the fence to lay an egg—to note the delicate shadings of thought and action from easy, graceful confidence to sober earnestness, thence to calmness, then to seriousness that deepens into dead earnestness, which passes into deep-rooted and eternal resolution, with indications of conscious indignation, giving place to irritation and human anger, which in turn and at last sweeps away into one wild, chaotic cyclone of blind and destructive wrath that darkens the April day with bricks, clods and other language, as the old brown hen, a magnificent blur of squawks and feathers, goes banging with a cloud of dust into every door and window on the reservation except the one to which her attention is being most earnestly directed—to sit at the easement of my lair and watch this instructive drama of life and its varied possibilities is like reading one of those old, ever new books that we love. Most of my neighbor's hens appear to be feebleminded—very few hens are intellectually strong—but at times they display the cunning of a maniac. Especially is this apt to be the case when they have succeeded in reducing their nominal master to the condition of one. Yesterday my neighbor discovered a loose board on the back of his hennery, creating an adjustable aperture through which the restless fowls found egress into this world of care and trouble and early gardens. While he nailed on the board, the entire crew of hens walked sedately out of the door on the other side, which he had left open. A general alarm was sounded, and the man's whole family at last corraled the mandlin crew in the hennery. Then they walked quietly out of the aperture of the loose board, which he had left ajar. No, I do not wish you could have heard what he said. Indeed, I am glad you did not. I did not hear it myself. He was too far away. I could see his mouth going, but I could hear no sound. I knew what he was saying all the time, because I used to say it myself. Oh yes, I have kept hens. I once, in radiant, hopeful days, built a hennery, saying within myself, "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor." And when the last sun of that year set on the disheartening record of weasles, pip, cholera, rats, red spiders, gapes, cats, pedatory freemen, bumble-foot and minister's conference, I evicted the cluster of omniverous appetites that wandered about the place in the guise of hens, devouring my substance and all adjacent substance that happened to be left anywhere within fifty feet of the ground; turned the abandoned hennery into a preserve for coal, which was the dearest thing then in the market, and "looked on the work that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

SPEED AND POWER OF BIRDS.

The vulture is said to fly, at times, at the rate of above 100 miles an hour; the wild goose and the swallow, in their migrations make 90 miles an hour; and the carrier pigeon has certainly flown long distances at rates of speed ranging from 60 to 80 miles an hour, and for many hours together. The common crow ordinarily lounges across country at the rate of 25 miles an hour, the speed of a railway train. Professor Langley finds that the power exerted by the eagle in full flight is but a fraction of one-horse power. Mr. Chanute computes the power exerted by a pigeon flying 2,200 feet per minute, 25 miles an hour nearly, at 1.200 of a horse power per pound, or 9½ horse power for a flying machine of equally good form, weighing one ton, at 25 miles an hour, or about 50-horse power per ton weight at 50 miles. Mr. Wenham, a member of the British Aeronautical Society, finds in the pelican an expenditure of 1-11-horse power by 21 pounds of bird, and this is one-horse power to 231 pounds, or about a horse power for the weight of a man, allowing ample margin for surplus power. The birds are found to have a surplus lifting power of about one-half. Professor Langley has purchased recently for the Smithsonian Institution the prize steam engine of the Aeronautical Society of 1868, which, with car and screws, weighs only 16 pounds, and but 13 without these essential. To the engineer these facts certainly look encouraging.—*Forum.*

SOME PROFITABLE FARMING.

An object lesson in the sort of farming best suited to New England conditions, or, at least to many localities here, is furnished by the Agawam farm of John Reed, a well-known milkman of this city. He handles from 600 to 700 quarts of milk daily, a part of which he wholesales He has 17 cows of his own, and they are selected from all grades, especially for milk. They are fed well and with reference to the quality of their milk. The cows that have an appetite for it, get 10 quarts of dry grain per day, and the grain is a mixture of 600 pounds of corn meal, 200 pounds of bran, and 100 pounds of cotton-seed meal. His best cows have given about eighteen quarts of milk per day. He has a piggery separate from his cow barn, where about 50 Yorkshire swine are kept and bred. His swill in part comes from a city restaurant, and the thrift and general appearance of the swine indicate that they are fed with discrimination. A hen-house, where 100 Plymouth Rocks are successfully kept, is another interesting feature of this farm. The hens get oats for supper, and have broken bits of all sorts from a city restaurant, for other meals, and as a result, have some days the past winter yielded 40 to 50 eggs. Three horses do the work of the farm, and everything is so convenient that it requires but little farm help, aside from the proprietor. Any person who has doubts about the profit of such farming, had better study Mr. Reed's energetic and enterprising methods.—*Springfield Republican.*

Tommy—"I'm going to tell ma you pushed me overboard." Little Johnnie—"You'd better not." Tommy—"She'll lick me if I say I fell over." Little Johnnie—"That's what you'd better tell her. If you put the blame on me, I'll lick you, and I'll hurt you more than your mother will.—*Life.*

Mr. Crook (to chum)—"So you've been getting married to Maria during my absence? Who was best man?" Woful Husband (sorrowfully)—"Maria."—*Pick Me Up.*

PECULIAR.

To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

Peculiar in its medicinal merit, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

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THE HAPPY BODY.

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BOSTON AND MAINE R. R.
CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.
TIME TABLE COMMENCING MONDAY, JULY 1, 1889.

LEAVE BOSTON for Northampton, Hadley, Amherst, So. Amherst, Belchertown and Bondsville, 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Northampton, 6.00, 8.15 a. m., 2.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.25 a. m.
Hadley, 6.06, 8.21 a. m., 2.05 p. m. Sunday, 6.33 a. m.
Amherst, 6.15, 8.30 a. m., 2.14 p. m. Sunday, 6.43 a. m.
So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19 p. m. Sunday, 6.49 a. m.
Belchertown, 6.34, 8.47 a. m., 2.32 p. m. Sunday, 7.03 a. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 8.57 a. m., 2.42 p. m. Sunday, 7.16 a. m.

LOCAL SERVICE BETWEEN WARE & NORTHAMPTON.
LEAVE, Ware, 6.10, 10.35 a. m., 4.38, 6.33 p. m. Sunday, 4.33 p. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 10.49 a. m., 4.54, 6.49 p. m. Sunday, 4.50 p. m.
Belchertown, 7.10, 10.59 a. m., 5.05, 7.00 p. m. Sunday, 5.03 p. m.
So. Amherst, 7.40, 11.12 a. m., 5.19, 7.14 p. m. Sunday, 5.17 p. m.
Amherst, 7.55, 11.18 a. m., 5.26, 7.19 p. m. Sunday, 5.23 p. m.
Hadley, 8.21, 11.28 a. m., 5.36, 7.29 p. m. Sunday 5.33 p. m.
ARRIVE, Northampton, 8.38, 11.35 a. m., 5.43, 7.35 p. m. Sunday, 5.40 p. m.
LEAVE, Northampton, 6.00, 8.15 a. m., 2.00, 7.10 p. m. Sunday, 6.25 a. m.
Hadley, 6.06, 8.21 a. m., 2.05, 7.20 p. m. Sunday, 6.33 a. m.
Amherst, 6.15, 8.30 a. m., 2.14, 7.50 p. m. Sunday, 6.43 a. m.
So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19, 8.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.49 a. m.
Belchertown, 6.34, 8.47 a. m., 2.32, 8.30 p. m. Sunday, 7.03 a. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 8.57 a. m., 2.42, 8.50 p. m. Sunday, 7.16 a. m.
ARRIVE, Ware, 7.00, 9.10 a. m., 3.00, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.35 a. m.

LEAVE BOSTON for Ware, Gilbertville, Barre, Rutland, Oakdale and West Boylston, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Ware, 7.00, 9.10 a. m., 3.00 p. m. Sunday, 7.35 a. m.
Gilbertville, 7.09, 9.18 a. m., 3.08 p. m. Sunday, 7.44 a. m.
Barre, 7.35, 9.33 a. m., 3.27 p. m. Sunday, 8.08 a. m.
Rutland, 7.59, 9.48 a. m., 3.45 p. m. Sunday, 8.27 a. m.
Oakdale, 8.28, 10.16 a. m., 4.10 p. m. Sunday, 9.08 a. m.
West Boylston, 8.39, 10.20 a. m., 4.15 p. m. Sunday, 9.12 a. m.

LEAVE BOSTON for New Braintree, Hardwick, Barre Plains, Coldbrook, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, New Braintree, 7.17 a. m., 3.11 p. m., Sunday, 7.52 a. m.
Hardwick, 7.20 a. m., 3.14 p. m. Sunday, 7.56 a. m.
Barre Plains, 7.28 a. m., 3.23 p. m. Sunday, 8.02 a. m.
Coldbrook, 7.42 a. m., 3.32 p. m. Sunday, 8.14 a. m.

LEAVE BOSTON for So. Clinton and Berlin, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN
So. Clinton, 8.44 a. m., 4.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.21 a. m.
Berlin, 8.57 a. m., 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 9.31 a. m.

LEAVE BOSTON for Hudson, So. Sudbury, 7.45, 9.20 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 5.25, 6.25, p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Hudson, 6.30, 7.40, 9.08, 10.42 a. m., 12.35, 4.39 p. m. Sunday, 9.44 a. m.
So. Sudbury, 6.48, 7.55, 9.28 a. m., 12.52, 4.54 p. m. Sunday, 10.04 a. m.

LEAVE for WAYLAND, 7.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WAYLAND, 5.50, 6.55, 8.02, 8.45, 9.36 a. m., 12.58, 2.40, 5.01, 5.15 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m.

LEAVE for WESTON, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WESTON, 6.00, 7.04, 8.10, 8.54, 9.44 a. m., 1.07, 2.49, 5.09, 5.25 p. m. Sunday, 10.27 a. m.

LEAVE for WALTHAM, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WALTHAM, 6.08, 7.12, 8.17, 9.02, 9.52 a. m., 1.15, 2.57, 5.16, 5.34 p. m. Sunday, 10.30 a. m.

LEAVE for WAVERLY, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WAVERLY, 6.15, 7.18, 8.22, 9.07 a. m., 1.20, 3.02, 5.40 p. m. Sunday, 10.36 a. m.

LEAVE for BELMONT, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN BELMONT, 6.18, 7.21, 8.25, 9.10 a. m., 1.23, 3.05, 5.48 p. m. Sunday, 10.39 a. m.

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NO CLASS OF GOODS HAVE MORE ARTISTIC LABOR EXPENDED UPON THEM THAN

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Greatest Gathering of Scouts, Cowboys, Prairie Girls, Crack Shots, Mexican Vaqueros and Real Blanket Indians ever seen this side of the Rocky Mountains. Capt. A. H. Bogardus, the Laurel-Crowned Champion of the Universe, shoots
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VOL. XLI. PALMER, MASS., FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 30, 1890.---SIX PAGES. NUMBER 9.

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Grandmother.

Safe from the tempests of hopes and fears,
In the sheltered calm of her fourscore years;
O'er her silvered head the seasons pass
Light as the zephyrs that sway the grass.

Though life for her holds nothing more
Than the passing hence to the farther shore,
Yet the patient hands and ready will
With love's sweet missions are busied still.

The maxims taught in childhood's school,
In feeble age are her guide and rule;
And idle fingers, to fold or twirl,
Was thought a disgrace when she was a girl.

When the woods awake at the touch of spring,
When the lilacs bloom and the robins sing,
And between the orchard trees a-row
The blossoms fall like the falling snow,—

Bright through the gathered mist of years
A fairer scene to her sight appears;
And the robins sing and the lilacs blow
In the happy springs of the Long Ago.

With eyes grown dim with the mist of age,
Serene she ponders the sacred page,
Conning the precepts day by day,
That guide to the straight and narrow way.

Knowing the promise of God is sure,
And that His mercies for aye endure—
Life's labor ended, its duties done,
Tranquil she waits to be summoned home.

THE HANDSOME WIDOW.

Years ago, before the province of New Brunswick was the populous place it is now, there stood on the sea coast, several miles from where the city of St. John now stands, a little straggling sort of village, composed principally of fishermen's cottages. Little better than huts they were, and a rough, unpolished, but honest and hardworking set were their occupants.

Everything flowed on in that little sea coast village for years and years in the same calm, monotonous way; almost forgotten by the inhabitants was the fact that there existed any other world but the little one in which they lived. Sometimes, it is true, rumors would reach them of the bold manner in which the revenue was cheated by the smugglers of Eastport; but the honest fishermen, secure in their rockbound retreat, cared little for this. At length, however, the inhabitants were aroused from their stagnation by quite a little romance, of which the following is a brief summary:—

Standing on a bleak, desolate sort of eminence that projected somewhat from the mainland was a little ruined stone cottage. It had been formerly been built by one of the fishermen, who, finding he could not reside in such a cold, cheerless spot, had deserted it, and the hut had long been without an inmate. It was ever here the wind blew coldest in winter, and here the sun's rays fell hottest in summer. The summit of the dreary hill was crowned with stunted spruce, dwarfed and blackened by the intense frosts of many winters. Over the rocks below broke with a dull, sullen roar, the Bay of Funday; and oftentimes, in the spring, the tides would rise so high and so rapidly, as to entirely surround it, cutting it off like an island from the mainland. The inhabitants had very appropriately named it Bleak Point.

Such was the state of things when, one raw spring morning, the news went flying through the village that "Bleak Point shanty" had got an occupant. A low, black, rakish looking schooner had come up to the bay the night before; a boat haul put off from her, leaving a woman on Bleak Point. Then it had returned to the schooner, which, before daylight was put off and away.

Of course everybody was all aglow to discover who she was, and what a woman hardy and courageous enough to live in so lonely a place could look like. The curiosity was soon satisfied; but after the first few days the new comer did not seem disposed to conceal herself. Let them rise as early in the morning as they pleased they would find her up before them strolling about among the rocks. The wonder was still further augmented at finding her young and eminently handsome, with a healthy brown face, and the brightest, vivacious black eyes in the world.

The young men of the village could speak of nothing but her beauty; and the hours they should have spent in catching fish were wasted in devising schemes to catch her. The ladies of the village, were, however, absolutely scandalized by the utter indifference which she manifested in regard to dress—and indeed, her garments generally looked as though she had jumped into them. She dispensed altogether with hat and bonnet and wore in its place a silk handkerchief, knotted under her chin after the fashion of the French women. Still, even the jealous village belles were obliged to own that nothing could have set off better the dark, bright style of her beauty than the rich, brilliant hues of her head dress.

For a time the villagers held aloof from the new comer; but, finding their reserve was met with careless indifference on her part, they soon began to change their tactics. A few of the village maidens and matrons called at Bleak Point shanty, and, though shocked beyond measure at the universal disorder reigning without and within, they left on the whole, rather favorably impressed by its mistress. There was a wicked twinkle in her bright black eyes as she begged them to excuse the state in which they found things, on the plea that she "wasn't used to housekeeping."

All their endeavors to discover her name and business proved, however, to be vain, but from several accidental remarks dropped by her they concluded she was a widow. As it was impossible for her to be spoken of without a name they resolved to give her one themselves—and admiring her bright, black eyes and jetty locks they concluded to give her that of Black. Accordingly, the name by which the handsome stranger was known in the village was the "Widow Black"—a name which, after a laugh at first, she professed willingly to be known by.

And weeks passed, and the Widow Black remained the sold dweller on Bleak Point. During this time she became the reigning belle and prime favorite of the good people in spite of the mystery in which she was enveloped. She accepted every invitation to parties, and picnics, and quilting frolics, and "candy sprees," always without exception in the tumbled dress and everlasting silk handkerchief. Such songs as she could sing in such a voice, such a splendid dancer as she was, such stories as she could tell, now keeping the audience convulsed with laughter, and now bringing tears into the eyes all unused to the melting mood! No party of pleasure was complete without the Widow Black; no wonder, then, every unmarried man in the village had his heart pierced by the black eyes of the lively widow, and every woman under forty was wild with jealousy and envy.

But the handsome widow moved on her way as unconscious and indifferent as to what people thought of her. In fact, different from all other widows that ever were heard of, she showed at all times a decided preference for the society of young ladies and rather laughed at all the tender devotion of her rustic swains.

One night old Miles Judson, being out unusually late casting nets, was surprised to see the same low, black, suspicious looking schooner that had left among them the Widow Black enter the bay. Wondering whether she had come to carry off the widow again, he secreted himself to watch her. Presently a boat was lowered, several bails were hoisted over the vessel's side, and the boat rowed to the land and disappeared in one of the numerous islets surrounding Bleak Point. More and more mystified the old man determined to watch their motions, and three hours after he beheld the boat return to the schooner, which instantly weighed anchor and made off.

The following day old Miles Judson sat talking to a stranger from St. John, who had arrived that day. Seated within was the handsome Widow Black, chatting away with Mile's daughter Ruth, a maiden with as bright an eye as ever flashed back sunlight.

"Have you heard anything lately about that celebrated smuggler, Capt.——R?" said the man, mentioning the name of a noted smuggler.

"No, we hear nothing here," grumbled old Miles, while Ruth looked up with surprise at the widow's sudden start.

"Well, people are talking of nothing else in Eastport and St. John," said his companion; "he's a regular dare-devil and cheats the revenue so badly that one cannot help feeling sympathy for him. Some how the custom house discovered that he was hovering around Eastport and a dozen or two revenue cutters were sent out to watch him, but lo! the schooner ran the gauntlet of them all, delivered her cargo somewhere in spite of their teeth, and where the beaks cannot discover. It was a valuable one, too, she was loaded with rum and sugar."

The Widow Black had suddenly ceased her conversation, and sat listening with a look of interest to this recital. As he ceased she bit her lip and stooped down to conceal the smile that, in spite of all her efforts, broke over her countenance. The motion was observed by Miles; the incident of the preceding night flashed across his mind, and in a moment he felt convinced he had seen the smugglers and that the "widder" was connected in some way with them.

Mr. Judson was a prudent man and he determined to keep the discovery to himself, and so set out for St. John the next day and inform the authorities. Acting on the resolution, he adroitly turned the conversation. Keeping his eye fixed on the widow, who, all unconscious of his gaze, was now flirting desperately with Master Bill, the old man's son and heir—

"Don't you find it kinder lonesome up there?" said Bill, with a tender glance towards the "widder."

"Oh! I'm used to it now, and like it well enough," she replied carelessly.

There was a pause after this. Bill sat gnawing his finger nails, and evidently trying to say something that stuck in his throat. The widow sat tapping the floor impatiently with one foot, and waiting for the return of Ruth, who had left them.

"Widder! I want to get married," said Bill at length, with startling suddenness.

"Do you?" said the widow, lifting her bewildered black eyes to his face, astonished at the abruptness of his avowal.

"Widder," continued Bill, picking up courage by a desperate effort, "wouldn't you like to get married again?"

"Married again!" replied the lady, "how do you know I ever was married?"

"Why, everyone calls you a widder; and I never heard tell of any one being a widder without first bein' a widder," replied Bill.

"Yes," said the widow, with difficulty repressing a laugh, "everyone calls me a widow, but whether I am or not is another thing."

"Well," said Bill, who, as he afterwards expressed it, was determined to "go the whole hog," "I'm a chap as is pretty well off. I'm going to build a new shanty, and get a new boat one of these times, and I'm a pretty good lookin' feller—hem! so—hem! Widder, if you'll have me, you and me'll get spliced!"

Amazement for a moment kept the widow silent, and she stared in the face of her sheepish admirer, who, blushing, started, sat crossing one leg uneasily over the other. Then every other feeling gave way to the sense of the ridiculous, and, leaning back in her chair, she burst into a peal of laughter that made the old house ring.

The unusual sound brought the whole household to the spot. There was pretty Ruth laughing from sympathy, without the slightest idea of what the fun was about; there was old Miles staring at them with mouth wide open; there sat Bill looking irresistibly sheepish, and there sat the widow, laughing and laughing until the tears stood in her eyes.

"What—what—what the dickens is the matter?" roared the old man, staring first at one and then at the other in utter bewilderment.

"I—I must go," said the widow, in a voice faint from excessive laughter; "come up this evening, Ruth, I have something to tell you." And still laughing, the "widder" vanished.

That evening two events worthy of notice took place in the little village of M——. Old Miles departed full of an important secret to the city, and Ruth Judson and the Widder Black sat for an hour or more in close conference on the rocks of Bleak Point. What Ruth learned there she did not disclose, but sundry ejaculations of amazement and sundry expressions of delight proved that it was far from disagreeable.

The following evening, when the gloaming was falling over the rockbound coast of New Brunswick, the Widow Black sat in her little cottage gazing in the fire and lost in thought. Suddenly the tramp of feet approaching Bleak Point fell on her quick ear. Springing to her feet she saw several constables, headed by Old Miles, approaching her cottage. Scarcely had she time to draw the bolt when a heavy knock came to the door, and a stern voice commanded her to open in the name of the law.

"Not until I know your business," said the widow; "who are you and what do you want?"

"We are officers of the law. You are suspected with being connected with smugglers, and of concealing contraband goods about your premises, and our business is to arrest you and search for them," was the reply.

"Then let me assure you that your trouble will be all for nothing. The smuggled goods you speak of were here, but are now where the eyes of the custom house will never fall on them. As to arresting me, a poor, lone 'widder,' I am sure you are too much of a gentleman to do it."

"Open the door, or I will break it open," shouted the enraged officer.

"Break away," retorted the provoking widow, with the utmost coolness.

With an oath the officer rushed against the door; at the same moment the widow drew the bolt, and he fell head first into the room, while old Miles, who rushed after, lay sprawled on top of him. Before they could rise, the widow seized the remaining officer and hurled him with the greatest ease over his fallen companions. Then, drawing the door after her and securing it on the outside, the widow was off and away.

Search was made for the widow, but in vain. No trace of any one answering the description given could be found. Neither could any smuggled goods be discovered on Bleak Point, although they easily discovered they had lately been there.

A few weeks later, late one night, a handsome young fellow dressed as a sailor entered the village. Advancing to the house of Miss Judson he fastened a paper to the door, then with a peculiar whistle, crouched under one of the windows. A few moments after, and the door slowly opened and Ruth appeared. Tucking her under his arm the young man led the way to where a boat lay on the shore, and a few minutes after they were rapidly skimming over the bay towards St. John.

A few hours after sunrise every man, woman and child in M—— were crowding around the cottage of old Miles. And there, written in large, flourishing capitals they read—

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—Be it known to all men by these presents that I, Ned Bryson, being one of the crew of the smuggler commanded by Capt. R., finding we were continually watched by the confounded authorities, resolved on a plan to land our contraband goods. Disguised as a woman I came to reside in M., where, finding it convenient to land them safely and as safely dispose of them, I remained until a few weeks ago. For the gracious manner in which I have been entertained I feel profoundly thankful.

To Mr. William Judson I would say I regret exceedingly that circumstances will prevent my marrying him at present and sharing the new shanty; but wishing to show my gratitude to the family, I have taken off his sister, to whom I will be "spliced," wind and weather permitting, tomorrow.

NED BRYSON, alias the "WIDDER BLACK."

It only remains for us to say that the above facts are strictly true. Mr. Bryson was prevailed upon by his wife to give up smuggling and settle down to some more honest way of living. They resided in St. John for several years and then went to California, where they may be living yet for all we know to the contrary.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

The man who has a grave or two in his heart does not need to haunt church-yards.

Do you know what duty is? It is what we exact of others.

Music for a wedding procession always reminds me of the music which accompanies soldiers about to charge.

I don't subscribe at all to the doctrine of "striving to be cheerful." . . . Let us have a reasonable cheerfulness, and melancholy, too, if there is occasion for it—and no more hypocrisy in life than need be.

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.

The pleasures of one age are not pleasures in another, and their lives fall short of our own.

Innocent love has no hypocrisy.

A woman takes a lover not so much for himself as to injure some other woman.

We are not apt to fear for the fearless, when we are companions in their danger.

Constant toil is the law of art, as it is of life, for art is idealized creation.

Everybody's little yard-room opens into all out-doors.

Whoso believes in freedom of the will has never loved and never hated.

When change itself can give no more it is easy to be true.

Passions are like storms, which, full of present mischief, serve to purify the atmosphere.

Experience teaches slowly and at the cost of mistakes.

Love, when it visits old men, is like sunshine on snow,—it is more dazzling than warming.

Originality is nought but judicious imitation.

Grant but memory to us, we can lose nothing by death.

Modesty is the conscience of the body.

Patience and fortitude conquer all things.

Our very wretchedness grows dearer to us when suffering for one that we love.

You can reach stupidity only with a cannon ball.

To be rash is to be bold with out shame and without skill.

Much reading is like much eating,—wholly useless without digestion.

Remorse of conscience is like an old wound; a man is in no condition to fight under such circumstances.

The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in its socket.

Women seldom forfeit their claim to the respect of men whom they respect.

Revenge is always the weak pleasure of a little, narrow mind.

A moment's thought is passion's passing knell.

Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours.

Whatever discoveries we may have made in the region of self-love, there still remain many unknown lands.

Most men need more love than they deserve.

Praise from an enemy smells of craft.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.

A witty writer is like a porcupine: his quill makes no distinction between friend and foe.

Remorse is virtue's root.

Women excel in a sort of courage,—the courage of resignation.

Susceptible persons are more affected by a change of tone than by unexpected words.

Two laborers were trying to place a stone in position on the foundation wall of a new building. A crowd was standing around looking on, and each one offering his criticism and counsel freely and loudly, but not one lifting so much as a finger to help. "That reminds me of church work," said a passer-by, to another. "Why?" "Because," was the reply, "two men are doing the work, and twenty are doing the talking."

The time is now here when you need your lawn mower, and more as the season advances.—*Berkshire News.*

The Winds of Heaven.

Throw open wide the casement of thy soul,
And let the winds of heaven blow fresh within,
And sweep away upon their mighty wings
The stifling breath of self, the dust of sin.

Wait thou, and feel these fragrant winds of truth;
They bring rare tokens of that world by thee
Too little known; they drop great hints of space,
So stirring every larger sympathy.

Oh, watch their coming! From each precious waft,
Thou fuller life and higher strength shall win;
So open wide the casement of thy soul,
And let the winds of heaven blow fresh within.

—*Churchman.*

THE BROKEN BOTTLE.

"Come on, boys, let us go in and take a parting drink."

The speaker was William Scott, a hard working mechanic, who, with three of his shopmates, was on his way home at the close of the week's labors. All of them had taken several drinks, and were beginning to show the effect of it, especially Scott, who staggered slightly as he walked.

The four went in and stood before the bar of the saloon, which was but a short distance from Scott's home, and had for years been patronized by him. Drunken men seldom drink and leave a saloon when there are two or more together, and on this occasion Scott and his friends stood at the bar and conversed, as one after the other treated in turn.

Suddenly the conversation was interrupted by Scott accidentally dropping the bottle, from which he was about to pour a dram, from his unsteady grasp.

"Hello!" said he, "that was all an accident."

"Accident or not, you'll pay for that liquor and bottle," retorted the saloonkeeper, whose attention had been directed to Scott by the crash.

"You don't mean that, Lawrence," said Scott. "It was an accident."

"That's all right," replied the saloonkeeper, "but the price of that bottle and liquor will take the profit off many a drink; I can't afford to lose it, and you'll have it to pay."

"But," pleaded the mechanic, "I've but a dollar of my wages left, and I must take it home."

The saloonkeeper was inexorable, however, and Scott handed over the dollar note which was to have given his wife and little ones a Sunday dinner.

When he got his change he turned to the saloonkeeper and said:

"I didn't think you would do that, Lawrence, after I have been spending a good share of my wages here the past ten years."

"Well, if you have, I guess you got the equivalent of every cent you spent," responded Lawrence.

"Have I?" said Scott, quietly, and picking up the pieces he started to leave the saloon.

There was something in his manner that Lawrence did not like, and taking the amount he had received from the mechanic from the drawer, he threw it noisily on the counter and called to Scott to come back; but the latter had reached the door and went on out.

He proceeded direct to his home, and, meeting his wife, he placed the pieces of broken bottle in her hand, saying:

"There, Betty, I paid several hundred dollars for that, and I think you'll consider it cheap before we get through."

Mrs. Scott did not for a moment understand him; but looking at the pieces of the bottle and inhaling the fumes of the liquor, she intuitively grasped his meaning, and with a glad feeling in her heart she said:

"What do you mean, William?"

"I mean," said Scott, "that for ten years that bottle has been swallowing my earnings, but now I've bought it, and I am going to see if the broken bottle is not better than the whole one."

Scott kept his promise. He never drank again, and in after years, when he had a comfortable little home and a profitable business of his own, he always told his friends that it all came through the broken bottle."—*The Baltimore Presbyterian.*

FENCE RAIL PHILOSOPHY.

"The faster I go the sooner I'll get there."

This was the answer I just now got from a young man when I asked him why he drove his horse at what seemed to me an unnecessary speed. It is the answer that a great many could give in their journey from the cradle to the grave. Rapid transit seems to be the craze of the day. Boys are in a hurry to become men. Men are in a hurry to acquire riches and honors and the old plan of traveling by easy stages does not belong to the era of steam and electricity; but all the work of life must be gauged up to its highest in tensity.

"The faster we go the sooner we get there.

Yesterday I attended the funeral of a man whose life was an illustration of the rapid transit system. When he was a boy at school he was in a hurry to graduate and he consumed the midnight oil with his own physical vitality in his efforts to get over the greatest amount of ground in the least possible time. He traveled fast and got there, but he got there with a weak and stunted physical organization, for nature's laws will have their own time for doing their work, and if you beat them out of it the work isn't done. He didn't give nature the time necessary to build up his physical structure, and nature didn't do it.

Well, he engaged in business, and of course was in a great hurry to outrun his competitors in the race of wealth. His business was conducted on the high pressure plan. His nerves were kept at such a high tension that he could hardly sleep or rest, and as for enjoyment—he hadn't time for that.

When the outraged laws of his being made protest and gave the orders to slacken, he whipped up his lagging physical energies by the use of alcoholic stimulants. Faster and faster he went, and harder and harder he lashed his jaded powers. Friends noted the frightful speed at which he was going, and warned him of his danger; but their pleadings and remonstrances were of no avail. He had acquired a momentum that he could not check, and on he went to the inevitable end. He traveled fast and he got there. He lived a seventy years' life in thirty-five years. In his journey he had no time to pluck flowers by the wayside. He looked neither to the right nor to the left to admire beautiful landscapes or to be uplifted by contemplating the marvelous productions of God's handwork. No, he had no time for these things. They would do for the slow-going, who were content to make their journey on the old three score and ten schedule, but he was on the lightning express with no stops at the small stations of enjoyment, recreation and social pleasures.

He got there.

At the age of thirty-five he died at the age of seventy. By the high pressure plan he had condensed his life into one-half the allotted space. And yet, people who were daily witnesses of the high rate of speed at which he was traveling, wondered why he got to his journey's end so soon, and they murmured something about the ways of providence being mysterious. There was no mystery about it. It was simply a matter of arithmetic. Double the speed at which you travel and you shorten the time on the road. An engineer who expects to take his train through on time, must know at all times the speed he is making, and if we consulted the gauge of our own lives as systematically, we should be warned by the register of high pressure and apply the brakes.

When I see a young man smoking cigars, drinking whisky, associating with evil companions and indulging in what are called "fast" habits, I think I shall say to him, as the young man said to me, "The faster you go, the sooner you will get there."

TWENTY QUESTIONS.

1. How many miles of railway in the United States?—150,000; about half the mileage of the world.

2. How much have they cost?—$9,000,000,000.

3. How many people are employed by them?—More than 1,000,000.

4. What is the fastest time made by a train?—422 6-10 miles in 7 hours, 25 minutes; one mile being made in 41 11-20 seconds, on the West Shore R. R.

5. What is the cost of a high-class eight-wheel passenger locomotive?—About $8,500.

6. What is the longest mileage operated by a single system?—Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, 8000 miles.

7. What is the cost of a palace sleeping car?—About $14,000, or $17,000 if "vestibuled."

8. What is the longest railroad bridge span in the United States?—Cantilever span in Poughkeepsie bride, 548 feet.

9. What is the highest railroad bridge in the United States?—Kinzua viaduct, on the Erie road, 305 feet.

10. Who built the first locomotive in the United States?—Peter Cooper.

11. What road carries the largest number of passengers?—Manhattan Elevated R. R., New York city, 425,000 a day, or 191,625,000 yearly.

12. What is the average daily earning of an American locomotive?—$100.

13. What is the longest American railway tunnel?—The Hoosac, on the Fitchburg R. R., 4¾ miles.

14. What is the average cost of constructing a mile of railroad?—At the present time about $30,000.

15. Where and when was the first sleeping car used?—Upon the Cumberland Valley R. R., of Pennsylvania; from the year 1836 to 1848.

16. What are the chances of fatal accident in railway travel?—One killed in 10,000,000. Statistics show that more are killed by falling out of windows than there are in railway accidents.

17. What line of railway extends furthest east and west?—Canadian Pacific R. R., running from Quebec to the Pacific Ocean.

18. How long does a steel rail last, with average wear?—18 years.

19. What road carries the largest number of commuters?—Illinois Central, 4,828,128, in 1887.

20. What is the fastest time made between Jersey City and San Francisco?—3 days, 7 hours, 39 minutes, 16 seconds. Special theatrical train, June, 1876.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

HE BROUGHT THE BEAR.

You know that I went up in Northern Michigan last fall on a hunting trip with three or four friends. "Well, I can tell you of a comical little incident which occurred to our negro cook, Jim.

We had killed numerous beavers, porcupines, partridges and pheasants and a few deer, but we had been grievously disappointed in getting no bears. We followed up every bear track we could find, we set traps, and we employed an Indian hunter to aid us, but no bears were to be found, although it was said that there were many in the neighborhood. Returning one afternoon after an unsuccessful hunt, dispirited and out of humor, it was no wonder that when Jim, the cook, who was somewhat of a privileged character, began to poke fun at us and deride us on the bear subject, one of the fellows became enraged and said:

"Jim, you black devil, get out of the camp, and if after your bragging you don't bring a bear back with you before dark I'll give you a sound thrashing."

"Sartinly I will," replied Jim, gayly.

He obeyed, and failing to obtain the loan of a gun from any one of the party he started out, having no idea in the world as to where he was going. Having wandered away a mile or so from the camp he lay down under a tree and went to sleep. It was dusk when he awoke, and the first thing that met his frightened gaze was an immense black bear resting on its haunches about twenty-five yards away, and watching his victim complacently. The bewildered and thoroughly alarmed negro jumped to his feet and started for the camp, and the beast followed. It was a race for life, and Jim's only chance was in his legs, for he had not the vestige of a weapon with him. After half a mile had been traversed he looked back and saw that the beast was gaining on him rapidly. He threw of his cap, and, while the bear stopped to smell it, he gained a few yards. In this way the poor darkey continued throwing off his outer clothing, piece by piece, now and then, and profiting by the bear's momentary halt to examine and snuff it. Finally, to Jim's great delight, he saw the lights of the camp but a few rods away, and, having nothing else he could throw off, he redoubled his speed, but the brute gained rapidly, and was but a few feet behind. A series of blood-curdling whoops brought the fellows from the tent, and as they reached the door in came Jim, with a big black bear at his heels.

"Gemmen," gasped he, "befo' de Lawd, I's brought back dat b'ar I promised you."—*Washington Post.*

At the principal ports of the United States last year, over 9,000,000 bunches of bananas were imported. New York heads the list with 3,639,593 bunches; New Orleans comes second with 2,946,058, and Boston third with 1,292,946. New York draws most of the West Indian crop, whereas New Orleans absorbs that of Houduras.

Hopeless Love.

I would that I might win her love,
But ah! it may not be;
Her heart is to another given—
And ne'er a thought to me.

I've watched him standing at her side.
And seen the loving light
Which beamed out from her azure eye,
To meet his glances bright.

I've seen the rosy blushes mount
Up to her golden hair,
And know her pulses wildly throb
Whenever he draws near.

I wonder if his love's more true
Or fervent than my own,
That she on him her love bestows
While I am left alone?

But courage, courage! fainting heart!
My trial I must bear,
And calmly see another win
The prize I hold most dear.

When all is over, I may seek
Some distant land, to die,
Where, freed from pang of hopeless love,
In peaceful rest I'll lie.

HOW MRS. JONES MANAGED HER HUSBAND.

On a public road just outside of Bridgeton, N. J., there lives a farmer and his wife, who may often be seen in town on Saturday afternoons, trading off butter and eggs for groceries. I believe they always drive two white horses to a little carriage, and is what the world calls "pretty good sort o' folks," but the world don't know anything about the awful time that rosy-cheeked, smiling-faced woman had getting her husband, Jedediah Jones, Esq., cut out to suit her own mind; because, you see, he had had a first wife—an easy, happy sort of a woman, who let her husband do just as he pleased, and never said a word back. There are very few such women nowadays, and when there are, they don't live long, and so, of course, Rachel Jane (No. 1) soon died, leaving Jedediah alone with all his faults, to hunt up another woman.

Well, Jedediah had had such any easy time with his first wife, that he was in a powerful hurry to take another, believing all women to be angels.

Now the worst fault this man had was poking his nose into something that was none of his business. His new wife called it *cot-bettying*, and was determined to break him of it.

It was very annoying to a woman with such a spirit as Sarah Ann Jones to have her husband leave his work out doors, five of six times a day, to see what she was doing in the house. As the honey-moon wore off, it became more and more unbearable, until Sarah Ann at last determined she would have no more of it.

One day, in particular, he seemed more cotty than usual, for, in going out to his work, he stopped in the shed to turn the broom, brush-part, down, saying as he did so: "Sarah Ann, don't you know any better than to turn a broom upside down? Rachel Jane never did such a thing.

"I am mistress, now, and not Rachel Jane," said Sarah Ann, as she stepped out to turn up the broom again.

He cast upon her a look of defiance which meant that war had commenced, and we would see who came off conqueror.

Accordingly, much earlier in the day than usual, he came into the house and lifted off the lid of the dinner-pot to see what he was going to have for dinner.

"Hump," he grunted, "you bile your taters in too much water. You don't want more'n the bottom of that pot covered with water. Steam will do the rest," and he lifted up the pot and poured out half the water, but no sooner done than Sarah Ann slipped in more water, saying, "who's bilin' these pertaters, you or me?"

Jedediah, thinking it best not to notice the fresh addition of water, began to gather up all the chairs and slip them, seats first, under the extension table.

"I'll not have my chairs put out of sight in that way," said Sarah Ann. "You make the room look as empty as a barn," and she began scattering them about again, one near a little stand, another near a window, until the old cosy look came back, much to Jedediah's disgust, who went on up stairs, slamming the door behind him.

Mrs. Jones could hear a great deal of hauling and moving up above her, but thought it best, just then, to keep on getting dinner. Mr. Jones soon came down, looking very red in the face, but triumphant, as he passed on out of doors.

"I must go and see what he has been about," said Mrs. Jones to herself.

She found the beadsteads, bureans, wash stands, towel-racks and chairs all arranged on one side of the room, while the other three sides were left entirely bare. She was so angry that it did not take her many minutes to get things back in their old position, and down stairs she went just in time to meet her husband coming in to dinner.

"Look here," she said, with flashing eyes, "if I am not capable of managing this house, the quicker you get another housekeeper the better."

"I reckon a man has a right to have things in his own house as he sees fit!"

"Then I suppose you will concede the same right to a woman when she neglets her own work to slip out doors to help the managing there?"

"That's another thing," grunted Mr. Jones. "Rachel Jane and I got along like turtle doves, never had a quarrel in our lives."

"And you meddled with the indoor affairs, when she was alive, just as you do now?"

"It was Rachel Jane's pleasure to let me have things as I wanted them.

"No wonder she died, then; but I want you to understand, Jedediah Jones, that I will have none of your interference in the house. You attend to your business and I'll attend to mine."

"I will not be ruled by petticoats. Rachel Jane—"

"There, don't bring her up again. One thing I notice, you and Rachel Jane accumulated a very small portion of this world's goods, and I don't wonder, if you let your hay rot in the fields and your apples spoil on the ground as you do now, to come in the house to oversee me. You have had your say and I'll have mine if you don't take my advice and leave me alone. No woman with any spirit would stand it."

It was almost a quarrel and each party finished the meal in silence.

Mrs. Jones tried to be even more careful with her housekeeping the next day than ever before, but all in vain. Mr. Jones came into the house and gave his orders just as usual.

"It is my turn now, said Mrs. Jones, as she tied on her bonnet and followed her husband out doors early the next morning.

She paused before the wood pile, where he had stopped to saw a few armfuls of wood.

"Jedediah," said she, "you are sawing that wood entirely too short—a perfect waste of time."

Mr. Jones looked up and scowled. Mrs. Jones walked on, and entering the barn, began to pitch more hay down to the horses.

"What are you doing there?" he called out angrily, his eyes having followed her.

"Mr. Jones, you don't give your horses half enough to eat, they're as poor as snakes."

"The thunder they are!" shouted Mr. Jones. "Go in the house and mind your own business."

"I am going over to Joe Brown's first to see when he is coming after that corn in the south crib. The 'varmints' are eating it all up."

"The deuce you are," said Mr. Jones, throwing down his saw and striding after her.

But she was far down the road, almost beyond shouting distance, and he feared attracting the attention of a milk wagon that was just passing.

At a quarter before twelve she came up the walk and found her husband sitting moodily on the front porch.

"Well," she said sweetly, "Mr. Brown is coming after that corn this afternoon."

"Where is my dinner?" growled Jedediah.

"I have been so busy all the morning with your affairs that I am thinking we will both be obliged to put up with a cold bite."

"I'll break your ugly neck if you don't let my business alone."

"There is a law against that," said Mrs. Jones coly.

"Then I'll have a divorce, the sooner the better," said he, as he strode out to gear up a horse, to go in search of a lawyer.

But when that learned man was found he advised Mr. Jones to let his wife alone in the house and he would come out all right, for divorces were not being granted in the state of New Jersey for such trivial causes, and so Jedediah paid the lawyer five dollars and went home a sadder but a wiser man.

"Let her have own way and be hanged," he muttered early the next morning, and from that day hence he never went into the house to direct or order, and to his surprise things soon began to wear a better aspect on the farm. He now had more time to attend to his own affairs, and Sarah Ann, left to herself soon began to develop a wonderful capacity for saving. Mr. Jones, more to his surprise than ever, soon found that they were growing rich, while his wife grew rosier and rounder every day. Mr. Jones is now of the opinion that women are just as capable as men, especially in their own spheres, and that every sensible man ought to leave them alone.

And this is the way Mrs. Jones managed her husband.

HOW TO AVOID PREMATURE OLD AGE.

The rule for the prevention of senile diseases are personal. They should begin in youth. It should be a rule among grown-up persons never to subject children to mental shocks and unnecessary griefs. When, in the surrounding of the child life, some grave calamity has occurred, it is best to make the event as light as possible to the child, and certainly to avoid thrilling it with sights and details which stir it to the utmost, and in the end only leave upon the mind and heart incurable wounds and oppressions. Children should never be taken to funerals, nor to sights that cause a sense of fear and dread combined with great grief, nor to sights which call forth pain and agony in man or in the lower animals.

To avoid premature old age in mature life, the following rules are important points to remember:

Grief anticipates age. Dwelling on the inevitable past, forming vain hypotheses as to what might have been if this or that had not been, acquiring a craze for recounting what has occurred—these acts do more harm to further health and effort than many things connected with real calamity. Occupation and new pursuits are the best preventives for mental shock and bereavement.

Hate anticipates age. Hate keeps the heart always at full tension. It gives rise to oppression of the brain and senses. It confuses the whole man. It robs the stomach of nervous power, and, digestion being impaired, the failure of life begins at once. Those, therefore, who are born with this passion—and a good many, I fear, are—should give it up.

Jealousy anticipates age. The fatal expression of jealousy is old age, in however a young face it may be east. Jealousy preys upon and kills the heart. So, jealous men are not only unhappy, but broken-hearted, and live short lives. I have never known a man of jealous nature live anything like a long life or a useful life. The prevention of jealousy is diversion of mind toward useful and unselfish work.

Unchastity anticipates age. Everything that interferes with chastity favors vital deterioration, while the grosser departures from chastity, leading to specific and hereditary disease, are certain causes of organic degeneration and premature old age. Thus chastity is preventive of senile decay.

Intemperance anticipates age. The more the social causes of mental and physical organic diseases are investigated, the more closely the origin of degenerative organic changes leading to premature deterioration and decay are questioned, the more closely does it come out that intemperance, often not suspected by the person himself who is implicated in it, so subtle is its influence, is at the root of the evil.

When old age has really commenced, its march toward final decay is best delayed by attention to those rules of conservation by which life is sustained with the least friction and the least waste.

The prime rules for this purpose are:

To subsist on light and nutritious diet, with milk as the standard food, but varied according to the season.

To take food in moderate quantity, four times in the day, including a light meal before going to bed.

To clothe warmly but lightly, so as that the body may, in all seasons, maintain its equal temperature.

To keep the body in fair exercise, and the mind active and cheerful.

To maintain an interest in what is going on in the world, and to take part in reasonable labors and pleasures, as though old age were not present.

To take plenty of sleep during sleeping hours. To spend nine hours in bed at the least, and to take care during cold weather that the temperature of the bedroom is maintained at 60° Fah.

To avoid passion, excitement, luxury.—*Dr. Benjamin A. Richardson.*

WARM MILK A HEALTH RESTORER.

Considerable has been lately said in medical journals concerning the value of warm milk as a remedial agent in certain diseases. The *Christian at Work*, referring to an interesting article on this subject which lately appeared in the London *Milk Journal*, states, on the authority of Dr. Benjamin Clarke, that in the East Indies warm milk is used to a great extent as a specific for diarrhœa. A pint every four hours will check the most violent diarrhœa, stomach-ache, incipient cholera and dysentery. The milk should never be boiled, but only heated sufficiently to be agreeably warm, not too hot to drink. Milk which has been boiled is unfit for use. This writer gives several instances in arresting the disease, among which is the following:

"It has never failed in curing in six to twelve hours, and I have tried it, I should think, fifty times. I have also given it to a dying man who had been subject to dysentery eight months, latterly accompanied by one continued diarrhœa, and it acted on him like a charm. In two days his diarrhœa was gone; in three weeks he became a hale, hearty man; and now nothing that may hereafter occur will shake his faith in hot milk."

A writer has also communicated to the *Medical Times and Gazette* a statement of the value of milk in twenty-six cases of typhoid fever, in every one of which its great value was apparent. It checks diarrhœa and nourishes and cools the body. People suffering from diseases need food quite as much as those in health, and much more so in certain diseases, where there is a rapid waste of the system. Frequently all ordinary food, in certain diseases, is rejected by the stomach, and even loathed by the patient; but nature, ever beneficent, has furnished food that in all diseases is beneficial—some directly curative. Such food is milk."

The writer in the journal last quoted, Dr. Alexander Yale, after giving partienlar observations upon the point above mentioned, its action in checking diarrhœa, its nourishing properties, and its action in soothing the body, says: "We believe that milk nourishes in fever, promotes sleep, wards off delirium, soothes the intestines, and, in fine, is the *sine qua non* in the typhoid fever."

We have lately tested the value of milk in scarlet fever, and learn that it is now recommended by the medical faculty in all cases of this often very distressing children's disease. Give all the milk the patient will take, even during the period of greatest fever. It keeps up the strength of the patient, acts well upon the stomach, and is in this way a blessed thing in this sickness.

JOURNEY OF LIFE.

No one, remarks the *Independent*, passes through the journey of this life, though it be but of moderate length, without losing kindred and friends by death, whom he tenderly loved when living, and continues to love long after they are gone. If one lives to an advanced age, he usually has a far greater number of such friends in the next world than he has in this. Death sweeps them away, and sometimes he is left almost alone in respect to the cherished companionships of his earthly life. To these loved ones dead he can render no service, and, so far as we know, from them receive none. He may think of them, but he can do nothing for them. They are entirely beyond the reach of his action. He can speak no kind word, to them, and give them no good advice. He can make no sacrifices to promote their joys. The lesson to be learned from this fact is that we should act toward our kindred and friends while they are living, as we, if surviving them, will wish we had acted when they are sleeping in the grave. Let the husband and the wife so treat each other, while they hold this relation, that the death of neither will give the other an occasion for regret on account of misconduct. Let parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends intimately associated, and, indeed all men, observe the same rule, and this certainly would be a much happier world. The rule would lessen the number of family quarrels, and make life more serene and more like heaven. Fewer hard speeches would pass between them. Gentleness and kindness would be the law of human action. We once heard a man who had just lost a most excellent wife, say, "I am now sincerely sorry for every unkind word I ever spoke to that woman. I wish I could tell her so, and in some way receive from her the expression of her forgiveness. I would give twenty thousand dollars if I could thereby blot out all such words." We have no doubt that just this sort of feeling has penetrated many a bosom. The way to avoid it is so to act towards others that there will be no occasion for it when they are dead and gone.

LEAD OTHERS AND MISLEAD THEM.

Those who try to set men against each other are not in spirit Christian, nor can they be. To get men to understand one another is a good and Christian thing. But to create suspicion, discontent, hostility, that is not Christian. The setting capital against labor and labor against capital, is a cruel thing for the man whose labor is his capital. In the long run, labor never can successfully fight capital, especially transferable capital. I have watched social movements in this country with some carefulness. Again and again have I had to ask myself the question—what are these men thinking of?—these violent men, these striking men? How small-headed their leaders must be. Not always is a strike wrong, but it is always disastrous. It is always of the nature of civil war, and of all kinds of war, civil war is the very worst. But what are these men to do, asks one, if they have a grievance and can get no redress? Do? Go before the public and display the grievance in such simplicity of demonstration as to call the public to your side. The public generally will, sooner or later, be on the side of right and against wrong. Appeal to the intelligence, the conscience, the heart of the community at large. That is the right way, the only right way. Ideas rule in the long run. Measures which pauperize wives and children, measures which paralyze industry, measures which make employers hate their very business and make the employed violent and unreasonable, are all wrong, and can by no arguing be made right. There is always the fool's way of doing things, and the wise man's way. To create good feeling, to bring men into an understanding of one another, to learn to give and take, to learn to look at questions broadly and in relation to the general welfare—that is the way of the good man, the wise man, the Christian man. But on every occasion to fight, to go to war, to act like Turks instead of like Christians, that way of doing things is is the way to distract, divide and demoralize every body.—*Zion's Herald.*

"Miss Laura," began the young man, "I long have worshipped—that is to say—I—what I wish to say to you, my—er—" "It is evident, Mr. Biggars," interrupted the sweet creature to whom he was trying his best to offer his affections, "it is very evident that my presence is a serious embarrassment to you. I will step out of the room a moment, and you can say what you wish to the phonograph there on the table, and call me in when you are through."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Tommy—"I'm going to tell ma you pushed me overboard." Little Johnnie—"You'd better not." Tommy—"She'll lick me if I say I fell over." Little Johnnie—"That's what you'd better tell her. If you put the blame on me, I'll lick you, and I'll hurt you more than your mother will.—*Life.*

Mattie.—"Dot, what is a zebra?" Dot (who has been looking into natural history for the last hour)—"A zebra? Why, Mattie, it's nothing but a funny little horse that wears striped stockings all over—clear up to his ears."—*Harper's Young People.*

When a man's temper gets the best of him, it reveals the worst of him.—*Hartford Religious Herald.*

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ONLY ONE PILL A DOSE.
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A Mystery.

See how the flame doth cling to the lamp I bear in my hand!
You think it a simple thing, easy to understand?
Of what, then, is it made, and how was its substance wrought
When it sprang to life, and first obeyed the might of Eternal Thought?

The match, this tiny wand, tho' no magician, I
But drew o'er the surface of sand, and lo! the flame leaped high!

I gave to the wick the light, and here is the tongue of fire,
Wonderful, steadfast, bright, never to flag or tire.

While wick and oil are renewed; changeless its place it keeps,
Sheltered from wild winds rude, it falters not nor sleeps.

And from this flame so small you might kindle the lights of the earth,
All the lamps of home, from hovel to hall, all the fires on every hearth;

And the flame would never be less, would lose no atom of power,
Tho' it gave to all, it would still possess the vigor of its first hour.

'Tis a mystery full of awe; at the heart of creation it lies,
An engine vast of eternal law, a riddle to the wise.

Strike iron cold upon flint, or if stone upon stone you strike,
Out leaps the spark, with its burning hint of the power in both alike.

Branches of wood that lie dead in the forest dark,
Rub them together rapidly, and lo! the living spark!

Through the whole world everything latent the wonder lurks,
In the depths of earth, in the heights of air, forever the marvel works.

So the spirit of God doth burn through the universe he hath made,
From the delicate frond of the fern to the Pleiades' tangled braid.

Seeing we do not see; we hear, but who understands?
We can but bow the knee, and worship the work of his hands.

—*New York Independent.*

HOW A BOY BROUGHT HIS PARENTS TO TERMS.

"I've a good notion to run away," said Burt Johnson hotly to himself, as he sat down on a fallen log at the side of a brook. "I would," said his Uncle Harry, who sat on the other end of the log, hidden from his nephew's sight by a clump of bushes.

"I was about your age when I came to the conclusion that I wasn't being treated with that consideration due to my twelve years. The greatest wrong I had to bear up under was that my parents had bought a ranch out in the foot hills, just back of Oakland, and moved out there, and expected me to take hold and work like a Chinaman. I had never done anything but go to school and fish off the end of the dock, or go in swimming, and amuse myself generally. My brother Fred, who was two years older than I, took to the farm work quite tamely, and learned to plow and never seemed to care how much work he did. I had always been called a smart boy and felt that I was born to become a great man.

And then another thing vexed my soul. My father bought me a fine double-bareled shot-gun on my birthday, and my mother gave me a handsome game bag and other accoutrements. That would have been all right if father hadn't said:

"Now, you can supply us with game. The ravine is full of quail, rabbits, meadow larks and blackbirds."

That rankled I tell you. I used to shirk taking the gun all I could, for I thought it was a man's business to provide for the family, and many a time when I had taken it, I threw nearly all the game I had killed under a bush out of spite. I was a quick, good shot, and our folks used to wonder why I brought so little game when the chapparel was alive with it.

My father and mother and brother Fred were up before daylight, but I was never called until six o'clock which was another hardship, as I could have gotten through my work much earlier if I had risen sooner, but I determined to suffer this in silence, too. Sometimes my delicate little mother would with her own slim hands carry the food to feed my rabbits, and this was another grief, for it showed that they did not realize nor appreciate my age and strength as they should. They considered me a baby yet.

The climax came at last. Our ranch being a new one, we had no artesian well, and the water in the ravine dried up completely in the summer and we had to drive our stock up the bed of the ravine about a mile for water, twice a day, and bring that for the family use in a casks once a day. Of course I had to do all the driving while my father and brother had the fun of filling the casks. I was the slave to do that all summer long.

The day of the climax, I had been down to Oakland and drove Dick with our brand new light express wagon, which had bright red wheels and a dark blue body. When I came back it was just supper time and I left Dick standing untied out in front of the house, while I went in to supper. Dick got tired of standing, or wanted a drink, and he started away up the bed of the ravine with the wagon, and he went about half a mile when he stuck fast in a narrow part, and there he staid.

Father asked where Dick was, and I answered that he was all right, but to make a long story short, it took me three long days to dig that wagon loose and haul it back myself, for I had to do it as a punishment. The paint was all scratched and the looks of it spoiled. I was too tired after this to run away, beside my mother was so good to me that I didn't like to go. She would slip out of the house and up the ravine with something nice to console me.

But the very next morning she showed herself in her true colors. It doesn't do for a boy to trust too much in his mother, she is apt to fail him at a critical moment.

Father and Alfred had gone to their plowing for their second crop just over the hill, and I felt pretty safe, so I didn't get up at six o'clock, nor seven, nor indeed until nine. I had resolved to break the bonds of slavery and assert myself. About half-past nine I sauntered out to the dining-room. There was nothing on the table fit to eat, only some cold ham, bread and butter, milk and strawberries. There had been hot pancakes and honey. I went to the kitchen; my mother sat there shelling peas. I have often wished I had taken a look at her before I spoke. She had a way of shutting her lips so tight that two dimples showed at the corners when she had stood all she was going to. I kicked Brave, who came wagging his tail, and the cat who came rubbing against me, and said: "I want my breakfast."

"It is there on the table," said mother quietly.

"You can't play that sort of a thing on me any more. I've picked all the old bones and eat all the dry old crusts I'm going to. I want some hot cakes."

"Very well, bake them then, or get up in time to eat with the rest."

"I'll do neither," I said. "It is your business to cook them and you'll do it or I'll know the reason why."

I never knew exactly what struck me first, whether it was my mother's hand or my father's shingle. He had found the ground too moist and concluded to come back and finish the kitchen roof. I didn't know that. But whatever it was, it did its work. After that first stunning whack, they both punished me until I was about dead, then my father said:

"Since these old bones and crusts are not good enough for you, you shall have nothing."

I went back to the room to roll on the bed in agony, for I would back my father's strength and mother's energy against the world. Then I resolved to run away, and watching my chance wandered to the cabbage patch and gathered an arm full of leaves and went on down toward the rabbit hutches near the ravine. I kept in the bed of the ravine until I reached Temescal and then after scanning the road well came out and walked rapidly down toward my sister's house in Oakland. She had been recently married, and I knew would condole with me in my sufferings.

I staid there one week, two, three, and the fourth came, and still no sign nor word came from the ranch to show that I was lost. I have an idea now that my sister had sent them word. My sister was young and not by any means as good a cook as my mother, and she had no patience, and found fault a good deal, and my brother-in-law made me work a good deal harder than I did at home.

This was just so much too much—added to the heavy dumplings that she wanted me to eat cold so as not to throw them away—for me who wouldn't eat my mother's good bread and berries and nice sliced ham. Suddenly I remembered that it was Christmas and I knew what would be on the table up at the ranch, for early in the spring that big turkey was set apart for that very day, and I thought of all the other nice things, such as none but my mother could make. My brother-in-law did not believe in foolishness as he called it, and there was only to be a roast wild duck for dinner.

I wandered out to take a walk and somehow I walked away, and before I knew it I was creeping along in the ravine near the stable and peeping through the bushes to see if the house was still there. As it grew dark I began to feel very hungry and looked around for a turnip or carrot, but the rabbit hutches were all gone.

I crept softly along to the house in the twilight and stood in the shadow made by the rainwater barrel, and my mother stepped out to throw some bones to Brave, and he began eating them with a poor appetite. I wished I had one of them, and the door was open and a delicious odor of roast turkey floated out and I could see the table spread for the Christmas feast, while I stood there outcast and sorrowful, and I had not eaten since morning and not much then. I intended to go off to the stable and crawl up in one of the hay mows and die there of hunger and misery, and let them find my bleached bones when they went to use that hay, but at that moment Brave found out that I was there and rushed to me barking and wagging his tail. I don't know what possessed me, but I tore off my cravat and collar and thrust them into his mouth and said softly, "give them to mother," and he went regretfully in, while I turned to run and ran right into my father's arms as he was coming from the hen house. He took me by the collar and led me into the house.

I am ashamed to say I asked if I could stay, and they were willing to forget my foolishness and let me do so, if I would behave myself. I felt quite willing to do anything in the world only so I could stay, and I gladly promised. I even didn't say a word when I found they had sold my rabbits, and given my gun to my brother, but he privately gave it back again. Oh, yes, Burt it is a good plan to run away. I'd do it if I were you. You see how I brought my parents to terms.

ELI PERKINS' SATIRE ON CHURCH MUSIC.

"The satirist's mission," said Eli Perkins, in his church lecture, "is to exaggerate an error till the people see it and stamp it under their feet. Cervantes exaggerated the errors of knight-errantry and killed it. Nasby satirized the cross-roads Democracy—that is, he exaggerated it and 'laughed it out of court.' Ridicule is to exaggerate the truth, deform it and make it appear ridiculous. Satire is to kill error and ridicule is to kill truth."

The lecturer now satirized modern high church music as follows:

My consin Julia is learning to sing hi—opera. Everything is on the hi now; hi—opera, hi—church, hi—heels, or hi—poeracy.

When Eugene Augustus asked her to sing last night she flirted up her long train, coquettishly wiggle-waggled to the piano, and sang:—

When the moo-hoon is mi-hild-ly be-heaming
O'er the ca-halm and si-hi-lent se-e-e-e-a;
Its ray-dyunce so-hoftly stre-heam-ing,
Oh! ther-hen, oh, ther-en,
I thee-hink
Hof thee-ee,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-he-he-hehehehe-hink hof thee-e-e-e-e!

"Beantiful! Miss Julia, beantiful!" and we all clapped our hands.

"Do please sing another hymn. You sing perfectly divine, Miss Julia," said Eugene Augustus.

Then Julia raised her golden (dyed) head, toneched the ivory with her jeweled fingers, and warbled:—

"And we'll catch the flee—
And we'll catch the flee—
And we'll catch the flee—ting hour!"

I thought it was divine—Julia's singing—but I changed my mind that evening when my good old family clergyman, Elder Wilson, took me out behind the barn and read this good, old-fashioned hymn:—

"Could poor King David but for once
To Eaton church repair,
And hear his Psalms thus warbled out,
Good Lord, how he would swear!"

Clerical Adviee. A rather plain lady asks the opinion of her minister: "Is it a sin to feel a trifle of vanity when I am called handsome by a gentleman?" "Not a sin for you, my child, but a terrible responsibility hangs upon the gentleman."—*Philadelphia Times.*

We Have Lived and Loved Together.

We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's gladness
And wept each other's tears.
I have never known a sorrow
That was long unshared by thee,
For thy smile can make a summer
Where darkness else would be.

Like leaves that fall around us
In autumn's fading hours,
Are the traitor smiles that darken,
When the cloud of sorrow lowers,
And though many such we've known, love,
Too prone, alas! to range,
We both can speak of one, love,
Whom time could never change.

We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years,
We have shared each other's gladness
And wept each other's tears;
And let us hope the future
As the past has been will be;
I will share with thee thy sorrows
And thou thy joys with me.

—*San Francisco Examiner.*

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

A young woman had just left the dentist's chair and was adjusting her wrap to leave with several dollars' worth of gold in one of her incisors, when a Cleveland (O.) *Plain Dealer* reporter entered the office.

"What is the use of people enduring the agony of having their teeth filled when they can have them pulled without pain, and then have a set of false teeth which will never trouble them again?" as the young lady gave a sigh of relief and left the office.

"Why, my dear young man, very few people have a set of artificial teeth that do not trouble them. In nearly every case false teeth are troublesome."

"That is when you do not get a good fit, I suppose?"

"It is difficult to get a good fit and have it remain so very long, because many months are continually changing. A plate that may fit well to-day may become unbearable in six months, and the plate may even break; in fact, they frequently do. I have several patients who must have new plates made every year or two, at the most, because their months change so much they cannot use a plate longer than that. Then there are other people who cannot endure a plate in their months at all, no matter how perfectly they fit. They cannot become accustomed to them, even after persistent trials. I have known men, after trying a whole year, to give up in disgust and resolve to gum it. So you see artificial teeth may be a continual expense and a great annoyance to a person. It is far better to have the natural teeth attended to if they need a dentist's attention, but it is better still for every one to take proper care of their own teeth and preserve them as long as possible. In fact, the more the teeth are made to masticate proper material the better it is for them. The majority of people use only one side of their mouth when they eat, and I can tell which side it is in nearly every case when I look at a person's teeth. The teeth on that side are in better condition, for those on the other side have decayed through idleness."

"Do you recommend chewing gum or tobacco?"

"No; for while pure spruce gum will not injure the teeth, nearly all the gums on the market are rather injurious. As for tobacco, some people claim it is good for the teeth, while others hold that it makes little difference either way. I claim that tobacco does the teeth no good. As a general thing, a man does not chew his tobacco, but simply holds it in his mouth. I had a patient in my chair the other day who had a badly decayed tooth. He told me he always held his tobacco in that part of his mouth, and I have no doubt the weed hastened the decay. Very few people clean their teeth properly. It is generally supposed that if some sweet-smelling dentifrice is rubbed over the teeth with a smooth brush they must be clean, and here is where people make a mistake. The majority of dentifrices are harmful because they contain grit, and being too harsh for the teeth they will make the gums bleed, which is very injurious. A smooth brush is not as good as a brush with teeth like a saw, and it should be used up and down, instead of across the mouth, because the foreign substances between the teeth should always be removed. A smooth brush rubbed backward and forward will not do the work. A piece of floss silk pulled between the teeth is the best thing to clean them, as it will remove all foreign substances, and a decayed spot may be easily detected because the roughness will cut the thread. Metal tooth-picks, knife blades, pins, etc., are bad for the teeth. Quill tooth-picks are better than wood, for wood picks frequently splinter and injure the gums."

"Are some of the teeth more liable to decay than others?"

"The lower teeth are less liable to decay than the upper, because they are bathed in saliva, which tends to preserve them."

"What are false teeth made of?"

"They are made of porcelain now. Some years ago they were made of ivory and sometimes the teeth of small animals were altered in shape, but neither of these methods was satisfactory, as the teeth soon became saturated with the fluids of the month and were then discolored and offensive. But porcelain teeth look natural and are not influenced at all by the fluids."

"How long have artificial teeth been used?"

"Oh! a good many years. Horace mentions them, and they were found in the tombs of the Egyptians. The teeth of mummies have also been found to be filled with gold. In the early part of this century jewelers and silversmiths made artificial teeth. Dentistry was introduced into the United States by a Frenchman named De Mair, but he was soon followed by an Englishman named Whitlock. I have seen a set of teeth made for Washington, in 1795, by a man named John Greenwood, who carved the teeth out of elephants' tusks and put them together by spiral springs. Plates are now made of porcelain, gold, aluminum, silver and several other materials. Great advances have been made in dentistry within the past few years, and it is seldom absolutely necessary to pull teeth."

"How are artificial teeth held in a person's mouth without a plate?"

"By means of gold bands which are attached to the sound teeth on either side. As many as five or six teeth in a row are sometimes put in this way."

"Is pure gold used for this purpose?"

"Coin gold is used. A five-dollar gold piece is generally rolled out to the proper thickness, and the strips of the required width are cut. I do not advocate this method of fastening teeth, because I think it injurious to the natural ones. It is too much strain upon them. But there would be little necessity for artificial teeth if people would watch their mouths and have their natural teeth attended to whenever it is necessary."

A FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.

The Russians generally marry quite young in the upper classes, and amongst country people even at an earlier age; and to the honor of this society be it said, love marriages are the rule, and marriages for money are very rare exceptions. Dowry-hunting and marriages of interest have not made their appearance in Russian manners. Girls of high social position readily marry young officers of the guard, who furnish the largest contingent of dancers to the balls of Petersburg. During the carnival fetes the two armies, the army in petticoats and the army that wears epaulettes, learn to know each other thoroughly. Friendships spring up, the young men pays court, and one day, without having consulted anybody, two fiances come to ask of the parent a blessing, which is never refused. The church does not marry during Lent, so they have to wait until Easter week. Fashion demands for the celebration of the ceremony the chapel of some private house, if the couple have not sufficiently lofty relations to secure the chapel of the palace. A family that respects itself ought to have at its wedding as honorary father and honorary mother, if not the emperor and empress, at least a grand duke and a grand duchess. The honorary father gives the holy image, which some little child related to the families carries in front of the fiances. They enter the church, followed by all their friends in gala uniform. The ceremony begins; it is very long and complicated, with many symbolic rites; a small table,—a sort of movable altar,—is placed in the middle of the oratory; the couple are separated from it by a band of rose-colored satin; when the priest calls they must advance, and the first who sets foot on the band, whether husband or wife, will be the one who will impose his or her will in the household. This is an article of faith for all the matrons, who watch them at that moment. On the table is placed the liturgical formulary, the candles which they must hold, the cross which they will kiss, the rings which they will exchange, the cup of wine in which they will moisten their lips, and which is called in the Slavonic ritual "the cup of bitterness." Pages relieve each other to carry with outstretched arms two heavy crowns, which must be held above the heads of fiances while the ceremony continues. At the decisive moment, when the priest is pronouncing the words that bind them together, the couple walk three times around the altar, followed by the crown bearers. Until the third turn is completed there is time to turn back; after that the die is cast, the couple are united for life. Thereupon the singers strike up in their most strident voices, the joyous hymn, "Let Isaiah Rejoice." The bride and groom then go and prostrate themselves before the Virgin of the Iconostase and kiss her filigree robe, after which they pass into the neighboring salon, where they gayly clink glasses of champagne, while the invited guests receive boxes of sweetmeats marked with the monogram of the young couple.—*Harper's for June.*

AN OVERCOAT A DAY.

One of the large clothing establishments on Broadway was selling off a large stock of winter overcoats at seven dollars apiece, and and was having a run on them, for they were were easily worth twenty dollars. The day the sale opened a bright and well-looking young man entered the store and purchased one of the cheap garments. On the following day he came back and bought another. He kept this up every day for a week, and then, his strange act becoming noticeable to the clerks, it was decided that no more overcoats should be sold to him. One morning the young man came into the store for his ninth overcoat and was politely informed that he could have no more for the low prices at which he had been buying them.

"By the way," said the clerk, "what in the world did you want so many overcoats for? Were you selling them in another store at a better figure?"

"No, indeed," said the young man, smiling. "I'm not in trade. I don't mind telling you, however, what I did with your coats. When I saw the advertisement in the newspapers I was inspired at once with a novel plan for making a little money, the need of which had been bothering me for some time. I raised seven dollars and bought one of your coats. Then I went to the nearest pawnshop, walked carelessly in, threw off the coat I was wearing, remarking lightly to the pawnbroker as I did so: 'Just let me have ten dollars on that till to-morrw.' I look like a gentleman, you see, and the pawnbroker, no doubt, thought the coat worth forty dollars or more, so the ten dollars were instantly forthcoming. I performed this same act for a week, patronizing a different pawn-shop each day. In that way I have been able to make three dollars a day. Now that you've stopped I will have to find another lay. But there are plenty of them in New York. Any bright man can live here without working, and not be so very dishonest in doing it, either."

"O, Mr. Cahokia," exclaimed the Boston young lady with enthusiasm, "is it not wondronsly pathetic, even in its utilitarian aspect, to observe the gradual encroachment of rationalistic concepts and methods on the time honored superstitions of the age? While our judgment may commend, our sympathies are involuntarily excited. Is it not so?" "Of course, of course," rejoined the St. Louis young man heartily. "It's tough while it lasts, but there's no use of folk's going sneezing around the way they're doing. Quinine and goose grease will knock it sky high in three days."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Johnny—"My book, pa, says that honesty is the best policy. Is that true, pa?" Munnibaggs—"Yes, my son; if there hadn't been honest people in the world how do you suppose I should ever have been able to get ahead as I have? Yes, my son, honesty is a great help to a man, a great help."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Pleasures of Wealth.—Mrs. O'Kelly—"You look tired, Mrs. O'Rafferty." Mrs. O'Rafferty.—"And it's tired that I am, Mrs. O'Kelly. And I hope before I doi that I'll be wan of thim Fifty avenue ladies, so that afther I've done washin' the dishes and scrubbin' the flure, I can lie down in the afthernoon and slape a bit."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 13, 1890.

THOSE Harvard students who last Saturday night painted the statue of John Harvard red and defaced the college buildings in the same way have an idea of fun which can hardly be appreciated in an institution of learning, and they should be sought out vigorously and allowed to cultivate their artistic ideas behind the bars.

THE loss of thirteen lives at Oakland, Cal., last Friday, by the plunging of an engine and passenger coach through an open drawbridge, was an accident for which there is no excuse. In this day of enlightened common sense there is simply criminal carelessness somewhere when a passenger train is permitted to approach an open draw at a high rate of speed, and somebody ought to suffer for the dreadful results which followed in the case.

WHILE the South celebrates the completion of the Lee statue the North allows the Grant monument fund to languish. Congressman Flower has introduced a resolution in Congress appropriating $250,000 for the Grant monument in New York, but it is not likely to pass. He received a telegram from Richmond the other day, from Congressman Allen of Mississippi, which said:—

Withdraw your resolution. The confederate soldiers will build a monument to Grant to be located here, to be inscribed: To a generous foe, by his late adversaries.

Of course no sarcasm was intended, but some might take it so.

IT is difficult to understand on what ground the Senate at Boston rejected the bill requiring the publication of election expenses. The vote was 13 yeas and 21 nays, and only four Republicans voted in the affirmative, while the negative votes were entirely Republican. This is a repetition of last year's experience, when the House passed and the Senate defeated a similar measure. The bill is an appropriate and necessary supplement to the Australian ballot law, and when the use of money in elections is so frequently charged the defeat of such a bill makes it look as if there were some truth in the charges. At any rate the Republican party will find the defeat of such a reform a heavy load to carry.

MEMORIAL DAY was observed with appropriate ceremonies throughout the country last Friday, the occasion being made notable by special celebrations in two or three instances. At New York the corner stone of the Washington memorial arch was laid with brief addresses by George William Curtis and others, and there were impressive services at Gen. Grant's tomb. At Cleveland, O., the Garfield memorial in Lake View cemetery was dedicated with imposing ceremonies, President Harrison, members of his cabinet and many distinguished men being present. The memorial is a magnificent structure 165 feet high, costing $150,000, and is located on an eminence which overlooks the city and surrounding county.

NORTHERN people have little idea of the intense adoration for Gen. Lee which pervades the Southern heart. This is especially noticeable, of course, at Richmond, where his statue has just been unveiled, and where the air is surcharged with devotion to the idolized leader of the lost cause. After the statue had been drawn through the streets by thousands of willing hands to its resting place the rope was cut into pieces a few inches long, with a blue ribbon certificate of genuineness attached, the cases which had contained the statue were cut into pieces a couple of inches square and stamped with a similar certificate, and these were readily sold as cherished souvenirs of the occasion. A considerable amount of enthusiasm is natural and allowable, but it was certainly questionable taste for Gov. McKinney to bring into his speech before the Massachusetts Press Association, at the recent banquet in that city, a glorification of Lee and Jackson as the two great christian soldiers developed by the late war, telling the Northern editors that they would all agree with him eventually in placing Lee on a level with Washington, and even asserting that he was greater than Washington!

THE PRESS EXCURSION.

Among the many attractive excursions enjoyed by the Massachusetts Press Association during the past twenty years the recent trip to Virginia will take rank as one of the most thoroughly delightful, though not as restful as some, for the party traveled some 2000 miles by boat and rail, besides enjoying carriage drives, banquets and receptions galore. The trip was the happy conception of Frank A. Heywood of Springfield, seconded by President Pugh of the Virginia Press Association, who invited the Bay State editors to visit the Old Dominion. Vice President Charles G. Eddy of the Norfolk and Western Railroad entered heartily into the scheme, tendering free transportation over the road, while C. P. Gaither, the affable Boston agent of the road, was untiring in his arrangement of the details of the trip.

The party sailed from Boston Saturday afternoon, May 10, on the fine steamship Chatham, of the Merchants and Miners Transportation Co.'s line. There were thirty members of the association on board, as follows:

Charles B. Fiske, president, Palmer JOURNAL; Mrs. Fiske; J. S. Smith, treasurer, Rockland *Standard;* Mrs. Smith; William A. Woodward, secretary, Milton *News;* Henry C. Allen, West Roxbury *News;* E. Gerry Brown, Bunker Hill *Times;* Mrs. Brown; Miss Mattie Edwards; Robert S. Baldwin, Worcester *Spy;* W. S. Carson, Boston *Globe;* Louis E. Chandler, Palmer JOURNAL; Mrs. Chandler; C. A. Cheever, *New England Farmer;* Mrs. Matilda Cheesman, *New England Farmer;* R. C. Finley, Worcester *Telegram;* Dr. J. C. Gleason, North Abington *Public;* Mrs. Gleason; E. A. Hall, Greenfield *Gazette & Courier;* H. C. Hall, Waltham; Mrs. Hall; Henry N. Hastings, Lynn Daily *Times;* Mrs. Hastings; John O. Holden, Quincy *Patriot;* Mrs. Holden; W. F. Kennedy, Taunton *Gazette;* Francis Procter, Cape Ann *Advertiser;* W. H. Riley, Springfield *Republican;* Mrs. Riley; John L. Shorey, Lynn.

President Julius D. Dreher of Roanoke College, Salem, Va., was a guest of the party on the downward trip, F. A. Heywood went along as conductor, and the transportation company was represented by W. C. Macomber and wife.

The charming sail down Boston harbor and across Massachusetts Bay was enjoyed by all, but Old Neptune did not propose to let the excursionists off without tribute, and the rain which settled down early in the evening developed into a "nor' easter," and Sunday morning the sea was so choppy that the majority of the party succumbed to the inevitable and remained in their berths during the day, some of them quite sick and others comfortable as long as they were in a recumbent position. But it wasn't much of a day for eating, and the well-furnished dining tables found but few patrons. Monday morning the ship was in smoother waters off Cape Charles, and with stomachs brought into subjection everybody was on deck to enjoy the fresh air and the scenery just beginning to come into view as the land became visible. Soon we rounded Cape Charles and steamed up Hampton Roads, past Fortress Monroe and the famous Hygeia Hotel, the Rip Raps, and near the scene of the battle between the Monitor and Merrimac; then we enter the Elizabeth river, and, gliding by a German war vessel on the left and the marine hospital, beautiful for situation and surroundings, on the right, we are soon tied up at the pier at Norfolk.

And now began a series of attentions and ovations such as the association had never experienced before, and which continued without interruption until we left Virginia soil a week later. As we stepped from the boat we were welcomed by a committee of the Chamber of Commerce, and, headed by a brass band, were escorted to the New Atlantic Hotel, passing on the way an arch which spanned the street, bearing the words "Welcome Massachusetts," with the coat of arms of the two states and other ornamentation. The arch was used originally when the Pan-Americans visited the city, and was fixed over for this occasion. After disposing of our traps at the hotel we visited St. Paul's church, which was built in 1739 of brick brought from England, and is in a fine state of preservation. Surrounded by beautiful grounds in which rest the bones of many of the city's aristocratic ancestors, the grounds inclosed with a high brick wall, covered, as are the church walls, with a luxuriant growth of ivy, while roses and magnolias bloom in profusion on every hand, it is a lovely and a most restful spot. In the church is the chair in which sat John Hancock when he signed the Declaration of Independence, and of course we all had to sit in it a moment. In the outer wall of the church is imbedded a cannon ball, which was fired from a British man-of-war in the harbor during the Revolutionary war. Before leaving the grounds the ladies were presented with magnolia blossoms from the trees, and when we returned to the city a week later each lady was provided with a fine photograph of the church and some slips of ivy from the grounds, through the thoughtful generosity of Editor M. Glennan of the *Virginian.*

After dinner we were escorted to a small steamer and taken for a trip around the harbor, first stopping at the Portsmouth navy yard, where everything is alive with activity, several hundred men being at work on the new steel battle ship Texas and another cruiser yet unnamed. We inspected the gunboat Petrel, a trim little vessel with some fine guns and other fighting paraphernalia. A monitor was anchored at the wharf, and near by were the old wooden ships Jamestown, Plymouth and Franklin. We looked into the two large dry docks, in one of which the Merrimack was fitted out for her destructive work, and then were transferred across the river to the large lumber mills of the Tunis and Serpell Lumber Co., which is one of the most extensive plants of the kind in the South. A little sail up the river and we were taken back to the hotel to brush up for the banquet which soon followed, tendered by the Chamber of Commerce. Col. Wm. Lamb, the president, introduced A. P. Thom, who delivered a graceful address of welcome, which was responded to by the president of the press association, and after the choice repast was finished there were other addresses by K. C. Murray of the *Landmark,* S. A. Stevens, Col. Wm. Lamb and Judge M. L. Enre of Norfolk, and ex-Senator J. C. Gleason, ex-President Francis Proctor and E. Gerry Brown of the press association. Then the party was driven to the Norfolk and Western station, and at 10 o'clock started on its trip across the state, in two elegant Pullman vestibuled buffet sleepers, generously provided by the railroad officials as our traveling hotel for the rest of the week, the married couples and ladies occupying the "Titania," while the single men were accommodated in the "Hesperia."

At 7.35 Tuesday morning we reached Roanoke, our breakfast station, and found the Hotel Roanoke a capital place for a hungry person. Located on an elevated knoll a few rods from the station, with a wide sweep of lawn in front and around it, it is beautiful for situation, and with its wide, vine-covered piazzas (the sleeping rooms, by the way, all open from the piazza, instead of from an inside hall) it presents a most attractive and restful appearance to the weary tourist. A rest of a couple of hours, and at 9.55 we are off again, through the beautiful Roanoke valley, up among the hills and over the mountains, reaching an elevation of 2500 feet above the sea level at one point. This ride is greatly enjoyed by the party, for it reminds them of their own New England hills. We reach Bristol at 4 p. m., and are met by the citizens with carriages and taken for a drive into the suburbs where farming lands are being transformed into city avennes and building lots. This is a dual city, one side of Main street being in Tennessee and the other in Virginia, and the thirsty individual who cannot get a drink on the Virginia side of the street, where prohibition reigns, can cross over and wet his parched throat to his heart's content on the Tennessee side. The streets are in a wretched condition, but will be better soon, a generous appropriation having been made for this purpose. We were in a condition to appreciate the inequalities of the roadway, having had no dinner. The Bristol people had understood that we were to have dinner en route, and so planned for a banquet at 8 p. m., and our drive terminated at the Hotel Fairmount. Imagine our feelings as time went on, and we found that 8 o'clock meant 9 according to our watches, as we were now in another time belt! However, a generous plate of crackers and cheese served to modify the pangs of hunger somewhat, and the people were so untiring in their efforts to make our stay pleasant that the time soon passed, and we were well repaid for the delay when the banquet curtain was finally rung up. The citizens turned out in large numbers, filling the spacious dining room, and they very considerately went through the whole entertainment without a single speech. The Fairmount, by the way, is a first-class house, charmingly located, with capacious and attractive rooms and grounds, and though built mainly with an eye to the future is already doing a profitable business. After the good-byes had been said the horse cars (soon to be propelled by electricity) took us to the depot, where our traveling dormitories awaited us, and there we rested quietly until early dawn, when we were picked up and taken back over yesterday's route as far as Radford. Here we breakfasted at the Radford Inn, a brand new little gem of a house, where we had a most appetizing meal, admirably served. Adjoining the inn is a small depot as neat in its way as the hotel. There are a few houses near, and quantities of building lots. This town has just started in on a boom, and has great expectations, from the fact that it is the outlet for the coal, ore, etc., from the Pocahontas coal fields. We were taken in carriages to the stove foundry and brick yard, the only industries yet started, and from the hill back of the hotel had a fine view of the surrounding country. Radford is located on the New river, and here the New river division of the Norfolk and Western road branches off to the Pocahontas coal mines, 75 miles distant. These were our next objective point.

C. B. F.

LOCAL NOTICES.

To rent, a square grand piano. S. H. Hellyar.

Money loaned on personal security. S. H. Hellyar.

Sewing Machines, Belts, Oils and Needles at F. M. Eager's.

No rosin! No rosin! No rosin! This is what you get when you buy Brussels soap of Dwyer & Sullivan.

The A. & N. cigar is strictly hand-made. It will give you joy. Found only at Stone's.

Save one-half of your soap bills by using Brussels soap. It contains "no rosin." C. W. Robinson sells it.

Of course 8 cents is more than 5 cents, but if one 8 cent bar of Brussels soap (no rosin) is equal to two 5 cent bars of rosin soap, which is the cheapest?

Citizens of this town know that no better ice cream was ever sold in Palmer than that made by Chas. Squier. He is now in my employ, and I am prepared to furnish his standard make in quantities to suit. Cream ordered for Sunday I will deliver. Send orders to 784 State street, Springfield. Cut this out for reference. E. J. Wood.

PALMER NEWS.

The census enumerators commenced their rounds on Monday.

F. F. Marey is making an addition of 20 by 25 feet to his lumber sheds.

A warrant for a special fire district meeting will be found in another column.

Rev. C. H. Puffer of Stoughton will preach at St. Paul's Universalist church next Sunday.

The New London Northern road is putting in the foundations for a large water-tank near their round-house.

The annual meeting of the auxiliary visitors of the state primary school was held at that institution yesterday.

The ladies of the Baptist society will hold a social at the house of O. D. Wells, on the Brimfield road this evening.

The W. C. T. U. will hold a meeting in the parlors of the Congregational church next Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The meeting of the Young Men's Library Association Monday evening was adjourned to next Tuesday evening at 7.30.

Forest Burr is the latest addition to the ranks of the bicyclists, his machine being a Hartford safety, sold by Chandler Bros.

Charles Coburn had one hand badly mutilated on a circular saw in Palmer's woodyard on Knox street last week Thursday.

The Connecticut Valley Schoolmasters' Club has a meeting and dinner at Cooley's Hotel, Springfield, to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

N. W. Chandler made a road-ride of 103 miles on his bicycle last Friday, the route being through Springfield, Holyoke, Hadley, Westfield, etc.

Only about 175 dogs have been licensed so far, out of over 300 in the town. Some of the pet canines will be apt to fare hard if their owners are not careful.

The young people of the Baptist church propose to have a strawberry and ice cream social at the church next Tuesday evening, with an entertainment.

The Flynt Building and Construction Co. has the contract for building a bank wall of granite around three sides of D. B. Wesson's property at Springfield, a $35,000 job.

Palmer Lodge, I. O. O. F., will visit Amity Lodge of Springfield the evening of the 18th, to witness the working of the first degree. The return trip will be by special car.

Persons leaving town for the summer should remember that they can have the JOURNAL sent them regularly, and the address changed as frequently as desired.

The architects are now engaged upon the working plans for the Masonic and Odd Fellows building, and they will be ready for the contractors in ten days or two weeks.

J. P. Hatch has opened ice cream rooms in connection with his domestic bakery in the Converse House block. His cream is made in Ware, and is an excellent article.

Mrs. H. H. Sanders has sued the town for $3000 for injuries received by a fall a few weeks ago at the corner of Main and Thorndike streets, caused by a defective sidewalk.

Grand Regent George Robinson made official visits to Linden Council, Royal Arcanum, at Malden Monday evening, and to Warren Council at Boston Tuesday evening.

J. W. Weeks will convey the Wilbraham Academy ball team to Amherst in his tally-ho coach to-morrow, the boys coming to Palmer by rail and making the start from here.

Children's Sunday will be observed at the Baptist church next Sunday morning by a sermon to the children by the pastor, and in the evening the Mission Band will give a concert.

A special car conveying the officials of the Vermont Central Railroad reached Palmer from Brattleboro about 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, and the party spent the night at the Weeks House.

The outlook for the brick business is much better than a year ago. C. L. Alexander & Co. have already burned about thirteen hundred thousand, and are working both yards to their full capacity.

The Boston and Albany railroad will sell round trip tickets to the annual convention of the Y. P. S. C. E. at St. Louis for $24.50, good going June 9th or 10th, and good returning until the 27th.

Conductor Wilson, who has just received a promotion on the main line of the Boston and Albany road, has been initiated into the mysteries of the Ware River road this week by Conductor Sedgwick.

J. A. Squier, Mrs. M. E. Munger, Mrs. J. F. Holbrook and George Robinson were the delegates sent by St. Paul's parish to the annual meeting of the Union Association at Spencer Tuesday and Wednesday.

Ice will remain at 50 cents per hundred during the summer so far as H. A. Northrop is concerned. He has a quantity on hand, and proposes to keep his price at the above figure through the entire season.

The tool-house of the Catholic cemetery at Thorndike was broken into a few days ago, and although nothing is missing, Rev. Fr. Hart offers a reward of $50 for the arrest and conviction of the guilty parties.

Ten car-loads of the "boys in blue" passed through Palmer by special train at 8.30 Tuesday morning, en route for the muster of the 1st Brigade at South Framingham, and an eleventh car from Amherst was added to the train here.

The ladies of the Congregational society gave a social in the parlors Wednesday. The committee on entertainment was Mrs. E. Calkins, Mrs. A. E. Park, Mrs. H. T. Huntington, Mrs. E. G. Hastings, Mrs. H. P. Holden, Mrs. William Holbrook.

At the regular meeting of the Father Matthew Temperance society Monday evening it was voted to purchase a banner before the next field-day. Rev. Fr. Hart, who was present, laid the foundation for the necessary sum by a donation of $10.

William H. Aiken, son of Norman Aiken of this place, was instantly killed Sunday night near Charlestown, N. H., by being struck by a bridge while running on a special train between Bellows Falls, Vt., and Windsor. The body was brought to Palmer, where funeral services were held Wednesday.

Thomas Lodge, F. and A. M., will pay a visit to Ionic Lodge at Stafford Springs next Tuesday evening, and witness the work of the third degree, each lodge working one degree. A special train will be provided for the return of the party, C. E. Fish, C. L. Alexander and C. T. Brainerd having charge of the arrangements.

The date of Rev. J. F. Albion's installation as pastor of St. Paul's Universalist church has been fixed upon as June 24th. It is hoped to have all the former pastors of the church, Rev. C. H. Eaton, D. D., of New York, Rev. E. A. Perry of Fort Plain, N. Y., and Rev. F. W. Betts of Syracuse, N. Y., present and take part in the ceremonies.

The funds in the treasury of the reading room are nearly exhausted, and contributions will need to come in soon if the room is kept open. It would seem a pity to close it after the good it has done, but the three or four who have contributed regularly do not feel that they can bear the expense alone, and unless others come to the rescue the room must be given up.

At Wednesday's session of the probate court in Springfield, administration was granted in the estates of—Andrew Beebe, late of Hampden, Sophia M. and Lucy A. Whitaker, administratrices; Richard Collins, late of Ludlow, Benjamin F. Burr, administrator. Affidavit of notice of appointment was filed in the estate of Henry Chapin, late of Monson, L. S. Chapin, executrix.

Mrs. Mary Hunt, widow of the late Hardin Hunt, broke her ankle yesterday by a misstep at her home in Sodom. This morning, while Willie, the 10-years-old son of W. F. Hancock, was playing about the barn with a younger brother, the barn-door fell, and would have seriously hurt the smaller boy had not his brother protected him with his own body, receiving a broken thigh in consequence.

Lovers of good music will have an opportunity for a rare treat on Friday evening, June 20, when Miss Mary Howe, the famous soprano of Brattleboro, Vt., will sing at the Congregational church in this place. She will be assisted by Miss Georgia Pray of Boston, violoncellist; Mr. B. T. Hammond of Worcester, basso; Mr. Lucien Howe, organist. Reserved seats go on sale at LeGro & Lynde's drug store Monday morning, June 16. A special train will leave Monson at 7.30, returning after the concert.

In the civil term of the superior court at Springfield Natalie P. Beauchamp sues the Otis Company on account of the death of her husband, Emery Beauchamp, who was killed by the explosion of a vat in the dye-house of the company's mill at Three Rivers. Charles L. Crawford of Wales sues Officer Ernest L. Needham for $2000 because of abusive treatment on Needham's part in the arrest of Crawford. John M. Converse of Palmer brings suit against Enos Calkins, executor of the Levina Converse estate, for $2000 for an action of contract.

Riders of bicycles should be extremely careful how they use their privilege of riding on the sidewalk. They have no right there, and are only allowed there by courtesy. Probably no objection will be made so long as they do not abuse the privilege, but reckless riding should not be indulged in—it is extremely dangerous for a rider to dash along the sidewalk of Main street at full speed; a person stepping suddenly from a store door would render a collision unavoidable, with results that cannot be foreseen. Riders should bear this in mind and go slow.

Really, if one had not watched the improvements at the post office day by day, he would scarcely know the place. The interior woodwork has all been cleaned and that not connected with the boxes given a coat of white paint. The ceiling has been neatly papered and the doors also painted. It looks like quite another place, and the new condition of things is thoroughly appreciated by the public. But it would be something of a joke if the location should be changed after all. The petitions for its removal to Cross Block and to keep it in its present quarters have been forwarded to Washington, and the result is awaited with interest.

The observance of Memorial Day in Palmer last Friday was not materially different from that of former years. At 8 a. m. the G. A. R. post formed in line on Central street, and escorted by the Monson Consolidated Band marched to the Point of Rocks, where carriages were taken for Three Rivers. Here the graves in the old cemetery were decorated, Rev. G. W. Christie offering prayer. The cemetery at Four Corners was next visited, where there was singing, and prayer by Rev. C. H. Hanks. Thence to the Catholic cemetery at Thorndike, Rev. J. A. Day offering prayer. At the cemetery in this village there was singing by a quartette, and prayer by Rev. C. H. Hanks, after which the post returned to the hall, where a collation was served the members and invited guests. At 2 o'clock came the exercises in the Congregational church, where Mrs. Eva T. Cook of Gloucester delivered an interesting address.

Those Birmingham Street Lights.

It was stated at the recent fire district meeting that the town of Birmingham, Conn., paid but $60 a year per lamp for lighting its streets. Unaccompanied by any explanatory statement this made it appear that at $80 a year Palmer was paying an exorbitant price for its lights, and in the interests of fair play we give the facts herewith, in a letter from the treasurer of the Derby Gas Company to one of our citizens:—

The gas company here owns the electric light plant, which supplies all the public electric lights to the villages in this neighborhood, which includes Ansonia, Derby, Birmingham and Shelton; all together a population of about eighteen thousand people. Until last fall we supplied the street lamps without a contract at the rate of seventy-five dollars per year each, for the so-called twelve-hundred candle power lamps. The lamps were burned twenty-six nights in the month, and "off" nights when cloudy, until twelve o'clock. As a matter of convenience to the people returning by the late train, the lamps were run until twelve-thirty, but the company was under no obligations to run them until that hour. During last fall contracts were made for five years with the different corporate bodies by which we do the same work as before for sixty dollars per lamp per year. The company do, of course, a business in furnishing gas and also in commercial arc lighting; about fifty thousand dollars in the former, and twelve thousand in the latter. For the production of electricity we use principally water, helped out with a gas engine. If your electric light company has no other business but that which you name, twenty-seven street lamps, six commercial arcs and four hundred incandescents, I should consider the price for your street lamps as being lower than the company could afford to name, with any profit to themselves. I should not like to undertake to run so small a plant, where the prices quoted were so low, particularly if the power used was steam.

Personal.

M. W. French of Newtonville was in town Wednesday.

C. A. LeGro spent a portion of this week with friends in Amherst.

John Lynch of New Haven spent Sunday with J. L. Wilder on Pine street.

THE NEW MEMORIAL HALL AND LIBRARY BUILDING.

The cut above shows the front of the public library and soldiers' memorial building as provided for in the plans recently adopted. The entrance at the right is to the library rooms on the first floor. First is an open porch 10 feet square, beyond which is a vestibule 8 by 10. Passing through this one enters the distribution room of the library and faces the counter over which the exchange of books is made. At the left is a reading room 20 feet square, and at the right another of the same size for a "boys' room," to be for the use of the boys. At the right-hand rear corner will be the the book-room, 21 by 36 feet, which is to be made as nearly fire-proof as possible, with concrete floor, iron ceiling beam, fire-proof doors, etc., no wood being used except about the windows. At the left rear corner is the reference room, 20 by 25, where books and manuscripts of value, and works which are not to be taken from the library will be kept. There is a coat closet under the stairs to the upper rooms, with toilet room and water closet at the rear, where there will be an entrance from Pleasant street.

The entrance at the left is to the memorial hall above. In the vestibule is a ticket office, while on the walls on either side are arranged the memorial tablets, bearing the names of the soldier-dead. At the head of the stairs is a room 62 by 32, with a stage at the rear 20 by 12 feet, and dressing-rooms on either side 9 by 21 each, a gallery being in the gable over the entrance. The roof is supported by two trusses of open design, leaving the room high and airy.

The building is 64 by 64, the foundation to the water-table to be of granite, the body to be of pressed brick in two shades, the trimmings to be of terra cotta. In the gable, where the figures 1890 are shown on the design, will be the words "Memorial Hall," while the inscription "Public Library" will connect the arches over the two entrances. There will be open fire-places in the reading-room, reference room and boys' room, though the building will be heated by steam from a boiler in the basement. Wiring for electric lights will also be put in. The interior finish will be plaster, with wainscotting of oak or ash.

Mrs. D. O. Taplin starts next Thursday for a visit among friends in Canada.

C. K. Gamwell has moved into the west half of E. Dodge's new house on Park street.

Charles Chase of Holyoke was the guest of Charles Andrews at the state primary school Sunday.

Miss Mary Cowles of Belchertown has been the guest of her aunt, Miss M. E. Sedgwick, this week.

W. C. Greene of Greenville, N. H., was in town Tuesday and spent the night with Dr. W. H. Stowe.

Charles Sanders, who has been seriously ill, has so far recovered that he is out on the street once more.

Cyrus Fisherdick, son of George Fisherdick of School street, has been admitted to the bar at Lincoln, Neb.

C. W. Robinson, who has been confined to his house several weeks by sickness, is able to be at the store again.

N. Aiken has gone to South Lyme, Conn., where he is engaged in the erection of summer cottages with G. W. Lyman.

Mrs. Stowe, who has spent the winter and spring with her son, Dr. W. H. Stowe, returned to her Vermont home this week.

Rev. John D. Drennan of Amherst and Father Leonard of Holyoke spent Wednesday night with Rev. W. Hart of this village.

H. Lawrence and wife started Tuesday for a carriage drive to the vicinity of Burlington, Vt., expecting to be gone about three weeks.

J. A. Squier is the guest of H. P. Longley at Westboro, and Mr. Squier's sisters, Mrs. Munger and Mrs. Brown, are visiting friends in Boston.

Ellis Dodge has moved into his new house on Park street, and J. W. Phelp now occupies the tenement vacated by Mr. Dodge on Central street.

F. E. Wilkins and wife of Lowell spent Sunday with Dr. G. H. Wilkins, and J. W. Hyde and wife of Gardner have been spending the week there.

Miss Mabel Smith of Forest Lake, one of the scholars at the high school, has been taking entrance examinations at Mt. Holyoke Seminary this week.

THREE RIVERS.

Mrs. N. K. Rogers is ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. R. Paine

Mrs. Brigham of Marlboro is the guest of her father, Rev. John Eyers.

Mrs. David Milliken of Lowell has been visiting friends here the past week.

The Sunday-school of Union church will observe the third Sunday of this month as Children's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dearborn of Rhode Island spent Memorial Day in town, and Mrs. Dearborn will make a more extended visit.

BONDSVILLE.

The fire department of the Boston Duck Co. gave a short exhibition Tuesday evening.

Miss Alice Merrick of Springfield spent last Sunday with her cousin, Miss Hattie V. Fisk.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Smith of Northampton spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. F. A. Packard.

Miss Nellie Donnalson and her mother of Springfield spent Memorial Day with Miss M. B. Washburn.

The Boston Duck Co. has given a contract to the Crompton Loom Works for twelve 52-inch duck looms.

Mrs. Frank Smith of Grand Rapids, Mich., who has been spending the last two weeks here, left for home yesterday.

Quite a number from here spent Memorial Day at Forest Lake. The Orchestral Club of this place furnished music for dancing.

The annual strawberry festival of the Ladies' Aid Society was held Wednesday evening. A short entertainment was presented by the Y. P. S. C. E.

There being no band in existence now, it is wished that all who have property belonging to the former organization would carry it to the Boston Duck Co's. office.

THORNDIKE.

The photographers who have been here for a few weeks are doing a good business.

The Catholic church is being newly painted, also the fence around it, which will add much to its appearance. Huntington of Palmer is doing the work.

Michael McAuliff was presented with a fine gold watch by his mother recently, it being his 20th birthday. Miss Christie Riley was also the recipient of a ladies gold watch from her parents this week.

The community was shocked to learn of the death of Mrs. Lonis Robinson, who died very suddenly on Wednesday. Mr. Robinson has the sympathy of the community in his double affliction, having buried his oldest son only last week.

There never was such a crowd at a dance in Lawton's Hall as was there on Thursday evening of last week at the dance given by the St. Mary's Temperance Society. Several of the temperance convention delegates attended, and others were present from Palmer, Ware, Ludlow, North Wilbraham, Monson and other towns, and all seemed to enjoy the evening. The best of order prevailed, and the society will clear a neat little sum for the treasury, returning their thanks to all who patronized them.

A 'bus load of Springfield friends, sixteen in number, gave Paymaster Deming a surprise visit last evening, intending to return home late in the evening, but they concluded to spend the night on account of the storm, and the providing of sleeping accommodations for the party didn't detract anything from the hilarity of the occasion. They were all handsomely bunked, however, and started on their return trip at an early hour this morning.

Personal.

John Farrell of Northampton has been visiting here for the past few days.

Howard Hanson, formerly of this place, now at Greeneville, N. H., was in town Friday visiting friends.

Michael Welch of New Britain, Conn., was the guest of his relatives, the Misses Fleming, for a few days the past week.

William Carroll, who has been visiting here for a week or more, has started for the west and will make a tour of the country with John Boyle O'Reilly, the lecturer.

Temperance Convention.

The Hampden County Catholic Temperance Convention was held here on Thursday evening of last week at the school house, and was well attended, delegates being present from nearly all the societies in the county. Rev. Father Conaty of Springfield delivered a splendid oration, and Father Hart of Palmer also spoke. Several papers were read on the good of the cause, and after transacting the routine of business the convention adjourned at 10.30 to partake of a splendid supper which was awaiting them at Mrs. William Lawton's, given them by the local society.

Flag Raising.

Two new flags bearing the stars and stripes were flung to the breeze on Thursday afternoon of last week, one from the flag staff at the grammar school, and the other from the school house at the upper end of the village. The exercises, consisting of singing etc., by the children were carefully carried out, reflecting much credit on their teachers. The attendance was quite large. Mr. Smith in his opening address welcomed all present and thanked all who so liberally donated towards the purchase of the flags. Rev. C. H. Hanks of the school board made a fitting address in which he explained the colors, etc., in the flag, closing his remarks by urging all to be true to the flag of our country. The exercises closed by the singing of "America."

Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Page celebrated their 50th anniversary of married life on Saturday last, and enjoyed the occasion to the utmost. Mr. Page was born in Ludlow, Vt., and is now 75 years of age. His wife was born in Kirby, Vt., and is 73 years of age. They are both looking well and enjoying life. They were the recipients of many valuable presents, including $103 in gold from friends abroad. Among the many things given them worthy of mention was a solid gold-headed cane, solid silver napkin rings, silver and gold pepper and salt shakers, and from the Thorndike friends a berry-dish and spoon, silver cake-basket, silver butter-dish and knife. A large number were present, including friends and relatives from Michigan, New York state, Hartford, Westfield, Northampton, Springfield, Wilbraham, Bondsville and Thorndike.

Base Ball.

The game at Ware on Saturday was won by the Juniors.

The afternoon game at this place with the Ware Juniors was loosely played, and the home team was defeated 21 to 17.

To-morrow the Ludlow nine play the Temperance Club here, and the Second team will play the Outings of Springfield at the latter place.

The second team here met with defeat in their game with the first team at Three Rivers on Friday morning. The boys played a good game, and the result was a close one, the score was 7 to 6.

In the afternoon game with the Emeralds of Worcester the boys did not play very good ball, and the effects of being up all night at a dance plainly showed on them while at the bat and especially in running bases. The Worcesters were victorious.

The ball games here on Friday were numerous and very exciting, especially the one with the West Warrens. Broshnan and Kane did good work for the home team, as did Goddard and Carney for the visitors, but as West Warrens were the strongest team they won by a score of 12 to 5.

On Saturday the boys came in contact with their old antagonists, the Wares, and as there is much rivalry between the two places in base ball matters a large crowd was present and enjoyed one of the best played games here so far this season. The game throughout was marked by sharp fielding and good base running by both clubs. The home team took kindly to Kee's curves and pounded out enough hits to make 13 runs in eight innings to 10 runs for the Wares, when on account of a decision by the umpire the visitors threw up the game. Sullivan's double play unassisted was the feature of the game.

BORN.

At Warren, 4th, a son to WARREN D. and ALICE W. HOSLEY.

MARRIED.

At Three Rivers, 31st ult., by Rev. G. W. Christie, THOMAS RITCHIE and SARAH J. WRIGHT.

At Ware, 4th, by Rev. C. M. Hall, DAVID L. BARLOW and HATTIE A. ALLEN.

DIED.

At Palmer, 3d, SARAH SCOTT, 43.

At Thorndike, 4th, MARY, 34, wife of Louis Robinson.

At Three Rivers, 31st ult., ORAMEL BURNS, 75.

At Bondsville, 5th, JAMES MERPHY, 84.

At Ware, 1st, Miss ELIZABETH WALTON, 55.

At Brimfield, 4th, JOHN WYLES, 2 yrs. 2 mos., son of J. F. and Lizzie Wyles Converse.

At Monson, 1st, MARY E., 25, daughter of Timothy Canghlin.

At Belchertown, 26th ult., MARY GARVEY, 50.

At West Springfield, 1st, IDA MAY GARRISON, 30, wife of Edwin Doolittle, formerly of Warren.

At Westfield, 2d, REUBEN NOBLE, 69.

At Cambridge, 3d, Mrs. FREDERICK WORCESTER formerly of Wales.

At Charlestown, N. H., 1st, WILLIAM H. AIKEN, 25, son of N. Aiken of Palmer.

At Jennings, La., 19th ult., JAMES BUCKLIN, 69, formerly of Thorndike.

TENEMENT TO RENT on Fox Avenue at $6.50. 8-tf D. F. HOLDEN.

TO RENT—Pleasant front room on Main street, furnished. Inquire at JOURNAL office. 10-tf

TO RENT—May 1st, very desirable tenement for small family. REV. A. W. WEEKS, 2-tf Palmer.

FOR SALE—Two second-hand carriages, newly painted, and four second-hand single harness. 2*9 G. C. MARCY.

FOUND—A sum of money, which the owner can have by proving ownership and paying charges. GEORGE ROBINSON.

FOUND—Newfoundland dog, which owner can have by paying expenses. 1*10 JOE BONDSVILLE, Thorndike.

FOR SALE—1000 cabbage plants, early and late. MICHAEL SULLIVAN, 1*10 On the Plains, Monson.

TO RENT—A furnished cottage at Pleasure Beach, New London, Conn. For particulars address 2*10 P. O. BOX 324, Palmer, Mass.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name of Lawton & Medcalf, has been dissolved by mutual consent. WM. LAWTON, WM. A. MEDCALF.

Thorndike, June 6, 1890. 2-10

$50 REWARD.—I will give Fifty Dollars ($50) for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who broke into the tool house of the Roman Catholic Cemetery of Palmer. WM. H. HART.

Palmer, June 5th, 1890. 1-10

NOTICE—As my husband, Edward F. Costello, has left my bed and board without due cause, I hereby caution all persons not to trust the said Edward F. Costello on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date. Furthermore, he never owned a bed or provided my board. Signed, MRS. ADELAIDE V. COSTELLO.

Palmer, June 3d, 1890.

DR. D. H. WIESNER OF NEW YORK will be in Ware on the 12th of June from 9 to 12 a. m. in Dr. Yale's office, to treat diseases of the eye and ear.

☞ Special attention will be given to the fitting of glasses. 1-10

GRAND CONCERT

—AT THE—

Second Congregational Church

PALMER,

Friday Eve, June 20, '90

MISS MARY HOWE,

THE FAMOUS SOPRANO.

"She is a human skylark, and she warbles as prettily as any of an entire forest of birds. Her voice rivals the flute in sweetness."—*Springfield Homestead,* May 10, 1890.

ASSISTED BY

Miss Georgia Pray OF BOSTON, VIOLONCELLIST.

Mr. B. F. Hammond OF WORCESTER, BASSO.

Mr. Lucien Howe, Org'nist

CONCERT COMMENCES AT 8 O'CLOCK

BEST SEATS ONE DOLLAR.

Tickets go on sale at LeGro & Lynde's drug store Monday, June 16, at 9 a. m.

☞ A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Monson for Palmer at 7.30 p. m., returning after the concert. 3-10

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Marietta Tanner of Palmer, county of Hampden, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Palmer Savings Bank, dated April 21st, A. D. 1883, and recorded with Hampden county registry of deeds, book 336, page 512, and for a breach of the conditions thereof and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises last described, namely, in said Palmer, on Fox avenue, on Saturday, the 28th day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following real estate, being the same described in said mortgage deed, viz.: Three certain tracts or parcels of land situate in the northerly part of Monson, in said county, containing in all about one hundred and ten acres, with the buildings thereon, also the right to a spring of water, being the same premises conveyed to Reuben Stevens by Milton G. Puffer by deed dated March 14th, 1870, and recorded with Hampden county registry of deeds, book 273, page 46, to which deed reference is hereby made; also two other t

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 13, 1890.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

BRIMFIELD.

Geo. Adams recently raised a new barn.

Willie Webber of Boston is visiting at his home.

Needham Moulton is again on the mail route.

Charles Homer, the census man, is around asking the sixty-five questions.

Gilbert Drake of North Bellingham visited his sister, Mable Drake, this week.

Mrs. Richardson of Belchertown is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. M. L. Richardson.

There will be an auction of horses, cows, farming tools, household furniture, etc., on the Prouty place next Tuesday at 1 p. m.

LUDLOW CENTER.

Children's day at the Methodist church next Sunday. Sermon at 10.45 a. m.; concert at 1 o'clock.

Rye and grass this year take the lead of any crop known before by the "oldest inhabitant" in forwardness.

Rev. W. P. Dickey, Mrs. C. Kendall and Miss Jones have gone to the Home Missionary Society convention at Saratoga, N. Y.

There will be a Sunday-school convention and picnic at Laurel Park for the Methodist Sunday-schools of the Springfield district Wednesday, July 2. An efficient and enthusiastic committee is preparing a programme with new and striking features.

WEST WARREN.

Children's day will be observed in the M. E. church next Sunday.

Mrs. Orrin Walker spent Sunday in Springfield with her son, Mr. Cross.

Fred D. Orcutt and lady of Springfield spent Memorial Day at Dwight Orcutt's.

The quarterly conference of the M. E. church, announced for last Friday, was postponed.

Miss Lula A. Pierce of Lynn has been spending a few days with Miss Jessie A. Johnson.

James Bennet, who has been ill for some time, is still under the physician's care in Lawrence.

Mrs. Jacob Bennet has returned from Lawrence, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Merrick.

BELCHERTOWN.

Solomon Shumway is the census enumerator for this town.

A movement is on foot for the formation of a cemetery association for the care of the grounds in Mt. Hope cemetery.

News was received last week of the death by drowning of Chauncey B. Chapin, a former resident, at his home in Alabama.

Philander Chandler passed his 85th birthday anniversary last Sunday. His health has been good until quite recently, although his sight failed him some time ago.

The graduating exercises of the Belchertown high school will be held at the Congregational church the evening of the 20th. The following scholars will graduate: Alvertus J. Morse, Patrick H. Garvey, Flora D. Gay, Alice L. Sikes, Adella Maud Arnold.

E. L. Thompson, who has spent several months in the study of medicine at New York, is at home for a month's vacation. Mr. Thompson will be the third doctor in direct descent, his father and grandfather having preceded him as successful practitioners.

Services at the Methodist church next Sunday will include a sermon to the children by the pastor at 10.45 a. m., Sunday-school at 12, and Young People's League at 6.30 p. m. There will be a Sunday-school concert in the evening at 7.20, for which a programme of more than usual interest has been prepared. Subject for the morning sermon, "Children belong to the Kingdom."

WARREN.

Mrs. Montanie is visiting at Mr. Edward Fairbanks'.

Mrs. Aaron King from Nashua, N. H., spent Memorial Day in town.

The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Emery Shumway Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Lillie Barnes and daughter are spending a week at Mr. Lyman Powers'.

Mrs. Jameson and children from Cambridge are the guests of Mr. Strickland.

Rev. A. T. Perry of Ware exchanged pulpits with Rev. D. O. Clark last Sabbath.

Mrs. Kingman and daughter from Minneapolis are the guests of Joseph Ramsdell.

Master Charlie Forbes from New York is spending a month with Miss Effie Fairbanks.

Mr. Joseph Patrick from Chicopee has been visiting at Dr. J. W. Hastings' this week.

The Clippers of the High School defeated the West Warren nine, 27 to 17, last Saturday.

The Auxiliary to the W. B. M. met with Mrs. Robbins on East street, Wednesday afternoon.

The Round Table is postponed until next week, when it will meet with Miss Ada Wetherbee.

Rev. D. O. Clark attended the anniversary meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. at North Brookfield last week.

The Lend-a-Hand Workers gave a missionary concert at the Congregational chapel last Sabbath evening.

There was a good attendance at the Methodist church last Sabbath to listen to a sermon on "Patriotism."

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Jennings attended the golden wedding of Mrs. Jennings' parents at Malden last Saturday.

Mr. Penfield is filling in the vacant place east of his home, which will be a great improvement to the appearance of the street.

The new library is about completed, and the dedication will take place this month. The memorial window to Miss Clara Powers is in its place.

The mother of Harlow Jones was stricken with paralysis Saturday, and is not expected to live more than a few days. She is one of the oldest persons in town.

The remains of Mrs. Ida May Doolittle were brought to town for burial Wednesday. She was a niece of Mr. Joyce and Mrs. Charles Bliss, and formerly resided here.

WILBRAHAM.

The public schools of the town will close next Friday.

Mr. Louis Richards of Spencer was in town over Sunday.

Miss Holmes of Vermont is the guest of Miss Carrie Lyman.

Mrs. Emily Merrick of Northampton is spending a week with friends in town.

Classes of '87 and '89 of the academy held a reunion at the Allis House last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Enos Calkins of Palmer were the guests of Mr. M. Merrick last Saturday.

Prof. Louisa Hodgkins of Wellesley College was the guest of Dr. G. M. Steele last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown left for their summer home at the Thousand Islands last Monday.

Wilbraham Grange held a strawberry and ice cream festival in the chapel of the South church Tuesday evening.

Miss Esther Boswith, who has been teaching in Anderson, Ind., the past year, returned home Wednesday.

Rev. and Mrs. M. S. Howard left Tuesday to attend the Home Missionary convention held at Saratoga this week.

Miss Grace Herrick of the Teachers' Agency, Boston, spent last Sunday with her father, Rev. William Herrick.

Miss Emily Phelps, who has been away caring for a sick sister in Connecticut, the past few weeks, returned home this week.

Mr. Wells, who is attending a medical school in New York, and a former student at the academy, was the guest of Rev. M. S. Howard the past week.

Miss Dora Merrick, who has been teaching the past year in western Vermont, returned last week by the way of the White Mountains to Boston, where she is spending a few days.

Miss Maidie Warren, who has been staying with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Merrick, the past winter and spring, returned to her home in Cambridge last Saturday.

The programme for commencement exercises at Wesleyan Academy is as follows: June 13th at 7.45 p. m., prize declamations by members of first and second year's classes; 15th, at 10.45 a. m., sermon before the graduating class by Prof. Gill; 16th, 2 to 6 p. m., examination of classes; 7.45 p. m., junior prize declamation; 17th, at 8 a. m., examination of classes to be continued through the day; 2.30 p. m., annual meeting of trustees at Club Hall; 7.45 p. m., annual address before the alumni by Rev. John Galbraith of Worcester; 9 to 10 p.m., art reception, studio, Fisk hall, under the direction of Miss Wyman; 18th, 10 a. m., report of committee of examination, reading of grades, and distribution of prizes; 2 p. m., class day exercises of the senior class; 7.45 p. m., commencement concert; 19th, 9 a. m., exercises of the graduating class; 7.45 p. m., social interview.

MONSON.

F. P. Strong has sold his team to Frank Beckwith.

The mercury registered 86° in the shade yesterday.

Dr. C. W. Jackson and William Carroll are out with new steppers.

There are many in town complaining of a second attack of the grippe.

F. P. Strong has a dozen of light Brahmas eggs which way 2 lbs, 9 ozs. Next!

The young men of Hammond Hall serenaded Mrs. Edward Cushman Wednesday evening.

The Blanchard farm on East Hill was sold at auction last Saturday to W. W. Leach of Palmer, for $1000.

Thompson Bros. are progressing rapidly on the foundation and stone work of R. M. & T. Reynolds's coal sheds.

The academy scholars are arranging for a picnic to be held at State Line one week from to-morrow, June 14th.

Children's Day with special sermon to the children, church decorations and concert at the M. E. church, June 15th.

The town fathers met at their rooms on last Monday afternoon, where they were kept busy paying road, school and other bills.

The annual strawberry festival of the Methodist ladies will be held at the church next Wednesday evening. Admission free.

Rev. T. C. Martin will conduct a conversation on pastoral work at the preachers' meeting at Ware next Wednesday and Thursday.

Heavy trout are being caught now-a-days, C. L. Jewett having caught some weighing 1½ and 1¾ pounds, and L. C. Flynt some weighing one pound.

A. H. Danforth has the contract to add another story to Hammond Hall. A dormitory reception room is to be arranged for, and also rooms for the principal.

Mary Coughlin died last Sunday, after an illness of a year with consumption. The funeral took place at St. Patrick's church Tuesday. She was 27 years old.

There will be two services in the Universalist church Sunday. The morning sermon is on "The Necessities of Life;" in the evening, "You Are Wanted." All invited.

About a dozen wheelmen took a run to Palmer last Friday morning. The safety wheel was in the majority this trip; on the first trip the high wheels outnumbered the safeties.

There will be a teachers' meeting in district No. 1 school house this evening, when Rufus S. Stebbins and Miss Minnie Noble will read papers, and Miss Lizzie Sullivan will give an exercise in reading.

Monson Academy is to be represented at the first annual athletic field-day meet of the Western Massachusetts Interscholastic Athletic Association, at the fair grounds, Northampton, to-morrow.

D. E. S. Field has presented Monson Academy with an heavy dumb bell, and Dr. F. W. Ellis has presented the academy, to be added to the collection of shells, etc., an alligator preserved in alcohol.

The ladies of the Universalist church are to have their annual strawberry festival in their church next Tuesday evening. There will be a musical entertainment, to which the admission is free.

The Academy Hill road has been completed, and is considered to be the best piece of road in Western Hampden county. Pease avenue has also been repaired, and is now in better condition than ever before.

Chas. Merrick is to move his part of Chapin block directly across the street to Mrs. Puffer's lot. It is to be placed next to Danforth block, and he will probably put on an addition large enough for another store.

Nelson A. Bugbee and Rufus Fay, the census enumerators for the town, began their labors on Monday morning. Mr. Bugbee has the east side of Main street running from Stafford to the Palmer line, and Mr. Fay has the west side.

Noreross Bros. have a very fine collection of moths and millers on exhibition in their store, which were all hatched from the chrysalis this spring which were gathered from trees and out-of-the-way places last winter. They are beautifully mounted in a case which was made with a jack knife, being the work of Mr. Robert Lewis. He took first prize for such work several years ago at our agricultural fair in Worcester.

The annual meeting of the Monson fire department was held in Memorial Hall last evening and these officers were elected: Chemical No. 1—F. P. Strong foreman, C. J. Lynes 1st assistant, N. P. Hanley 2d assistant, C. A. Bradway clerk and treasurer; Chemical No. 2—L. C. Flynt foreman, Joseph Fagan 1st assistant, David Maney 2d assistant, Henry F. Miller clerk, H. M. Noble treasurer; Hook and Ladder No. 1—H. C. Noreross foreman, C. W. King 1st assistant, Francisco C. Park 2d assistant, A. T. Robinson clerk, M. O'Brien treasurer.

The programme planned for Memorial Day was carried out in full last Friday. The decorating of the twelve graves at Moulton Hill took place at 1 p. m., and at 3.30 there was a larger gathering of people at the hall than ever before to attend Memorial Day services. There were fully 800 people present, many being obliged to attend. The address given by Col. W. S. B. Hopkins of Worcester was very entertaining. After the service at the hall Marcus Keep Post was escorted to the Centre cemetery by about 35 Sons of Veterans and the Monson Consolidated Band, making a showing which could not be excelled by many towns of larger size. The music given by the band was worthy of praise. The 34 graves of the fallen heroes were strewn with many beautiful flowers, the post having a large variety of blossoms. In fact it was the most memorial-like day Monson ever had. No sports of any kind going on, and the floral decorations at the hall and other places where the exercises were held, have never been surpassed. The post wish to express its sincere thanks for the same to the citizens of Monson. The singing under the leadership of Mr. A. D. Noreross was especially fine. Business was suspended at noon for the remainder of the day. At the return of the Post from the cemetery their pictures were taken in front of Memorial Hall by artist Gaonette.

A Gift for Monson Academy.

Prof. H. T. Woodman of New York has been in Davis Block for a few days, where he has been exhibiting a very fine and extensive collection of corals, shells, star-fish and other attractive marine forms. Mr. Woodman has been in this business for 38 years, and has fitted up the Princeton College museum, having been 9 years in getting collections for them, and he also has filled up many other museums, as he is an expert at this business. This extensive collection is gathered from all over the world, many specimens coming from the Indies, Africa, Islands of Zanzibar, Madigascar, Ceylon, and many other places, some of them costing quite a sum to procure. This very fine collection is to stay in town, it having been purchased through the liberality of one of Monsons wealthy men for Monson Academy, which will now have one of the best collections in the state, it going far beyond schools of larger size, and it is something that the town ought to feel proud of. The academy is to proceed at once to fit up a room for this collection, and to be used as a museum room. In connection with this collection Mr. G. H. Newton of town has also presented to the academy two ribs and a part of the vertabræ of an 80-foot whale weighing over 60 tons. The academy is to be congratulated upon having such a valuable collection given it.

Personal.

J. Dalrymple's family moved to Montreal on Tuesday.

Fred Fay of New York spent last Sabbath at his home here.

Leonard Rathburn of Springfield is visiting at his home here.

Mrs. Samuel K. Foster of Springfield is visiting Mrs. Hiram King.

Jacob T. Rogers has moved from Bridge street to his farm at North Monson.

Fred W. King of Boston was the guest of his father, William King, last Sunday.

F. E. Morris and family spent Memorial Day in Ware with Mrs. Morris's parents.

George Blanchard and wife have gone to Brooklyn, N. Y., to visit their son Frank.

John Gomper of Stafford Springs, Ct., a former resident, was in town on Monday.

J. F. Thompson and daughter, Allie, of Springfield, spent last Sunday with George Thompson.

G. W. Seymour has recovered from his lame foot and is at his duties again in Cushman's mill.

Frank S. Mason of the Lawrence Varnish Co., Boston, was in town Monday, visiting old friends.

Monroe Pease, son and daughter, of Toledo, Ohio, are the guests of Mr. Pease's sister, Mrs. F. M. King.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Flynt have gone to Saratoga to attend the annual meeting of the Home Missionary Society.

R. M. Reynolds, Rufus P. Cushman and S. F. Cushman, Jr., attended the banquet of the Home Market Club at Boston last Saturday.

Word has been received from George Giddings, who is confined in the asylum at Northampton, that he is better in some respects.

Miss Louise Morris and Miss M. Emma Homer start next Tuesday for St. Louis, to attend the national convention of Christian Endeavor.

John T. Rockwood, a dry goods merchant of Springfield, died on last Tuesday at that place. Mr. Rockwood was a native of Monson, and lived where H. C. Day now lives.

School Superintendent C. W. Wasson and wife of Friendship, N. Y., arrived last Saturday, he beginning his school duties early Monday morning. They are stopping at the Monson House temporarily.

The West End elevated railroad bill finds its way through the House smoothed by fine dinners at the Algonquin Club by the West End. At one recent affair where fifty members were present, six kinds of wine were served and President Whitney made a persuasive speech on the necessity for the pending bill.—*Boston Letter.*

"My daughter was greatly troubled with scrofula, and at one time it was feared she would lose her sight. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well as ever, with not a trace of scrofula in her system."—G. King, Killingly, Conn.

The vocal organs are strengthened by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Clergymen, lawyers, singers, actors and public speakers find this preparation the most effective remedy for irritation and weakness of the throat and lungs, and for all affections of the vocal organs.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. 1y-23

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.
2y31

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her that she was a hopeless victim of consumption and no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use, and after taking ten bottles found herself sound and well; now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this great discovery at LeGro & Lynde's drug store. Large bottles 60c and $1. (2)

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from kidney and liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best liver and kidney medicine; made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies." He found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c a bottle at LeGro & Lynde's drug store. (2)

To become happy, read about the improved Medical Discovery in another column.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by LeGro & Lynde. 52-9

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

FIRE DISTRICT MEETING.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN SS.—To the qualified voters of Fire District No. 1 in Palmer.

You are hereby notified to meet at the Eastern Hampden District Court Room, in said Palmer, on Monday, the sixteenth day of June current, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to act on the following articles, viz:

ARTICLE 1.—To choose a moderator to preside at said meeting.

ART. 2.—To see what action the District will take toward lighting its streets, and whether it will authorize its Prudential Committee to make a contract with the Palmer Electric Company, or any other company or parties, therefor, and raise money for the same.

ART. 3.—To see if the District will vote to extend the water mains from Main street along Commercial street and River street, and raise money for the same.

ART. 4.—To see if the District will authorize its treasurer to borrow the sum of two thousand dollars, to pay the current expenses of the District in anticipation of the collection of taxes.

ART. 5.—To see if the District will appropriate the sum of five hundred dollars to continue and add to the present electric lighting service.

Given under my hand this sixth day of June, A. D. 1890.

WILLIAM W. LEACH,
Clerk of the Fire District.

2-10

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

To Henry Charon, of Thorndike Village in the town of Palmer, county of Hampden, Massachusetts, mortgagor, and to all other persons interested in the estate or mortgage hereinafter described. For breach of the conditions and in pursuance of the power of attorney and sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Henry Charon of Palmer to Louis Burne of Holyoke, Massachusetts, dated October 4th, 1886, and recorded in Hampden County Registry of Deeds in book 429, page 76, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on Saturday, the 21st day of June, 1890, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to-wit: A parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in the village of Thorndike in said Palmer, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at a point in the northerly side of the road leading from Thorndike Village to the village of Bondsville, where the westerly line of land of one McMahon meets said road and at the southeasterly corner of lot to be conveyed; thence by said road northwesterly about 5400 feet to land of James Dunn; thence by said Dunn's land S. 76° 15′, E. 449 feet to a pine stump; thence S. 8° 45′, W. 363 feet; thence S. 70° 15′, E. 734 feet to a stake and stones; thence N. 60° 45′, E. 221 feet to land of Maurice Lawler; thence by said Lawler's land N. 64° 45′, E. 998 feet to a stake at the northerly corner of land agreed to be conveyed or which has been conveyed to Joseph F. Gerald; thence by said land S. 6° 40′, W. about 2000 feet to a yellow pine tree, marked, standing on the brow of the hill; thence by said land last referred to and land heretofore conveyed to Henry Gerald about 283 feet to land of one McMahon; thence S. 35° 45′, 201 feet to the place of beginning. Containing 53.41 acres of land according to the survey thereof.

Also one other tract of land situate in said Thorndike, in said Palmer, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Commencing on the southerly side of the before mentioned road at the northeasterly corner of land of the heirs of Cornelius Wilson, running thence by said road northwesterly about 1802 feet to a stake and stones near a marked chestnut tree; thence by land agreed to be or which has been conveyed to F. N. Leonard and Otis Sikes, N. 89° 30′, W. about 1670 feet to land of George Moores; thence by said Moores land S. 3° 15′, E. about 1434 feet to land of the Thorndike Company; thence by land of said company N. 72° 45′, E. 35 rods; thence N. 55° 15′, E. 21 rods; thence N. 73° 15′, E. 17 rods; thence S. 67° 15′, E. 34½ rods to a large maple tree; thence S. 25°, E. 30 rods; thence N. 70° 45′, E. 8 rods; thence N. 62° 15′, E. 16 rods; thence S. 75° 45′, E. 11 rods to land of the heirs of said Wilson; thence by their land N. 55°, E. 20 rods and 18 links to the place of beginning. Containing by measurement 45.34 acres of land.

Also another triangular tract situate in said village in said Palmer, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Easterly by the before mentioned road about 900 feet; southerly by the road leading from Thorndike Village to Barretts Junction about 1854 feet; northerly by land of one Breen about 1238 feet. Containing by measurement 8.30 acres.

All subject to a prior mortgage of $3000 to Palmer Savings Bank, and unpaid taxes and interest $300, to be paid at the time of the sale, balance upon delivery of the deed.

LOUIS BURNE, Mortgagee.

By his attorney,
R. G. KILDUFF.
Holyoke, Mass., May 22d, 1890. 3-9

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN SS. PROBATE COURT.—To the devisees, legatees and all persons interested in the estate of Denis Sugrue, late of Palmer, in said county, deceased, GREETING:

Whereas, Cornelius Foley, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented his petition for license to mortgage certain real estate therein specified, of his said testator to raise the sum of four hundred and fifty dollars and ninety-seven cents, for the payment of debts and charges of administration. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Holyoke, in said county, on the third Wednesday of June next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said Executor is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Palmer Journal, a newspaper printed at Palmer, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court, and to mail a copy hereof to each said devisee and legatee, living out of this county, fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

3-9 SAMUEL B. SPOONER, Register.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN, SS. PROBATE COURT.—To the next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Amy A. Robbins, late of Palmer in said county, deceased, intestate:

Whereas, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to William H. Brainerd of said Palmer. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Holyoke, in said county of Hampden, on the third Wednesday of June next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And the applicant is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Palmer Journal, printed at Palmer, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court, and to mail a copy of such notice to each of said next of kin, who may reside out of this county, fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

3-9 SAMUEL B. SPOONER, Register.

BANANAS

Direct from the importers. For sale at

Wholesale and Retail.

SPECIAL PRICES

FOR TEN BUNCH LOTS.

James Pendergast.

MONSON, Mass., May 21st, 1890. 13-8

---

40 CENTS BUYS A FIRST-CLASS

Window Screen

(ADJUSTABLE),

AT STONE'S.

PIANOS AND ORGANS TO RENT.

Will get any music or music book wanted.

W. E. STONE.

FRESH EGGS 18c PER DOZEN.

13½ POUNDS

REVERE GRANULATED SUGAR

FOR $1.00.

BEST KEROSENE OIL 13c—5 GALLONS 60c.

W. E. STONE.

MUSIC FURNISHED

For Balls, Parties, Weddings, Commencement and Graduating Exercises at short notice. The best of Musicians employed and prices right. Correspondence solicited. Can furnish from one piece to a whole brass band if desired. Address

JOHN F. LUMAN, Manager
LYONS & LUMAN'S ORCHESTRA,
5-tf P. O. Box 81, Thorndike, Mass.

E. A. BUCK & CO.

SEEDS.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Choice Flower Seeds,

Garden Seeds, Grass Seed.

WE GET OUR SEEDS DIRECT FROM THE GROWERS AND ARE

THE BEST TO BE HAD.

E. A. Buck & Co.

PALMER, MASS.

Agricultural Implements

We can furnish anything the trade wants and keep the following in stock:

Oliver Chilled Plows,

NATIONAL STEELED METAL PLOWS,

YANKEE SIDE-HILL,

NORTH AMERICAN SIDE-HILL,

THE CONICAL PLOW,

The "NEW DOE" HARD WELD PLOW,

—AND—

THOMAS' SMOOTHING HARROWS,
THE YANKEE PULVERIZER AND HARROW,
STEEL FRAME CULTIVATOR,
STEEL FRAME HORSE HOE,
WHEELBARROWS, SHOVELS, FORKS, HOES.

E. A. BUCK & CO.,

PALMER, MASS.

Paints and Oils.

AGENTS FOR

Union Pure White Lead

—AND—

Cereth Pure White Lead.

THE SHERWIN & WILLIAMS

Ready Mixed Paints.

BAY STATE PASTE PAINT.

DETROIT READY MIXED CARRIAGE PAINTS, ALL COLORS.

Colors In Oil and Sapan. Varnishes, Shellacs, Japans, Liquid Dryer.

Fishing Tackle

AND

CUTLERY.

THE BEST ASSORTMENT IN TOWN OF

POCKET KNIVES,

CARVING KNIVES,

BUTCHER KNIVES,

KITCHEN KNIVES,

SCISSORS AND SHEARS.

Split Bamboo Fishing Rods,

LANCEWOOD FISHING RODS.

REELS, FLIES, LINES.

Meekins, Packard & Co.

Ingrain Carpets.

Another lot of Best all-wool INGRAIN CARPETS

ONLY 50c PER YARD.

NO CARPET MADE EQUALS THEM AT THE SAME COST.

BRUSSELS

CARPETS.

We place on sale to-day

50 Pieces Best Brussels Made.

LOWELLS, BIGELOWS & HARTFORDS

ONLY $1 PER YARD.

100 Fancy Tables

—ONLY—

42 Cents Each.

EVERY LADY WANTS ONE.

Meekins, Packard & Co.,

355 to 359 Main Street,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE FIRST RUSH

—FOR—

Potter & Hunt,

SPRINGFIELD, FOR

Tennis and Vacation Shoes

of every description. We append a few of our many specialties in this line, but would say in connection they are but an index of the variety we can show you:

The Goodyear Glove Tennis.

Regulation Bicycle Shoes.

League Base Ball Shoes.

Ladies' Black Canvas Tennis, Oxfords, Patent Tips.

Men's, Boys' and Youths' Leather and Rubber Sole Tennis.

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED.

Potter & Hunt,

GILL'S BLOCK,

Main Street, near Bridge Street,

SPRINGFIELD, - 26-6 MASS.

BOSTON STORE SPECIAL.

Until further notice is given, I intend making a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT SALE, and will sell such goods at cost, or less than cost price, changing every two or three times each week, until my

ENTIRE STOCK Has been offered at or BELOW COST!

Notice of which will be given on a bulletin board in front of my store. This is no humbug, but a rare chance. People who enjoy a good bargain should

Watch the Bulletin Board.

REMEMBER, THERE WILL BE

A Bargain Every Day on Some One or More Articles.

Do not let this opportunity go by, but take the advantage of a good chance while it lasts.

HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA 6c A BOTTLE DURING THIS SALE.

BOSTON STORE. C. H. TRYON, PROPRIETOR.

Bogan's Block, Main Street, Monson, Mass.

26-42

COAL. COAL. COAL. COAL.

We are now ready to receive orders for coal to be delivered after August 1st next, within reasonable distance from either railroad station, at the following prices:

Stove Size,	$5.25	Pittston Egg,	$5.25
Chestnut Size,	5.25	Sugar Loaf Lehigh Egg,	5.50

Will furnish good men to house and bin the same, charging for their time only. We cannot sell any more at the above-named prices than is covered by this purchase, and advise sending in orders early. The Lehigh Egg quoted is from the best Lehigh section, and as a furnace coal cannot be excelled.

Orders by mail or left at our office will have prompt attention.

R. M. & THEO. REYNOLDS.

MONSON, Mass., May 23, 1890.

CASTORIA.

CASTORIA promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.
82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."
ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D.
1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent-up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD.
Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
77 Murray Street. - - New York.

D. W. FOSKETT,
GRAIN DEALER,
FOSKETT'S MILLS.

HAS JUST RECEIVED A FULL LINE OF

Agricultural Tools,

Which he proposes to sell at lowest prices.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF ALL THE BEST GRADES OF PLOWS, DISC, CUTAWAY AND ACME HARROWS, HORSE HOES & CULTIVATORS.

A FULL LINE OF

SHOVELS, FORKS, RAKES AND HOES Of the best makes for the least money. Anything in the line of Agricultural Implements not in stock we will procure for you at short notice.

We are also agents for the celebrated

WILLIAMS & CLARK
HIGH GRADE
BONE FERTILIZER.

This Fertilizer is composed largely of bone and blood, and its analysis is as high as any in the market. All farmers who have ever used it need no further recommendation, as it has always given perfect satisfaction. It will be found on sale at Foskett's Mills, and at the store of Louis Brown in Brimfield.

OUR PRICES WILL BE AS LOW AS ANY DEALER.

D. W. FOSKETT,
P. O. Address,
52-3 PALMER, MASS.

SULPHUR BITTERS.

For those deathly Bilious spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS. It will cure you.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up, and make you strong and healthy.

Do you suffer with that tired and all-gone feeling? If so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in-doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

$1000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich, and strong, and your flesh hard.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting thro' the skin in Pimples, Blotches and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send three 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

WORCESTER BRAND SALT.
At SMITH & CO'S.

PALMER IRON FOUNDRY
AND MACHINE SHOP.
At the junction of B. & A. and N. L. N. Railroads. West of Depot.
MACHINERY CASTINGS MADE & GENERAL JOBBING DONE
At short notice and reasonable prices.
52-35 EDGERTON & FRANCIS.

BANANAS, ORANGES AND LEMONS.
PINE APPLES. GARDEN SEEDS.
W. E. STONE.

FOR SALE.
CONCORD BUGGIES,
HANDY WAGONS,
ROAD WAGONS,
TOP CARRIAGES
OF ALL KINDS.
A first-class shifting carriage-pole for $10.
If you want any kind of a wagon or cart, call on me, and I will give you as low a price as they can be sold for.
Plain Horse-Shoeing, $1.25.
G. O. HENRY,
52-1 PALMER, Mass.

WARE FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP.
FIRST-CLASS IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS
AND
GENERAL MACHINE REPAIRS.

WE have in stock, or make to order at short notice: Plow Points of all kinds, Cultivator Teeth, Scrapers, Stall Collars and Guards, Hitching Posts, Lawn Settees and Chairs, Umbrella Stands, Sinks, Kettles, Wagon Shoes, Window Weights, Building Columns, and all kinds of iron and brass castings.
We also do all kinds of machine repairing promptly and in the best manner, at reasonable prices.
2-tf. J. P. PERO, Proprietor.

A FULL LINE OF FOLDERS,
SUITABLE FOR
OPENINGS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, &c.
AT JOURNAL OFFICE.

BORAX SOAP. AT SMITH & CO

Labor Aristocracy.

While sitting at my desk one day,
Swearing mildly at the weather,
And trying to think out some new way
To line myself with lungs of leather,
I heard a low voice at the door,
Which sounded quite familiar-like,
And looking up, just once, no more,
I saw our office-boy named "Mike."

"Well, Mike?" I asked a trifle vexed
At being disturbed, "what is your meaning?
What is it now, speak up, my lad,
Is it the lady who does the cleaning?"
"No, sir," says Mike, "'tis not just that,"
And meanwhile winks his long black lashes,
Then says, while twirling of his hat,
"'Tis the gentleman, sir, what takes the ashes."

AMONG THE PARAGRAPHERS.

LOVE IS BLIND.

Her praises loud he used to sing;
Now he is jilted.
He wonders how he loved a thing
Whose nose is tilted. —*Life.*

The peal of a banana has a falling inflection.—*Youkers Gazette.*

Many a youngster keeps shady to prevent getting tanned.—*Boston Transcript.*

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women want to ride on top.—*Texas Siftings.*

Very few women understand the art of getting off a joke on a street-car.—*Terra Haute Express.*

Young man, entering bookstore—"What is the best book on matrimony?" Proprietor—"Don't"—*Burlington Free Press.*

True definition of a widow—A woman who knows what is what, and is desirous of further information upon the subject.—*St. Paul Eye.*

Mrs. Tynlack: "I hear your daughter has married a capital young man?" Mrs. Wantrocks: "Yes; 40,000 in his own name."—*The Epoch.*

A Great Cleanser. Lady—"Bridget, you did not wash those potatoes clean." Bridget—"I don't see phwy, mum. I used strong soap suds."—*Lowell Citizen.*

Alpine Guide (who has tied himself to two tourists)—"Now, gentlemen, if either of you slips speak quick, so that I can cut the rope at once."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Extract from a Bride's Letter of Thanks—"Your beautiful clock was received, and is now in the parlor on our mantel-piece, where we hope to see you often."—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Buffalo *Express* wildly asks: "What shall we do with our girls?" Get married to one of them, young man, and then make up your mind to leave the rest alone.—*Somerville Journal.*

The young couple of Norway are to be pitied. The only word they have for "love" is kjaclighden. Just imagine a man protesting, "I kjaclighden you with all my heart."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Marjorie—"Aren't you afraid that your flagrant coquetry may drive some of your admirers to desperation?" Ethel—"It is a matter of indifference to me so long as they don't die in the house."—*Life.*

The Terror in Church. "Say, papa!" "Sh! You must not talk in church." "Well, if you will tell me what the man behind the fence wears lace curtains about him for I'll shut up."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

She—"This is your first year at college, isn't it?" He—"Yes. How did you know that?" She—"I knew by the way your arms felt around me. The muscles are not so fully developed as a seniors."—*Stray.*

Clara's Mother (calling)—"Clara, Mr. Smithers is in the parlor and says he wants you." Clara (entering parlor and throwing herself into Smithers's arms)—"Oh Charlie, this is so sudden."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Widow—"Now, my dear sir; promise me your vote on this bill." Congressman—"But, my dear madam, I—" Widow—"Now look me in the eye and promise." Congressman—"Madam, the eyes have it."—*New York Sun.*

Johnny—"Mamma, what's the use of keeping the whip you use on me behind the motto 'God Bless Our Home?'" Mamma—Can you suggest a better place?" Johnny—"Yes, put it behind the motto "I Need Thee Every Hour."—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Battle Steed. "I love this old horse," said the colonel. "I feel that he saved my life at Gettysburg." "How?" "He kicked me in the stomach before the battle so that I couldn't go on the field, and my substitute got shot in the neck."—*Chatter.*

Strange. Newly Accepted Suitor.—"Well, Bobby, you will have a new uncle soon; I am your Aunt Mary's choice for a husband." Bobby (surprised)—"Well, that's strange. I her tell mamma only yesterday, that you were Hobson's choice."—*Life.*

Occultism in Boston. Ethel (six years old)—"I have secured Mamma's permission to come over and spend the afternoon with you." Mabel (seven)—"That's nice. You sit over there and read Gadbury's Genethlialogia while I finish Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos."—*Judge.*

He(somewhat suspiciously)—"You say you never loved anybody but me? Ha! Is that true, Maud?" She—"Harry, your looks terrify me! Have—have I been too bold in allowing you to kiss me so much this evening?" He—"No Maud, but you kiss like an old hand."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Why do I live in Jer' City," said an eminent contractor, in the monkey house on the ferry boat, last Sunday. "Why, because I like it. Love it in fact. Does me good, right here, sir, to set by the winder in m' wife's Bordeaux and jes' watch Pennsy's cars a movin, pro and con"—*New York Tribune.*

Mr. Stoxanbonds—"I understand, Quicklyrich, that you have sent your son to college. Do you intend to give him a liberal education?" Mr. Quicklyrich—"Yes, sir, I do. He has $500 a month, and if you know of anyone who is giving his son a more liberal education than that, I am prepared to make it $1000."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Pleasures of Wealth—Mrs. O'Kelly—"You look tired, Mrs. O'Rafferty." Mrs. O'R—"And it's tired that I am, Mrs. O'Kelly. And I hope before I doi that I'll he wan of thim Fifth avenue ladies, so that afther I've done washin' the dishes and scrubbin' the flure, I can lie down in the afthernoon and slape a bit."—*Texas Siftings.*

Miss Pretty (in tears and deep distress)—"Oh, mamma! I went to the trunk room, and what do you think I found?" Mrs. Pretty—"I'm sure I don't know, dear. Surely the moths haven't been at your new seal skin sacque?" Miss Pretty—"No, not so bad as that, but a moth was shut up with my bathing suit, and he ate it all up."—*Life.*

An Awkward Foreigner. Chauncey Chase (captain of the hunt—severely)—"There, I knew just what would happen when Ponsonby invited that Englishman to join us." Ponsonby (feebly)—"Why, captain, he's a regular fox-hunter, and"—Chauncey Chase (savagely)—"I know it! He has killed our fox and broken up the club."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

THE CARE OF HORSES.

Give horses salt frequently.

Returning from an afternoon drive, let your horse cool off before entering the stable.

Road horses should have their front feet stuffed with flaxseed meal twice a week.

When light shoes are needed, particularly hind ones, have them made of cast steel.

Don't hook your horse to the sleigh, the same as to your wagon, but give him more trace.

Horses wearing boots should have them loosened while under the shed at the road house.

If your horse should pull on one line or throw his head up and down and light and pull on the bit, have his mouth and teeth examined.

The hand-pieces of driving reins frequently become smooth from use, causing the hands to shift. In such cases rub the lines with powdered rosin.

If you wish to drive your horse with an open bridle have him tried with one before putting him to your top wagon, otherwise he might get away with you.

When horses overreach lengthen the hind shoes; when they hit the front of the hind feet have the toe of the front shoes made narrow and concaved on the inside.

Some horses when trotting, in putting their hind feet to the ground, strike principally on the toe. Such horses should have the heels lowered, and should wear shoes without heels.

Skunk cabbage is said to be good for heaves in teaspoonful doses, night and morning. Moisten the hay and grain. Be careful with the diet. Never work a heavy horse on a full stomach.

Steel bits should be kept in a warm place until they are placed in the horse's mouth. Any person can realize the sensation of placing a cold bit in the horse's mouth by first touching it with his own tongue.

An excellent remedy for mange is: Oil of turpentine, 1 pint; add cautiously two ounces of oil of vitriol, stirring the mixture constantly: then add 8 ounces of linseed oil; to be rubbed in with a brush twice a day.

If your double team did not work to suit you to-day, one crowding to the pole, while the other would pull his head to one side, see that the reins are right, and in hooking them to your wagon to-morrow put the off horse on the near side.

Tar is one of the most useful articles to be kept about a stable. Internally use a teaspoonful night and morning for chronic coughs; externally it is particularly useful in thrush and all diseases or wounds of the foot. Mixed with fish-oil it is one of the best remedies for hard or brittle feet.

When heels and toes are required on a horse's shoes, instead of having the shoe turned down for heels have the heels and toes of east steel and welded on. The heels should be put on half an inch from end of shoe and placed lengthwise.

For a horse that "pulls" use the over-check with strap attached over the nose and under the lower jaw. For an extra hard-mouthed horse use a four-ring bit. Have a side-loop on the front of the over-check, so that it can be moved up and down, as may be required; then have the check-pieces and over-check attached to the loose rings and the driving lines alone to the large rings.

Influenza is one of the most prevalent diseases at this time of the year. The first stage of the disease is generally mild and will readily yield to careful, nutritious diet, such as warm mushes, oatmeal gruel, suitable clothing and proper ventilation. If the respiration is troubled and the extremities cold, give a sedative medicine, rub the legs with dry mustard, bandage with flannel, and send for an expert.

THE NEED OF A DRY HOUSE.

With scientific assurance of the propriety of complaining of the discomfort of the sultry weather which has marked a week of dog days, there is a great temptation to increase the prevailing discontent by increasing murmurs. It is found by physicians that sunstrokes are more numerous in damp weather than in hotter, but dry seasons, as the moisture of the atmosphere interferes with a free throwing off of perspiration, which is a safeguard against the danger. A writer in the Brooklyn *Eagle* quotes the testimony of a New York physician that ironing on a hot day is less harmful than washing. He says: "Girls in laundries who work in the washing rooms are among his most frequent patients for sunstroke or heat prostration, while those who work in the ironing rooms are rarely troubled, though the thermometer may be considerably higher."

When one remembers that the chief danger feared by explorers in Africa and travelers in other tropical countries is the moisture of damp regions, the danger of dog days is more apparent. Many preventives of bad effects in sultry weather have been noticed by writers upon hygienic topics, but the important remedy of a dry and well-aired house seems in need of reiteration. In many families there exists the belief that a house may be cooler if all the windows are closed and the blinds shut during the sunny weather in the warm season. In such houses one may notice a gathering of moisture on mirrors in the morning and a damp, sickening odor pervading all the rooms. The closely sealed house may have a diminished temperature, but the stifling closeness of the atmosphere produces even more discomfort than the outside air heated by the direct rays of the sun. All houses situated on low ground should be well dried in summer and houses of all kinds well aired. The chief disadvantage of the beautiful, old colonial mansions, now so much prized among architects and others, is the moldy odor which carbolic acid or an other disinfectant fails to eradicate completely. A house always kept well aired, and dried, is likely to remain fresh and sweet for a long period. Sleeping rooms require a current of fresh air. Nearly all the cases of sunstroke treated by a New York physician last summer are those of "night sunstroke" or heat prostration among the poor, caused by a number of people clustered together in a small and unventilated room. Fresh air and dry air are as necessary for health in summer as proper food and clothing.

A Good Boy. "Been around town any, sir?" asked a bootblack of a man waiting at the Detroit & Milwaukee depot the other day. "No, hub, I haven't," was the reply. "Shan't I call a carriage for you?" "No. I've no money to pay for such luxuries." "Can't blow in $2?" "Not even two shillings, my boy." "Hump! That's too bad. If I only had a key to police box I'd ring for the patrol-wagon and let you have a ride and see some of the business streets for nothing."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Financial Move. Mr. Isaacstein—"Repecca, go over dot neighbor to and get changed a five-dollar bill." Mrs. Isaacstein—"Vat for, Jacob? Ve have plenty small changes dot house in." Mr. Isaacstein—"Do vat I told you. He vas a little rattled from drinking, and maybe he give you a nickel too much in dot change."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE BLOOD

Is the source of health: therefore to keep well, purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is peculiarly designed to act upon the blood, and through that upon all the organs and tissues of the body. It has a specific action, also, upon the secretions and excretions, and assists nature to expel from the system all humors, impure particles, and effete matter through the lungs, liver, bowels, kidneys and skin. It effectually aids weak, impaired, and debilitated organs, invigorates the nervous system, tones the digestive organs, and imparts new life and energy to all the functions of the body. A peculiarity of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it strengthens and builds up the system while it eradicates disease.

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Free the blood from these poisons. Don't mope along half alive, half dead, but rouse up your system. Give your good old friend, the stomach, a chance to do its work.

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Tried, Trusty and True. The ingredients of this wonderful remedy have been used as a favorite and successful medicine for many years, but like the improvements in the telegraph since Morse, the sewing machine since Howe, and the electric light since Franklin forced the first spark, the new and perfect combination of these ingredients has never been reached until combined as now in FISCHER'S IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

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BOSTON AND MAINE R. R.
CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.
TIME TABLE COMMENCING MONDAY, JULY 1, 1889.

LEAVE BOSTON for Northampton, Hadley, Amherst, So. Amherst, Belchertown and Bondsville, 7.45 a. m., 1.30 and 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Northampton, 6.00, 8.15 a. m., 2.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.25 a. m.
Hadley, 6.06, 8.21 a. m., 2.05 p. m. Sunday, 6.33 a. m.
Amherst, 6.15, 8.30 a. m., 2.14 p. m. Sunday, 6.43 a. m.
So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19 p. m. Sunday, 6.49 a. m.
Belchertown, 6.34, 8.47 a. m., 2.32 p. m. Sunday, 7.03 a. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 8.57 a. m., 2.42 p. m. Sunday, 7.16 a. m.

LOCAL SERVICE BETWEEN WARE & NORTHAMPTON.

LEAVE, Ware, 6.10, 10.35 a. m., 4.38, 6.33 p. m. Sunday, 4.33 p. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 10.49 a. m., 4.54, 6.49 p. m. Sunday, 4.50 p. m.
Belchertown, 7.10, 10.59 a. m., 5.05, 7.00 p. m. Sunday, 5.03 p. m.
So. Amherst, 7.40, 11.12 a. m., 5.19, 7.14 p. m. Sunday, 5.17 p. m.
Amherst, 7.55, 11.18 a. m., 5.26, 7.19 p. m. Sunday, 5.23 p. m.
Hadley, 8.21, 11.28 a. m., 5.36, 7.29 p. m. Sunday 5.33 p. m.
ARRIVE, Northampton, 8.38, 11.35 a. m., 5.43, 7.35 p. m. Sunday, 5.40 p. m.
LEAVE, Northampton, 6.00, 8.15 a. m., 2.00, 7.10 p. m. Sunday, 6.25 a. m.
Hadley, 6.06, 8.21 a. m., 2.05, 7.20 p. m. Sunday, 6.33 a. m.
Amherst, 6.15, 8.30 a. m., 2.14, 7.50 p. m. Sunday, 6.43 a. m.
So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19, 8.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.49 a. m.
Belchertown, 6.34, 8.47 a. m., 2.32, 8.30 p. m. Sunday, 7.03 a. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 8.57 a. m., 2.42, 8.50 p. m. Sunday, 7.16 a. m.
ARRIVE, Ware, 7.00, 9.10 a. m., 3.00, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.35 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for Ware, Gilbertville, Barre, Rutland, Oakdale and West Boylston, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Ware, 7.00, 9.10 a. m., 3.00 p. m. Sunday, 7.35 a. m.
Gilbertville, 7.09, 9.18 a. m., 3.08 p. m. Sunday, 7.44 a. m.
Barre, 7.35, 9.33 a. m., 3.27 p. m. Sunday, 8.08 a. m.
Rutland, 7.59, 9.48 a. m., 3.45 p. m. Sunday, 8.27 a. m.
Oakdale, 8.28, 10.16 a. m., 4.10 p. m. Sunday, 9.08 a. m.
West Boylston, 8.39, 10.20 a. m., 4.15 p. m. Sunday, 9.12 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for New Braintree, Hardwick, Barre Plains, Coldbrook, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, New Braintree, 7.17 a. m., 3.11 p. m., Sunday, 7.52 a. m.
Hardwick, 7.30 a. m., 3.14 p. m. Sunday, 7.56 a. m.
Barre Plains, 7.38 a. m., 3.23 p. m. Sunday, 8.02 a. m.
Coldbrook, 7.42 a. m., 3.32 p. m. Sunday, 8.14 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for So. Clinton and Berlin, 7.45 a. m., 1.30, 3.40 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN
So. Clinton, 8.44 a. m., 4.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.21 a. m.
Berlin, 8.57 a. m., 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 9.31 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for Hudson, So. Sudbury, 7.45, 9.20 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 5.25, 6.25, p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Hudson, 6.30, 7.40, 9.08, 10.42 a. m., 12.35, 4.39 p. m. Sunday, 9.44 a. m.
So. Sudbury, 6.48, 7.55, 9.28 a. m., 12.52, 4.54 p. m. Sunday, 10.04 a. m.
LEAVE for WAYLAND, 7.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WAYLAND, 5.50, 6.55, 8.02, 8.45, 9.36 a. m., 12.58, 2.40, 5.01, 5.15 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m.
LEAVE for WESTON, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WESTON, 6.00, 7.04, 8.10, 8.54, 9.44 a. m., 1.07, 2.49, 5.09, 5.25 p. m. Sunday, 10.21 a. m.
LEAVE for WALTHAM, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 3.40, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WALTHAM, 6.08, 7.12, 8.17, 9.02, 9.52 a. m., 1.15, 2.57, 5.16, 5.34 p. m. Sunday, 10.30 a. m.
LEAVE for WAVERLY, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WAVERLY, 6.15, 7.18, 8.22, 9.07 a. m., 1.20, 3.02, 5.40 p. m. Sunday, 10.36 a. m.
LEAVE for BELMONT, 7.15, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN BELMONT, 6.18, 7.21, 8.25, 9.10 a. m., 1.23, 3.05, 5.48 p. m. Sunday, 10.39 a. m.

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The Palmer Journal.

VOL. XLI. PALMER, MASS., FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 6, 1890.---SIX PAGES. NUMBER 10.

Furniture, Carpets and Ranges.

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Her Thirty-Nine Lovers.

A vessel was voyaging over the sea,
And two score of passengers on board had she;
Thirty and nine of the masculine sort
And a charming young lady the captain brought.
The thirty and nine were all shot through by Cupid;
But the charming young lady thought them all rather stupid.

She saw them alone, and she saw them together,
How they looked in a calm and after bad weather;
There were tall ones and short ones,
Fat, lean, rich and shady,
But all were alike deep in love with the lady.

She could not love them all, so what was to be done?
She consulted the captain, who suggested some fun.
"To-morrow," said he, "if the day should be calm,
Just jump in the sea, and it shall do you no harm,
And the first one that follows to rescue your life,
Will have the first claim to make you his wife."

The next day was calm, and over she fell,
And thirty-eight passengers followed as well;
One staid where he was, for he could not swim;
He knew he'd be drowned, which was "gone goose" for him.

The lady was rescued, and the passengers, too,
And they stood in a row as for a review—
Uninviting before, they now looked like drowned rats,
From the soles of their feet to the crowns of their hats.

She consulted the captain, whose look was a sly one—
"If I were you, Miss, I'd favor the dry one."
—*London Graphic.*

A LETTER AND A FACE.

Mr. Sidney Romer somer found a letter among others, when he returned from an afternoon ride, which caused him to sit down with his whip between his knees and his gloves anywhere on the floor. The reason that he was so anxious to read it was that he had read it once, and it had dashed him completely. He re-studied it.

"NEW YORK, November 17th.

"MY DEAR UNCLE.—You know what my mother wrote me in that letter which was handed me after her death five years ago, and which made (as she intended) more of an impression upon me as a posthumous request than if she had urged her wish by arguments while she lived. I have traveled abroad, and I have just returned to America, and I am still unmarried, although I confess I have been over head and ears in love dozens of times; but I've never offered myself to a single soul, for I thought I would at any rate make Lucy's acquaintance first, out of respect to my mother's pet hobby. So I am going to start for your ranch right off; and I mail this letter in order to give you a few hours' warning that you must soon shake hands with

"Your affectionate nephew,
"DAN MICHAELIS."

Mr. Romer had seated himself before his log fire, his legs outstretched comfortably. His arms now fell at his sides as he finished the communication, and his whole attitude expressed fatigued disgust. No matter how many things he thought about which had taken place in the last twenty odd years, he never moved a muscle while his mind ambled back into the past.

But he was aroused by a quick step, and a voice, saying: "In here? All right."

The ranch owner roused himself, and turned in his chair, upon which his eyes met those of a young man sliding with tremendous health and spirits.

"Uncle Sidney?" says the visitor.

Mr. Romer tossed his nephew's letter into the fire, and dryly answered: "Ah, how do you do? Just got your note. Sit down, sir." He rose himself as he spoke.

But young Michaelis did not sit down. "What's the matter? Don't you want to see me?"

He went and leaned against the fireplace, which towered above him, although he boasted six feet and a margin, and began to coquette with a cigarette.

Mr. Romer glanced up from the large easy chair he had just assumed with cold dignity.

"Yes. You're Bessie's son, you know. If you expect an ovation, we can get one up, I dare say."

His nephew was evidently taken aback. His vanity was surprised. His eyes glistened even with something besides the light of youth. "I'll just stop long enough to meet Lucy anyway," he said, in a moment, in a saddened voice.

"I've no objection to your meeting Lucy," repeated Mr. Romer, more dryly than ever. "But there is one thing, Dan, that you might as well understand here and now. Don't you have any idea of marrying that girl, either for love or because your mother wished it might come about. There's just one man on the face of this earth she shan't marry, and that is you. D'you understand?"

"Well, I suppose I do. Of course I could marry her if I chose; but I should do so only for my mother's sake, uncle; and so I should defy you only for my mother's sake."

"H'm! I guess you'd find it mighty hard to marry that little girl of mine," commented the elder man, in a low, slow tone.

Some one singing along the hall made the two speakers move expectantly; and Lucy entered the room, exclaiming,

"Oh, papa! don't you wish there was a criminal living near us?"

She seemed as much astonished at beholding a visitor as the two men were to hear this sentiment from her lips.

"What under the sun do you mean?" asked Mr. Romer, laughing.

"Only that I've been reading that noble convict's death in *Great Expectations*." The girl (about seventeen) laughed too, as she went to Mr. Romer's side, and let her quiet eyes, full of contented mirth, turn squarely upon Michaelis.

"I believe you two young people have never met before," remarked Lucy's stepfather. "This is your cousin Dan, Lucy."

"Aren't you Aunt Bessie's son?" asked the girl, holding out her hand kindly, which Michaelis took heart'ly.

"Yes; and you are the daughter of her most intimate friend. We must be on good terms, you, know."

"What other terms could there be?" Lucy said, archly.

Mr. Romer gave a quick glance at his nephew, and observed that he was quite absorbed in looking at the young beauty.

"Impudent jackanapes!" thought the old gentleman to himself getting up and stamping his riding boots, which were spattered with mud, now dry and white. "Come Lou' go and tell the housekeeper there's one extra for dinner," he remarked. He was a widower, and chose to have a large share of household care on his back. "I want a word with you, sir," he added, taking Michaelis by the elbow, and slapping him on the shoulder, and behaving in an altogether patronizing way. When Lucy was fairly gone he resumed, seriously. "You cannot have the privilege of marrying that Miss Somerset."

Michaelis blushed, dropped his eyes, and put the unlighted cigarette permanently in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets. He answered nothing.

"That girl," Mr. Romer went on, "is to marry a duke or a prince. I'm going abroad with her next month."

Michaelis looked up sharply, as if hurt to the bone. Then he replied: "She'd make a nice duchess."

"Are you going to stand in her way?"

"I'll—I'll try not to," answered the young man with a voice that was a little unsteady; and his eyes lowered again. Then he looked up, appealing somewhat to his uncle's eyes with his own. "My mother did not know what a coil she was to lead me into," he blurted out.

"Oh, I'll keep you out of any coil," retorted Mr. Romer. "You must go away tomorrow morning. You can't stay long enough to fall in love with Lucy." He turned his back to ring the bell, and Michaelis made a face of complete woe for an instant, which he obliterated as his uncle wheeled back. "We have dinner at six, so I must go to my room. You shall be shown to one, if you choose. Well, Dan, *au revoir*. Excuse my blunt manner. You took me unawares, you see, and you've discovered my real attitude toward you. Too bad, this finding out what people really think, isn't it? But you aren't rich enough, and you are a little of a butterfly. But if I can serve you in any way besides that of your errand hither, you will find me every bit as good an uncle as the next."

At dinner appeared, besides Sidney Romer and his step-daughter, two ladies (the latter's governesses), and a young German, her music master. The governesses were most refined and fashionable—persons of real cultivation, who were paid enormously for isolating themselves at the ranch. The tutor of music was full of talent and a suppressed adoration of his pupil. The symphonic Herr Greissen knew, however, that he would lose a large salary if he talked of love, or even rolled his eyes toward the young girl, and he was thoroughly silenced. Michaelis measured the three persons who contributed to Lucy's development at a glance, and mentally conceded that old Romer had some good new notions about bringing up a lonely maiden. The latter took occasion to reiterate that he was going abroad that very winter. As he expressed it, Lucy was now loaded, and would go off with well-aimed effect in Europe. He declared that hitherto she had been treated as the surgeons treat their patients when telling them they are in no danger, but subsequently admit that the operation so successfully performed might have killed them. He had just begun to reveal to Lucy that she had been cultivated within an inch of her life. If fine clothes and a coronet could reward her for her patience in the last ten years, she should have them to play with as a relaxation.

Lucy was talking, meantime, with her companions, and only once seemed to overhear her step-father, and then she gazed at him in wonder.

Michaelis glanced at her (when was he not doing so?) and felt as if he were in a whirlpool of contradictions. He pictured her "going off" as a princess, with all the realism of fact, and yet he felt she was to be his wife, doomed to only twenty thousand a year, and no title.

She looked back at him with large eyes. She had met no young men of marked worth, the visitors at the ranch usually being young women. Michaelis was a fine example of the other sex. His face and figure were handsome, with the grand aspect of stalwart youth and splendid vitality; and he was free from an overweight of individuality, such, for instance, as the young German labored under, with his musical frenzies. Her cousin was the sort of man against whom nothing can be said, and who makes one feel that nature has a perpetual fashion of manly excellence, although she sometimes tries experiments.

Nobody prevented Michaelis and Lucy from going through the stately apartments of Ranch House, the fitting crown of Ranch Superb, as it was called. The charming girl showed her visitor the curiosities of the library, the paintings and porcelains of the parlors, the attractions of the billiard room, and gave him some enchanting strains from the piano in the white and gold music room. All this was without any alloy of Mr. Romer or the governesses. Besides, she had a long talk with him as she sat unheeding upon the end of a sofa in a dusky corner of the parlor, while Michaelis occupied a hassock in front of her, and looked her steadily in the face for a blissful half hour. She was so pleased at a comparative stranger's caring to hear anything she would consent to tell about her occupations and the life on the ranch, that she revealed everything, and it made a story of no little attractiveness in itself. She had just told her cousin of some of her friendships, which were with certain noted and gifted women who had been entertained at the ranch through the determined efforts of Mr. Romer.

"If I can only manage," said she, sighing, "to become a little more like them, and give others as much happiness as they have given me. Do you think—you have seen so much of people—do you think I can be quite cultivated and gentle and good to know, if I cannot write poetry?"

An expression filled Michaelis's face on the instant which suddenly informed Lucy that he thought her delicious. She became confused in the prettiest way, and was absolutely enigmatical until she said good-night, and ran off.

When Lucy was by herself she plunged into a bright crowd of meditations upon life. Life had always been for her full of creature comforts and nice amusements. But she now saw that a young man's gaze was able to make life bewilderingly sweet, and as magical as magic itself. Her heart sang, her mind laughed, her eyes spoke, as she stood before her mirror—that immediate refuge of girlish happiness. For the girl of seventeen is changing so quickly that she is half a stranger to herself, and yet the only friend she wholly trusts, and so she meets her own eyes with eloquent appeals and delighted assurances.

The next morning Lucy awoke in amazement. There was something to look forward to which was even better than birthday presents, new books, a long horseback ride through fine weather, or the arrival of titled guests from England, who had, indeed, been known to confer the benefit of their august presence upon Ranch House. She did not know why she thought it so especially desirable to have a young companion of her cousin Michaelis's graces suddenly dropped into her life; but she wisely concluded that Hamlet's phrase, "There are more things," etc., would apply in this particular case, to which her philosophy was not equal, and she did not attempt to "dream" about it. Of course Dan was one of the family, and she was ready to treat him affectionately; and she had always thought it would have been more pleasant to have a brother, who could praise one, or take care of one in case of burglars and fire. Lucy felt as if no one had ever really praised her before she had received that wonderful glance from Michaelis, which burned up like a flame in his steady gaze. What makes one prouder than praise from a person we are quietly admiring? And what is so agreeable as pride which is thrust upon us in all our modesty?

Lucy looked radiant as she came down stairs in her pale tinted dress, stepping as if she could have flown like a girl Mercury.

Michaelis was standing about in the great entrance hall, although it was early; and he even seemed impatiently expectant, looked up at the stairs before the girl appeared, and walking back and forth with quick little motions of eagerness. When Lucy finally emerged from vacancy and approached, he held out both hands to her.

She laid hers in his in the most matter-of-fact way. "Cousin Dan, it seems to me I have known you this long time," she announced, as if he had hereto been a familiar bit of furniture about the house, and was only just turned into his true shape as a young man. It would be a sad thing if this portion of her home should suddenly walk off forever on its new-found legs.

"We have been so long connected in the thoughts of others that I'm sure we never could have been strangers," he began, in an explanatory way, and hastily, as if there were no time to spare.

"Why, how do you mean?"

"I wish to tell you that. Can't we go out on the piazza?"

"Oh yes. It is the first thing to do here in morning," Lucy replied, all at once leaving him behind as she ran to the open hall door. By the time they were seated, and looking off at the expanse of fields and sunlight before them, she seemed to have forgotten the particular remark which Michaelis had made, and which had struck her as odd. "Tell me what you think I shall like best about Europe," she asked, leaning back in the large cane chair she had alighted in, with her hands clasped over her head—"the Alps?"

"They will have to wait a moment," replied Michaelis, in a downright way; and he shot a look over his shoulder as though he half expected an Indian raid. "You know, I want to talk with you about our being destined—" He hesitated, glanced up hurriedly into her face, and then away over the fields. And then he bent toward her with a deep gaze into her eyes, and a deep blush, too, that made him look all at once as if he had been camping out for a week in sun and wind. "Did you never hear that our mothers hoped and prayed that we should marry each other?"

Lucy caught her breath, turned pale, and bowed her head till he saw the light lie on her lashes, and clasping the arms of her chair with both hands.

"You must not hate me," implored Michaelis. "I am obliged to speak to you now or forever hold my peace; for your stepfather has told me you are to make a more brilliant marriage than this would be, and that I am not welcome here even for a day. It is astonishing how perfectly unfeeling our elders can be when they try. Don't seem to loathe me in this way, Lucy," he begged again. "I came here because I had a request from my mother some years ago to meet you and love you. I never dreamed I should love you. I mean— But heavens! She must have possessed a spirit of prophecy! Love you? I don't know that that half means all I think, feel, hope! No matter whether you can love me or not, you must marry me; that is all. Oh, I do not mean to be so rough about it! Still that isn't the way for you to look at me, really. I am not a leopard. But I adore you. Won't you just let me hold one of your hands? Always known each other? I should think so. I see now that I was born because I was in love with you. You hate me; you shrink from my very touch. But marry me, Lucy; I must insist upon that!"

Lucy made a great effort to master her fears, and give him her hand. Her eyes were full of tears; and Michaelis wanted dreadfully to kiss the tears away before they rolled over her cheeks; but only dared to watch them as they brightly did so.

"Do tell me what you mean very clearly," she said; "as if you were teaching algebra or something puzzling."

Michaelis understood at once. "Why, you see, my mother and yours were such intimate friends—"

"Yes, I know all about it."

"Well, they determined that you and I were to marry, because they thought us the dearest children that ever lived, and naturally supposed that their children could make each other's lives blissful."

"H'm!" murmured Lucy, thoughtfully.

"And of course it was my mother who left me a letter, when she died, which told me—Here it is, dear."

Lucy's free hand closed over the letter which Michaelis pulled from his pocket with his free hand, and held toward her. She peeped up at his face, and then turned away blushing, and trying to get her completely obscured hand away from him.

"So, you know," Michaelis went on, with loving tones that began to tremble, "I always bore in mind my mother's words, no matter where I went. I used to think myself in love, but I never, never forgot her words. Then I came here at the time she suggested for my first visit to you. I fancied I should go back to the gay world heart-whole, but not till after having done my duty as far as possible. See?"

"Oh yes."

"But it fell out that I loved you instantly. It was inevitable. You are positively fatal to ideas of independence."

A smile flickered at Lucy's lips, and she hid her eyes with the back of the only hand she could call her own.

"Lucy!"

She peeped at him with one lustrous eye from behind the letter. Suddenly their eyes met squarely, flashing joy, and Michaelis's lips were on the girl's cheek.

For some little time the two young people existed in a happy trance, which remained a mystery to them ever afterward; but they always remembered that they were in Lucy's garden, among her flowers, when the breakfast bell rang through the hall.

At this meal, rich with numerous viands, but informal in an easy fashion, Mr. Romer indulged himself in being testy, and in wearing a buff velvet smoking jacket. Lucy glanced at him with incredulity, for she had never known the old gentleman to be disagreeable before. He was outrageously rude to his nephew, and asked him if he had his valise packed. It may be imagined that Michaelis's spirits could not be dampened.

"Now, Lou," went on Mr. Romer, irrelevantly, "you know you are to catch a scion of some royal house over on the other side, eh?" And added, ostentatiously: "There's to be no paying a price for the nobleman either. In this case an American girl is to marry money and title both."

The beauty carelessly laughed. "Papa, you are having a nightmare over your coffee cup. Please wake up. You've always inveighed so against foreign husbands! Come, wake up, dear; you are so cross! And when were you ever cross before?"

"Now, Lucy Somerset, I am not in jest. You are to do something creditable to me in your choice of a husband, and were brought up to move in courts. Bah! where can you have a salon except in Paris? Did you never wish to follow in the footsteps of great French women like Madame de Stael and the rest?"

"You should have mentioned all this to me before," coolly answered Lucy, peeling a tangerine. "Now, dear, you know how to be funnier than this."

Michaelis stared at his uncle a little solemnly.

"Mention it before? You are just ready to hear it, Lou. Michaelis can tell us something of Paris, something of the English and the Dutch grandee, the Pole and the Spaniard. Say, Dan, what are our prospects to-day for finding a title pretty enough to satisfy a girl more charming than a star? Or where is the millionaire who makes his name to shine with the light of diamonds and electric drops galore?"

"Oh, papa, something is certainly the matter with you," sobbed Lucy, in an agony of distress.

The two governesses were indignantly blushing at Mr. Romer's galloping way of bringing up subjects not proper either for breakfast tables or young girls. Herr Greissen fairly clutched his shock of hair in a misery of vague jealousy.

Mr. Romer laughed, and kept on laughing at intervals during the rest of the repast. But he had finished talking.

As soon as they rose from the table the proprietor of Ranch Superb, and also of Lucy Somerset, said:

"Dan, a word with you. Come into my smoking room."

When there Mr. Romer faced round on the hearth rug. "You've been out in the garden with that girl. I saw you."

"Certainly."

"You are abominable. You can't make love to her. Go away!"

"We're engaged."

Mr. Romer did not expect this, and his mouth opened uselessly.

"Fiddlesticks, Dan!" he managed to say at last.

"Absolutely true, sir. I—I hardly know whether I am on my head or my heels, but engaged we are; and as for me, I am simply in heaven."

Mr. Romer asked, spluttering with astonishment:

"But how did you? Lor', you can't both have got so far in half an hour, man!"

"Fell in love with Lucy right off, as soon as I saw her," Michaelis averred, glowingly. "She won't say anything, but looks at me and presses my hand when she means 'yes' to what I ask. See? We don't either of us know how it has all happened, any more than you do."

"Dan," cried Mr. Romer, going up to him and grasping both his shoulders, "you love her, really?"

"Oh, Uncle Romer!"

"And you're sure she'll have you?"

"Why, she loves me, sir."

Lucy's dragon-like guardian glanced up at the ceiling and raised both hands. Then he tapped Michaelis on the chest with a forefinger, and looked at him with a mischievous twinkle.

"My dear boy," he said, "it was the wish of my heart."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE TWENTY LEADING CITIES.

In 1880 there were in the United States twenty cities with a population of 100,000 or over. Judging by conservative local estimates, the census of 1890 will show as many as thirty, and possibly thirty-five, cities each having at least 100,000 inhabitants.

New York and Philadelphia are still plainly at the top. But the third place passes from Brooklyn, rapidly as she is now growing, to Chicago. Although Brooklyn is now the fourth city in point of population, she will stand in the census of 1890 with a population nearly equal to that of Philadelphia in 1880. St. Louis and Baltimore, which were behind Boston in 1880, are probably ahead of her to-day, and Boston drops from the fifth to the seventh place in the list.

The next four cities—Cincinnati, San Francisco, New Orleans, and Cleveland—hold their rank in the last census. Then we come to another drop. Pittsburg goes down three points, and its former place as the twelfth city, is taken by Minneapolis, which was as low down as number thirty-eight in the last census. The following table shows these and other changes in the population:—

Rank.	1880.	Estimated, 1890.	Rank.
1	New York.	New York.	1
2	Philadelphia.	Philadelphia.	2
3	Brooklyn.	Chicago.	3
4	Chicago.	Brooklyn.	4
5	Boston.	St. Louis.	5
6	St. Louis.	Baltimore.	6
7	Baltimore.	Boston.	7
8	Cincinnati.	Cincinnati.	8
9	San Francisco.	San Francisco.	9
10	New Orleans.	New Orleans.	10
11	Cleveland.	Cleveland.	11
12	Pittsburg.	Minneapolis.	12
13	Buffalo.	Buffalo.	13
14	Washington.	Detroit.	14
15	Newark.	Pittsburg.	15
16	Louisville.	Washington.	16
17	Jersey City.	Milwaukee.	17
18	Detroit.	Louisville.	18
19	Milwaukee.	Kansas City.	19
20	Providence.	St. Paul.	20

A TRIFLE TOO COLLOQUIAL.

It is the excellent practice of the teachers in the Washington public schools to give out to their pupils brief extracts from the best poetry and ask the pupils to reproduce the idea in their own language. This not only familiarizes the pupils with our best literature, but teaches them to read understandingly and to write each in his own independent style. The other day (so a gentleman who vouches for the truth of the story informs us) a teacher gave out the following lines from Longfellow:

I heard the trailing garments of night
Sweep through her marble halls;
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls.

One little fellow brought in his translation, beginning:—

I heard the long tails of her night shirt
Scratch along the stone floor.
—*Washington Capital.*

Your Father.

While mothers are in every clime
Extolled in verse from time to time,
Who plods along with narry a rhyme?
Your father.

Who is it puts the key at night
Beneath the mat, just out of sight,
And in the hallway leaves a light?
Your father.

And when you seek the burlesque show
And when a seat in the front row,
Who got the last an hour ago?
Your father.

Who goes along out to the track
And puts up when for cash you lack,
And with you cheerily walks back?
Your father.

Who, when the pot is nice and fat,
Soon lays your self-esteem out flat,
And wins with seven high held pat?
Your father.

And when your head begins to grow,
Who is it warns you to go slow,
And tells you lots you didn't know?
Your father.
—*Washington Post.*

PETS OF FAMOUS AUTHORS.

The story told by Everett is recalled by the Cincinnati *Commercial*, that Edmund Burke, whom the gossips said had gone crazy, went about his park kissing his cows and horses. In truth, a favorite horse of his dead son's, seeing him in the park at house, came to him, laid his head upon his breast and looked in his face as if to say, "I have lost him, too." Burke, overcome by his memories, clasped the neck of the loving creature and kissed him. Bayard Taylor loved all dumb creatures, and says: "I always treated animals with the greatest respect. I always say to myself, How should I like to be treated by a man if I were a dumb creature? The key to their language is lost and it seems to me the higher intelligence should open the way to a better understanding." Taylor knew a hippopotamus and a tame lioness who understood Arabic. Hamilton, in an amusing paper, has shown how favorably animals compare with humans in the conduct of their affairs. The bees, for example, have never begrudged the maintenance of their queen, the ants have never disputed succession of their king, and the dogs worthy of friendly relations have never organized "canine unions" against their masters. One of Mrs. Brownings most exquisite poems is addressed to her dog Flush.

Miss Mitford, with a lovely woman's necessity for loving something, adored her dog Mossie, which, she declared, had a brow like Mr. Fox, was tender and thoughtful beyond description. He was buried with funeral honors, and Miss Mitford undoubtedly believed him enskyed and saintened, as she addressed him as "dear saint" and "sweet angel."

Great natures are solitary and so find solace in pets. Byron loved his dog Boatswain, as he loved few beside. He called him his truest and only friend. He sleeps under a marble slab at Newstead.

Carlyle even loved his dog. Sir Walter Scott refused to dine out the day his old dog Camp died and sent an excuse that the death of an old friend prevented his being present. Marda, Sir Walter's pet who lies at his feet, once leaped through a plate glass window to get at his master. Lady Scott cried, "Shoot him!" "No, no," said Sir Walter, "not if he breaks every window in Abbotsford."

Lack of space forbids more than the mere mention of the dogs of Mary Queen of Scots, of Frederick the Great, of Walpole, the most heartless of men, but who sat up all night to nurse the Rosette; Bismarck's Hero, buried with royal honors; Ulysses' Argus, who died of joy on Ulysses' return after twenty years; Dr. Brown's Rab; Dr. Holmes' Blanco; Adelaide Phillips' dog, who could sing the scale, and Miss Cushman's Bush, who was also a musical prodigy. Beecher has said the best thing ever written about dogs, that the human door was shut on the horse, but the dog got fully up and slipped in with his master.

Those who loved cats were Dr. Johnson; Southey (who said, "No house is perfectly furnished without a child rising three years and a kitten rising three weeks;") Sir Isaac Newton, who made a big hole in the barn door for big cats and a little one for little kittens; Edmund Yates, Julian Hawthorne, Dudley Warner and Whittier, who loves all creatures. The Egyptians adored their cats and as a special mark of attention shaved their eyebrows. Herrick had a pet pig, as did Miss Martineau; White of Selborne, a tortoise; Sydney Smith, a donkey.

Daniel Webster loved dearly his calves and used to get his indolent son, Fletcher, out of bed before daylight to hold the lantern while he fed his cow. "You don't seem to like it, Fletcher," he used to say. "I like to look into their kindly faces and smell their breath," he said; and he had his oxen driven past the library window at Marshfield, to tell them good-by before he died. When Choate was his guest at Webster place, he used to rap at the door of his room where he was reading, and call to the great jurist, "Oh, come along, Choate. Let's go and look at the pigs."

A HUMOROUS DICTIONARY.

A spark of genius—One who knows when to go home.
Cut and dried—The man who was "withered by a glance."
Returned with thanks—Grace before meat.
Music by the banned—The organ grinder.
A line of business—The lynchers' rope.
A "pack" animal—The cigarette fiend.
The pale of civilization—Face powder.
Booted and spurred—The slow horse.
The cream of the joke—Ice cream.
A buy-word and a reproach—Boodle.
Out in the cold—A handkerchief.
Fixed up regardless—The glass eye.
A rough estimate—Figuring on sandpaper.
With might and mane—The lion.
Light and shade—A window.
A military heir—A son of a gun.
An utter failure—The stammerer.
A household word—Mortgage.
A ready writer—The life boat.
The first person singular—Adam.
An heir line—The birth notice.
No sooner said than done—Amen.—*Puck.*

Differently Viewed. Miss Jhubb (Boston)—"Do you think that Emersonian philosophy specifically applied has any materialistic effect upon the terrestrial inconsistencies that clog and wrap the esoteric development of our inner being?" Miss Foote (of Chicago)—"I never gave the subject much thought. Mamma always uses flaxseed."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And waits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine,
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Dr. G. Linnaeus Banks.

AN OPERATOR'S STORY.

One afternoon last September, at the Glen Mountain House, at Watkins' Glen, New York, a telegraphic friend told me how he won the great success in his profession, as follows:

Almost three years ago I first visited this famous watering place. I had been "working a circuit" in various cities and stopped off here for a little recreation.

One evening in the dining-room amid the clatter of dishes and knives and forks my trained ear caught a meaning from the ideal drumming on the table of knives in the hands of two well dressed men opposite me. To the crowd, if noticed at all, these sounds only indicated impatience at the hurrying, yet delayed, waiters.

If it had been commonplace conversation, I should not have heeded their communication, except, perhaps, for sport to "call" them. They ticked off a phrase or two at intervals during their meal. Once the head waiter noticed the clicking of a spoon upon a cup, and inquired if either of them wanted anything. For an instant they were confused, then one said he wanted more coffee. A waiter replenished his nearly full cup. After that the ticks were less frequent. Of course it was none of my business, but I could not help hearing the tick talk, and the conversation was so curious it greatly interested me.

That very evening, while I was reading in the office the two conversers in lightning lingo at the table came in and lit fresh cigars. Occasionally the hotel "sounder" clicked tidings from the world in the surrounding night. The death of a man of national prominence was heralded by the instrument. Before the hotel operator informed the bystanders of that important news one of the strange operators said to the other: "He's dead at last."

"Hush!" whispered the other.

Nobody seemed to notice the betraying observation or its rejoinder.

As I wondered at the object in view of that pair of mysterious conversers I did not reveal my identity, but determined to heed any signs. Whenever they were in the dining room first I thought best not to go near them, and, therefore, did not obtain any peculiar information.

After a steamboat ride on the beautiful Seneca, I visited Ithaca to inspect Cornell University. When I returned to Watkins the landlord told me he was sorry he could not give me my former room because of an extra large excursion party. He could, however, give me one as good, which I thankfully accepted.

That night I was far from being sorry for the change of room, as I heard mysterious raps on the wall. Somebody was signaling to some one in another room. If the message had been ordinary I should have signalled that I was an unintentional listener.

It was the same old jargon of unmeaning words and phrases. From the frequent repetition of some of them a few had become familiar to me. As a commercial operator I had handled many cipher messages. To amuse myself I tried to solve these. In them a leading expression had been: "The soup is late." Now the raps said: "The soup is getting hot." I was more than ever convinced there was a plot somewhere about something. These conversations being disguised, were in themselves suspicious. I thought I had made out some of the key to the cipher.

As the night was pleasant I went down stairs and took a stroll. A few stars peeped out. The wind sighed through the famous gorge close by. I sauntered along cautiously, however, as the adjacent chasm would have been a convenient place for a foot pad to dispose of his victim without exciting alarm.

Suddenly I saw a light flash out and disappear above the glen. Almost without any reason I saw a light flash from the upper portion of the hotel. The moonless night swallowed up both lights. Perhaps the light in the hotel was accidental. May be my excited senses were deceived about the gleam over the glen. Nobody of flesh and blood could flash a light 150 feet above the little stream whose voice was lost in the black depths below. Perhaps it was a firefly flashing its tiny lamp out in the emptiness, nearly 500 feet from bank to bank at that point.

I stepped close to a large tree and thought for some time about the unknown ingredients of that "soup." I hugged the friendly pine tree as somebody walked cautiously past, going toward the hotel. A few minutes after I determined to investigate one theory.

Cautiously I sought the track of the railway. Carefully I crept along the ties and went over the abyss. I estimated the distance where the light flashed, and earnestly groped for something, I knew not what. You may think I was foolish.

I was about to go back to the hotel when my right hand, beside a rail, touched a wire. I struck a match, and shielding the blaze, I perceived that the copper wire ran into a pasteboard cuff-box tied securely under a cross timber. The wire led into the air toward the hotel.

The brief light was out. There I clung, held by the structure which, for all its stone, iron and wood, seemed to almost sway in the gale sweeping down the canyon. Taking out my pocket-knife, I grasped the outside of the rail with my left hand and with my right closed over it the big knife blade. The outer severed end I fastened around a rail.

You may be sure I carefully untied that box. I was tempted to heave it into the gorge, but recollected that this course would frustrate my plan to detect and convict those dynamiters. As if treading a path among eggs, I started to return. I left that mysterious box in a summer-house to guard against any spy noting it in the hotel.

By urgent request the night clerk cautiously admitted me to the room of the proprietor. With due precaution I confided in him. He went out and gave the clerk some instructions in a low tone and handed me a pass key. I slyly went to my room.

The house was still. Suddenly there rang out an alarm of fire. Guests were rudely awakened. They hurried out of windows or down the stairs. In a few minutes everybody returned, pale, trembling and nervous. The fire had been put out with not very heavy damage, strange to say. Nobody, fortunately, was hurt. Everybody congratulated everybody on narrow escapes. To this day there are, I understand, only three persons who have known the origin of that fire alarm.

To any outsider would it not have been surprising that the occupants of rooms adjoining mine were most dressed than any other of the fleeing guests? Furthermore, my neighbors had scarcely disappeared downstairs till my pass key, furnished by the proprietor, was used. If ever an intrusion was justifiable, that was, for a quick glance before a hasty exit showed me a lighted bull's eye lantern set on the carpet and near it an open valise. That valise held an electric battery. Its wires led to another valise which contained a reel, from which led a wire running through a space beneath the partially raised lower sash out into the darkness toward the railway bridge.

Scarcely had the fire alarm commotion subsided when there came a rumbling and a roar in the quiet night. The New York express was nearing Watkins Glen station. The bridge watchman came from his shanty and signalled "Go ahead!" To what? The ponderous train crept over the bridge. I shuddered, thinking of what might have happened.

The conspirators were hushed. I could imagine one, whose room gave him a view of the bridge, peering out anxiously as the train's light flashed on to the doomed bridge. Did any remorse seize him for the dastardly deed of trying to hurl that unwarned train to certain death and ruin? He seized the reel with one hand to quickly draw in the evidence of his crime. With the other he pressed the electric button and sped the fatal spark to the end of the wire. The devilish contrivance did not work. Before the fiend could recover from his astonishment the train had passed safely across the bridge.

With an oath the villain turned as the door was flung open and revolvers held him prisoner. The tarantula when cornered stings itself. The train-wrecker pushed his right hand into a side pocket and withdrew it, not holding a revolver, but something which he swallowed. He staggered and fell—dead. Prussic acid, carried for years, had rescued him from earthly punishment. His partner, next door, was captured by surprise. He, too, was fully dressed, but stoutly denied his complicity in any crime.

The electric apparatus, wire, infernal machine and my testimony convicted him. He is now visiting Auburn to be entertained by the state for ten years. He turned traitor to the rest of the gang and tried to turn state's evidence. A number of rascals had planned to wreck that train. Several stationed themselves in the glen below to plunder the debris and the bodies.

My good luck in frustrating the murderous design commended me to the railway company and I was given a lucrative position as some of my reward for preventing what would have proven a calamity almost unparalleled in the history of railroads. The cuff-box is kept among the archives of the company. Come out north of here to-morrow and I'll show you a hole like a cellar dug by the explosion of its contents. It contained enough dynamite and chloride of nitrogen to have more than accomplished its villainous purpose.

ALWAYS CHILDREN.

The children are always the children to the father and mother. No lapse of years, no manly greatness nor womanly dignity can make them anything but John and James and Lucy and Ann to father and mother. There is often a touch of pathos in the manner in which old people speak of their gray-headed sons and daughters as "the children."

"We're going out west to see our children," a bright-eyed old lady with a kindly, placid face once said to the writer as she sat by her white-haired husband's side on a western railroad train, "we haven't seen 'em for nearly five years. That's an awful long time to be sep'rated from one's own children."

"Are all of your children living in the west?"

"Yes, all we've got left. We buried our boy Henry, back in Ohio last fall. Splendid, fine-looking boy he was, just turned of forty. Our other four children went west a good many years ago, and we're going on now to live with 'em."

"That will be pleasant for all of you."

"Yes, so it will. They won't hear to our doing anything else now. We're going to stay this winter with our boy John. May be you've heard of John. He's been in congress over a year now, but his folks have never gone on to Washington. He's an awful good boy, John is—the oldest of all our children. He'll be fifty-six if he lives until the tenth day of next May. James lives near John, and Ann isn't but forty miles away. Lucy lives in Kansas. She's our baby. I always call her my baby if she is thirty-nine years old with a growed up daughter. It comes hard to have her marry and go away off out to Kansas, like she did. Sometimes I think I'll be gladder to see Lucy than any of 'em; still, if I had to say which I'd rather see I'd be put to say, and I'm glad I haven't got it to do. One oughtn't to show partiality to one's own children, and I'll be so glad to see 'em all; and I know the children will be so glad to see pa and ma."

Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring so small that an ox, in a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities and many thousand cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away some 1,200 miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean which, obedient only to God, shall roar till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill—a rivulet—a river—an ocean boundless and fathomless as eternity.

A Trade Combination. "Why don't you go to work?" she asked of a tramp. "I am a-working, lady." "At what? You show no sign of it." "No matter for that, umm; I'm a-working as a travelling adver. for a soap firm. I'm the 'Before using' card, and my partner around the corner represents the 'After using' end of the combination. Thank you, umm."—*Philadelphia Times.*

ELOQUENT FIGURES.

The fashion in which this great land has paid its dept, while others increased theirs, cannot too often be recounted. Here are the figures for just a quarter of a century, a mere span in the life of nations and the life of national debts:—

	Principal.	Interest.
Aug. 31, 1865,	$2,755,995,275	$151,852,091
March 4, 1869, Johnson.	$2,525,463,250	$126,383,550
March 4, 1877, Grant.	2,068,781,142	94,408,645
March 4, 1881, Hayes.	1,879,956,497	76,845,037
March 4, 1885, Arthur.	1,405,923,350	47,013,949
March 4, 1889, Cleveland.	865,106,020	41,000,000
Jan. 1, 1890, Harrison.	765,273,750	36,000,000
Reduction.	$1,990,721,525	$125,852,051

We have done this. Europe, with about five times our population, about four times our wealth, and not twice our national resources, has added to its natural debts in the last 20 years $8,200,000,000, or over thrice our total original debt, and the interest charge to-day is thirty fold our own. In 1865, when our figures began, Europe owed $15,000,000,000. It owes to-day over $23,000,000,000; it pays $1,068,000,000 a year as interest and it is loaded beside with $887,000,000 for military, war, and naval expenditures, including pensions, where our own are $130,000,000.

This is the lesson of liberty; these are the fruits of freedom, and the great republic, without debt, without an army, without a navy, goes on in the greatest race of prosperity and industrial supremacy, distancing these heavily-loaded competitors.—*Philadelphia Press.*

ORIGIN OF "ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL."

This expression arose thus: On December 17, 1540, the abbey church of Peter, Westminster, was advanced to the dignity of a cathedral by letters patent; but ten years later it was joined to the diocese of London again, and many of its estates appropriated to the repairs of St. Paul's cathedral. One hundred years later, in 1640, we find in "Outlandish Proverbs," selected by George Herbert, priest and poet of classic renown, the subject of one of "Walton's Lives," the proverb altered and set forth as follows: "Give not St. Peter so much, to leave St. Paul nothing." This proverb is quoted by Francis Rabelais early in the sixteenth century. Upon the death of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, in 1778, each of the metropolitan cemeteries laid claim to the honor of burial. The city of London argued that so great a statesman as William Pitt should be buried in St. Paul's, while parliament took the ground that the dust of so great a man as he should come near to the dust of kings, and that not to bury him in Westminster Abbey would again be "robbing St. Peter to pay St. Paul."—*Detroit News.*

SALARIES OF NEW YORK PASTORS.

The bishop of New York receives $5000. The bishop of the diocese of New York is paid $15,000. Dr. Rainsford of St. George's receives $10,000 a year. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth-avenue church, draws a salary of $20,000. American bishops of Africa and India are paid $4000 and $3500 respectively. The Rev. Robert Collyer, of the Park-avenue Unitarian church, receives $10,000. Dr. Paxton is said to receive $10,000. Dr. Parkhurst $8000, and Dr. C. C. Thompson $8000. T. De Witt Talmage, whose influence is as great in New York as it is in Brooklyn, is paid $12,000. The last rector of St. Thomas' was paid $18,000. Dr. Brown, who fills the pulpit at present, gets $15,000. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Old Trinity, exercises a general supervision over the parish chapels, and gets a salary of $15,000 per annum. Dr. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's church, is paid $15,000 a year. He possesses private means, and returns his entire salary to his church. Dr. Huntington of Grace church gets a salary of $15,000 per annum, and he occupies a beautiful parsonage, rent free, next to his church, which is architecturally one of the handsomest residences in the city, and is certainly worth an extra $5,000 a year to the pastor.—*Epoch.*

MODES OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Austria—Gallows, public.
Bavaria—Guillotine, private.
Belgium—Guillotine, public.
Brunswick—Axe, private.
China—Sword or cord, public.
Denmark—Guillotine, public.
Ecuador—Musket, public.
France—Guillotine, public.
Great Britain—Gallows, private.
Italy—Capital punishment abolished
Netherlands—Gallows, public.
Oldenburg—Musket, public.
Portugal—Gallows, public.
Prussia—Sword, private.
Russia—Musket, gallows or sword, public.
Saxony—Guillotine, private.
Spain—Garrote, public.
Switzerland: Fifteen cantons—Sword, public. Two cantons—Guillotine, public. Three cantons—Guillotine, private.
United States, other than New York—Gallows, mostly private.—*Notes and Queries.*

THEY WERE NOT ON THE MARKET.—A little boy of 5 went with his mother to make a call. The lady of the house, who was very fond of children, told him she intended to ask his mother to let her have him. "Don't you think that your mother would let me buy you?" she asked.

"No," he said, "you haven't got money enough."

"How much would it take?" she asked.

"Three hundred dollars," he answered, promptly, "and you haven't got that much."

"I think I could manage it," she said. "If I can will you come to me?"

"No," he said, with decision, "mamma wouldn't sell me, anyhow. There are five of us, and mamma wouldn't like to break the set."

A family in Dover, N. J., who have long been missing valuables, were amazed a day or two ago to find them in a secret nest of a pet goose. Among the articles which the bird had appropriated were two gold thimbles, a tortoise shell comb, scarf pins, spools of sewing silk, silver lace and a Waterbury watch. The goose had a trick of knocking at the door in quest of edible dainties, and, on being admitted and petted would seek a sunny corner of the room and doze. When left alone it began its purloining operations. It was hiding the stolen timepiece with its other treasures when discovered.

The other day a North Carolina woman started for the hay mow to see how a hen was getting along that was setting on some eggs. On entering the barn the woman was surprised to see the old hen taking her babies down herself. She would pick one up with her mouth and fly down with it, lay it down and continue the process until she carried them all down, 13, safe and went about her duty.

Mamma—"Well, Nellie, what did you learn at Sunday-school to-day?"

"Nellie—"That I must sell three tickets for the concert next week, give 20 cents to buy a present for the superintendent, and—that Noah built the ark."—*New York Herald.*

NOW IS THE BEST SEASON OF THE YEAR FOR BICYCLING.

Buy a Wheel and Try It.

Columbia Safety,	$135 00
Columbia Ladies' Safety,	135 00
Hartford Safety,	100 00
Lovell Safety,	85 00
Safeties for boys as low as	35 00
The "Eagle,"	130 00
Second-Hand 52-inch Victor, excellent condition, only	50 00
Second-Hand 50-inch Columbia,	55 00

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" NATIONAL	OF HARTFORD.
" CONNECTICUT	OF HARTFORD.
" CONNECTICUT MUTUAL Life Ins.	OF HARTFORD.
" TRAVELERS Life and Accident Ins.	OF HARTFORD.
" HOME	OF NEW YORK.
" NIAGARA	OF NEW YORK.
" PHENIX	OF NEW YORK.
" CONTINENTAL	OF NEW YORK.
" NORTH AMERICA	OF PHILADELPHIA.
" PENNSYLVANIA	OF PHILADELPHIA.
" SPRINGFIELD Fire and Marine	OF SPRINGFIELD.
" NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE	OF LONDON.
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In every way. Please give us encouragement. If you come once you will be pleased to come again.

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For Potatoes, Corn, Grass, Vegetables, Top Dressing and Seeding Down.

Men who have used Stock Fertilizers have taken cash prizes for largest crops, and premiums at Agricultural Fairs for best collection of fruits and vegetables.

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BOWKER'S AMMONIATED BONE for sale by

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Also at Stever Place (W. W. Whiting), Thorndike.

SEED OATS, BUCKWHEAT AND BARLEY,

GRASS SEED, CLOVER,
TIMOTHY, RED TOP,
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Barbed and Smooth Wire.
Different Kinds and Styles.
Staples and Stretchers.

I sell Choice Grades of PAT. HAXALL and ST. LOUIS FLOUR at a low price.

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GRAIN, FEED AND SALT
For Horses, Cattle and Hens.

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Fish and Potash $1.40 per cwt.
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SOUTHINGTON MEDICINE CO.

Dear Sirs:—I can truthfully and cheerfully say that having procured one bottle of your "King of all Remedies" for my wife, it has benefitted her very much. She has great faith in it. For months her appetite was very poor, but after taking one bottle of the medicine her appetite has increased, and she wishes me to express her thanks for this timely and valuable remedy. Yours,
CHARLES A. WAY.

Holyoke, Oct. 21, 1889.

SOUTHINGTON MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen:—One year ago last February my wife fell down stairs and received injuries which brought on a severe illness from that time until the early part of the present month. She has suffered with almost continuous pains, especially in her bones. Hearing of your great remedy, she tried it, and at the present time, after using two bottles, feels as well as ever, and her pains have entirely ceased. In connection with the Remedy she used Cyelone Liniment. Respectfully yours,
ROBERT BOWEN.

So. Hadley Falls, Mass., Oct. 3, 1889.

For sale by all druggists. One dollar per bottle, or six for $5. Prepared by SOUTHINGTON MED. CO., Southington, Conn. 52–35.

200 CARRIAGES.

I have in stock the above number of fine and medium grade Carriages, consisting of

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DR. ELMER E. HILL,
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Written for this paper.

The Bull-Frog Chorus.

As darkly died the daylight o'er us,
From the pools and ponds before us
Rose a piping bull-frog chorus,
Mingling, jingling, kept up till
Clinging closer to me, Chloris
Whispered, "Nights and nights there are before us,
Nights of calm and bull-frog chorus,
And the cry of whip-poor-will,
On the darkly wooded hill—
Lonely cries of whip-poor-will."

"The dence," said I, "this bull-frog piping
To me's more painful than the griping
Caused by damp feet when out sniping
In the marshes wet and chill;
Out the chorus I'd be wiping,
The fens infernal far out typing,
But I'll bear the painful piping
If I hear the whip-poor-will,
On the densely wooded hill,
Hear the lonely whip-poor-will."

Had all that April day descended
Luke-warm rain and moisture blended,
And ere day in moonlight ended,
From the wave-no-longer chill,
The bull-frog chorus shrill ascended,
As if their pipes were all new-mended,
As if old Pan their choir attended,
Piped with them himself until
All the watery ways did fill
With this aquatic whip-poor-will.

Said I, "Their pipes must all be porous,
Wind and water swell the chorus,"
Then I turned and clasped my Chloris,
Kissed her tempting lips until
Later evening homeward bore us
Laughing at the bull-frog chorus,
Longing for the joys before us,
Wearying for the whip-poor-will,
The summer nights upon the hill
And the cry of whip-poor-will.

Three Rivers, May, 1890. M. M. TEGGART.

PETRO'S ANTHEM.

Petro was alone in the great city of the New World. The man who had brought him across the broad ocean, so far from sunny Italy, had deserted him, and now the woman who had let his master their lodging told him money was money and she could keep him no longer for nothing. He thought the grief in his heart would burst it; neither voice nor tears would come; he gave one look around him and then went out, bareheaded and empty-handed.

He was a very little fellow, with short, dark curls clustered about a sadly sweet face, with large, deep eyes that told you his story without need of words.

On the doorstep Petro sank, his head in his arms, and so for a long time he remained without moving.

A small, sorry looking kitten, coming inquisitively along the hall, was stopped in her way by this little heap of humanity. She paused a moment and then made a gentle dab at it with her paw; not attracting his attention, she became more bold, and brushed by the little shoulder, softly purring, with that dumb look of sympathy in her eyes which raises the animal so near to the human being. But Petro did not move. Then puss, still purring, climbed upon his arm, crept underneath his wrist close to his drooping head, where, curling up, she nestled. Petro lifted his head and saw her; took her up in his arms—to her great discomfort—held her tight to his breast and burst into tears.

"Ah! *mio-piccolo*," he sobbed, *vieni sul mio cuore*" (ah! my little one, come to my heart), and rocked himself to and fro on the step. By degrees he became calm and softly sang under his breath, snatches of melody his mother had sung over her flower-stall in that dear far-away land.

And later, when a crowd of noisy boys threatened his peace, he gathered the kitten miscellaneously into his arms, and, starting up, trudged on, straight ahead—anywhere.

In a large church an organist was sitting, dreaming, at the organ. It was late in the afternoon of a busy day; the stained glass was growing deeper tinted, somber and indistinct; only one window showed clearly, and that was in line with the sinking sun.

Besides the colors in this window were lighter—against a pale, blue sky, the figure of the Good Shepherd in a robe of white, holding a small ewe lamb tenderly in his arms. It stood out from the surrounding dimness and gloom, and even caught the eye of the tired man at the organ. "Beautiful window," he murmured, half aloud, and then with a sign ran his fingers over the keys, running one familiar strain into another, or composing out of his own mood, playing the care and weariness away through the finger tips. And the melody stole through the great church, sweet and lovely, filling the shadowy nave and aisles and chancel—stole way down to a tiny figure standing awe-struck just inside the doors and filled his little heart to overflowing.

Petro had heard in the street outside the faint sound of an organ, and hungry for the music he loved, had dared to push between the half-closed doors into the church. There, opposite the window of the Good Shepherd, he stood rapt and motionless, with the kitten clasped tightly in his arms and bathed in the soft colors that fell upon him, he seemed a little reflection of the sun-illumined figure in the memorial window.

Petro was drawn nearer and nearer to the music, and slowly and softly he went up the long aisle, his head barely reaching the top of the old-fashioned pews. Only once he stopped to rearrange the kitten, which was slipping down, and had been for some time in imminent danger of death by suffocation; then he went on. A great longing came to him to sing, and, as if in answer, the organist commenced to play something familiar to the child. It was only an *Ave Maria* often sung, but it was the same Petro had sung in the little church at home; the same he had heard in the great cathedral, and suddenly he opened his lips and sang himself again:

"A-ve-Mar-i-a! A-ve-Mar-i-a!
O-r-a pro-no-bis,"

on to the end. He let his arms fall and freed the kitten! How his heart beat! how his breast swelled as he sang, with two big tears ready to fall from his full eyes.

The organist had half turned, startled at the first note, but had continued playing, fearing the singer would stop when he did. The child, however, seemed unconscious of his surroundings, singing in his clear, sweet soprano through the last repetition.

"A-v-e a-v-e-M-a-r-i-a"----

and then he stood motionless, hands clasped, eyes wet, behind the organist.

The man drew him toward him, and his own voice was not of the strongest as he asked him who taught him to sing.

"My mother, in Italy, before she died," Petro said, with a faint smile, which touched the musician inexpressibly. He had picked up English quickly, after his arrival in America, and now could speak it well, and he answered a few questions about his short life earnestly and quietly.

The organist was impressed strongly by his story, and ran his fingers over the keys of the organ for a few minutes without speaking, trying to think of some way to help him. He could not himself offer him a home, for his own household was already crowded; but he would take him back with him for the present until some other place could be determined on.

He had made up his mind already that Petro should sing at Easter.

It was when they started to leave the church that Petro remembered puss. In great distress he commenced an arduous search for her, and she was found fast asleep. The organist was much amused at this, and said he should tell the rector of the effect of his pulpit even upon dumb animals. He himself did not at first see the need of taking the kitten with them, but Petro wished it so thoroughly, he consented. At the end of the aisle, where he had stood when he first entered the church, Petro paused. It must have been the simplicity of the window that attracted him. He had seen much more splendid ones in his own art-perfected country. He could understand this figure better than those magnificent mitered and sceptered figures of the stained and glass painted frescoes in his birthplace.

"That window is in memory of a little boy," said the organist—"a little boy like you. The Lord took him up into his arms and his mother is left here alone, and she gave that window in memory of him."

Tears came into the child's eyes.

"Has He him so?" he asked, pointing to the window, and then, without waiting for an answer, he added: "But Petro, he is alone, and his mother He has so." His fingers closed tightly about the hand of the organist, and they passed on out through the porch.

Petro's new life was very strange to him; but he grew more and more accustomed to it, and tried to show his gratitude in a bashful, boyish way. He won the hearts of all the family; and the organist's wife even pleaded to keep him with them until he grew old enough to care for himself. He was one of those little souls a true woman loves to guide and foster. They had both watched him closely at first, for was it not a little dangerous this taking a strange child into one's home; but the boy in a short time disarmed them of all suspicion.

Every day he went with his new friend to the rehearsal, and made friends in his quiet little way among the other choristers.

So the few days before Easter passed quickly by. Rumors of his protege and his beautiful voice the organist purposely started, hoping to excite an interest which might lead to something, and in his heart he had an especial hope, of which, however, he said nothing.

The day of the great feast came, with its music, and flowers, and gladness; and Petro thought he had never been so happy as he stood in his white robe, at the end of the first row of the choristers, ready to sing—alone. He was not frightened. The organist had trained him well, and the boy was unconscious of everything save the music. He was to sing the first of the special anthems, and the last of the preceding responses had been said. He watched for his signal, and when it came, he only clasped his hands a little tighter under his cotta, and lifted his head and sang:

Christ our Pass-over is sac-ri-ficed for us.

His eyes were fixed on the window where the Good Shepherd held the lamb in his arms; it helped him to understand, the words came to the listening congregation with wonderful tenderness and meaning. As he finished, quickly from the throats of all the white-robed singers the repetition:

"Therefore, there-fore let us keep, us keep, us keep the feast!"

An echo of the last words died away from the lips of the boys, and the voices were hushed as, first softly, then rising clearer and higher, Petro sang again:

Not—with, the old—leaven neither the leaven of mal-ice and wick-ed-ness!

The sunshine through a golden window behind him made a radiance about him, and with the scent of the lilies on the altar, floated over the boy like incense, while he sweetly finished—

But—with—the un-lavened bread—of—sin-cer-i-ty, sincerity and truth, sincerity—and—truth and truth!

And the chorus seemed to catch the words rapt in their beautiful music, and shouted them in grander, mightier strains to all the church, the earth, the sky!

There were many tearful eyes turned toward the little chorister when he had finished and the organist gave a long sigh and said, half aloud to himself: "Ah! that voice was not given to him for nothing."

His eyes wandered over the crowd of familiar faces, all earnest and wondering now, toward a little woman who sat on one side, underneath the window where Petro once had stood.

She sat quite still, her eyes fixed longingly on the boy, who was standing, motionless as she, with his lips parted and his head thrown slightly back. She could see his little breast still heaving, while in her own ears and heart there seemed to ring again:

"Sacrificed for us, for us, for me," she added—"sacrificed for me. Let us keep the feast—the feast—ah! how?" she asked, and drew the heavy black veil she wore over her face, and sank down upon her knees.

After service, question after question was asked and answered about Petro, and the organist was content and awaited.

The next morning's mail brought him a letter which he seemed to have expected; it was a square envelope with a small black seal upon it.

"From Mrs. Holland," he said in answer to his wife's look of inquiry, and hastily reading, added: "it is as I hoped."

In a few moments more he started to go out. His wife helped him on with his coat.

"I am so glad," she said, "and so happy. You're always helping some one, and me most of all, you dear boy!" She was leaning up to fasten the top button of his coat; he bent down and—interrupted her. Then he laughed.

"Boy! pretty old boy, at 42. What'll I be at 80?"

"Still a boy; always a boy to me."

Late that same day he and Petro went into the library by themselves, and there he asked the little fellow how he would like to live with a dear, kind lady, who would care for him as if she were his own mother.

"Does she sell flowers?" Petro asked.

"No," answered the organist, smiling, "but she buys them. She is not poor; she lives in a large house with beautiful things about her; a piano,"—the boy's eyes were sparkling.

"O!" he exclaimed—then suddenly his eyes grew sorrowful—"would I have to leave you?"

His friend exclaimed to him how it was impossible for them to have him with them although they wished to, and should always love him. But this lady was kind and good. She had lost a little boy like Petro, and was lonely. She had heard him sing, and had seen him, and she wanted him to come and live with her, and try to love her.

Petro finally consented. He bade the family a rather tearful good-bye, and left with them for remembrance, the one thing of his own he had been fond of, his only possession, the kitten.

"This is your little Italian singer," said the organist to Mrs. Holland, and then he went away and left them together.

Returning later and going in unannounced, as he had been asked to do, he instinctively stopped a moment in the doorway of the room where he had left his charge.

"My other mother sang them to me," Petro was saying, slowly and sweetly, "and now Petro will sing them to you." And, listening, his friend heard him singing some Italian flower songs; they were the same he had sung to the kitten that day he wandered into the church. He stood by the lady as he sang, leaning against the side of the chair; and when he had finished she clasped him in her arms, and he, standing on tip-toe, reached his little hands about her neck and laid his cheek against hers. The organist turned and went out, closing the door softly behind him.—*Boston Traveller*.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

I've been watching an "old-fashioned girl" for quite a long while, and I want to tell you something about her.

Her dresses, etc., were made in modern style, but, bless you! she was so old-fashioned that she arose in the morning when her mother did, helped set the table neatly, and cooked one or two dishes daintily, her "own self."

She had "graduated," yet she did not think because of the fact that the kitchen was not good enough for her, oh no! She was so much behind the times that she actually washed the dishes, made her bed, dusted, and then began preparations for the pudding for dinner. Now wasn't she absurd? when she (following the accustomed rut) should have been lying on the parlor sofa, with the latest novel in her hand, and her pug dog beside her.

When her little brother came in crying, because his kite was broken, instead of calling him a "horrid boy," as is the fashion to do in some houses, she helped with her own hands to mend it. How could she be in such small business?

After dinner had been cleared away she produced a small work basket and proceeded to mend the family stockings. Shocking! After her task was completed, she accompanied her mother on a shopping expedition; and although she met many fine-looking gentlemen, she did not "flirt" with any of them, for, don't you know, she was so antiquated she would have been shocked at the idea! As if it wasn't elevating to the intellect to be on the watch for some masculine person to fascinate!

The girl of whom I am telling you was pretty looking, with a bright, fresh color in her face, brought on by plenty of exercise in the open air and in the kitchen. But I can't begin to tell you half these queer girls did, for you you know she was so old-fashioned that she did whatever good deeds came into her heart to do; and her heart was such an antique affair that only pure, noble thoughts entered it. Her home was made bright and sunny by her presence and yet she was not so perfect that she "died young." Oh, no! she lives to-day, a girl who has no "secrets" from her mother!

One day I said to her, "Will you please tell me your motto in life? You seem so happy, and you always know just what is right and 'old-fashioned' to do." She left the room and quickly returned with a book, showing the marks of constant usage. Her slender finger pointed at a page, and for the benefit of my young friends, whom I hope will desire to be like her, I will quote a few verses from an "old-fashioned" writer, which the dear young girl had made her rule in life:

"From an old English parsonage,
Down by the sea,
There came in the twilight,
A message to me;
Its quaint Saxon legend,
Deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me,
Teaching from Heaven;
And through the hours,
The quiet words ring
Like a low inspiration—
'Doe ye nexte thynge.'

Many a questioning,
Many a fear,
Many a doubt,
Hath its quieting here.
Moment by moment
Let down from Heaven,
Time, opportunity,
Guidance are given;
Fear not to-morrow
Child of the King,
Trust them with Jesus,
'Doe ye nexte thynge.'

Do it immediately,
Do it with prayer,
Do it reliantly,
Casting off care;
Do it with reverence,
Tracing His hand
Who hath placed it before thee
With earnest command.
Stayed in Omnipotence,
Safe neath His wing,
Leave all resultings—
'Doe ye nexte thynge.'"

About the best place in the world to run up against Asiatic cholera is Calcutta. The city has a population of 450,000, or with its suburbs 700,000, of which 14,000 are Europeans. The poorer classes live like Chinamen, in illy ventilated tenement houses, without drainage or sewerage. The city is surrounded by a cordon of cesspools—tanks of stagnant water of artificial ponds, the surfaces of which are covered with green slime. In these the natives bathe and wash their clothing, and from them obtain water for drinking and culinary purposes.

Young Mr. O'Donovan (native born, to his father, of foreign extraction)—"Don't yer go deceivin' yerself by thinking I'm a-cryin' 'cause yer licked me, for I ain't. I'm all upset at bein' struck by a furriner, and not being able to strike back!"—*Life*.

The engineers of the Union Pacific, at work in the state of Washington, have found in the Cascade Mountains a mountain which seems to be one block of coal. This discovery will be a big thing for the road and that section of the country.

BEYOND THE PROFESSORS.

There's a youngster of 14 living out at Crystal Lake who will make his mark one of these days, unless all signs fail. His name is Frank Jones. The proof of the fact that sooner or later he is going to carve his name somewhere in Fame's temples lies in a little incident which occurred something over a year ago.

There was a convention of Sunday-school teachers in session at Crystal Lake and all the teachers of the three counties represented were there. The amount of Biblical and theological knowledge they had was something astounding. On the last day of the convention the high chief ranger of the affair announced to the 400 delegates that he would be pleased to have the knowing ones think up some hard questions on subjects pertaining to their work, write them on slips of paper and submit them to him, and that evening at the last session, which was to be a sort of entertainment, he would answer them. A lot of people wrote their questions and gave them to the great professor, and when evening came he had about 50 good old gnarly problems in his bunch of paper slips.

The evening's exercises began with reading and answering the questions, and though some of them were from away back and very obtuse, the good man who had put himself up there a mark coped with them successfully and impressed the great gathering with his vast knowledge.

Finally he ran against a question that made him knit his brows. He scowled at it a moment and then laid it aside. When he answered all the rest he picked up this side tracked query and said:

"Here is a question which I confess I am unable to answer. I will submit it to the audience, and if any one is able to give the answer I shall be glad to hear what it is."

Then he read this query:

"Who was the boy and what was his name who held the basket containing the five loaves and two fishes with which Christ fed the multitude?"

Nobody made an effort to answer it and the professor said:

"It seems that nobody knows any more about this than I do. I will have to call on the person who submitted the question to come forward and answer it. Will you please do so?"

To the great surprise of the 400 people and of his mother as well, Frank Jones, a 13-year-old school boy, got up and modestly walked up the aisle. Everybody looked at him amazed. The professor said:

"Did you submit this question?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you answer it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am sure everybody will be glad to hear it."

"The boy," said Frank quietly but steadily, "was Ben Ezra, son of Miriam, who was a sister of Philip, one of the twelve disciples.

A murmur of astonishment ran over the audience. Here was something too deep for even the professed theologians in convention assembled. The professor turned to the boy:

"Did you find that in the Bible?"

"No, sir."

"Where, then, did you get it?"

"In Greek history."

That was the cap sheaf. A lad of 13 bowling down 400 declared teachers in the Christian cause, and telling them in an unassuming way that he dug the information out of Greek history.

I think it will be well to give this boy room to spread himself when he becomes a man.—*Chicago Mail*.

THE WOODCOCK AND THE WORM.

When the moon rose I took a position near one of the moist places, where the borings were freshest and most plentiful, and awaited developments. For a long time the bright light of the moon fell full upon the spot I wished to observe, and I could see everything with the utmost plainness. At about 8 o'clock a woodcock dropped down silently beside the brook. Presently another bird walked out of the shadow and joined it. Both began to "bore" for worms—an operation I had never seen before, and a curious performance it was. The birds would rest their bills upon the mud and stand in this position for several seconds, as if listening. Then with a sudden, swift movement, they would drive the bill its entire length in the soil, hold it so for a second, and then as swiftly withdraw it. Though I watched the birds carefully with the glass, I could not detect the presence of a worm in their bills when they were withdrawn. But a subsequent process gave me the clew to their method of feeding. After having bored over a considerable piece of ground (a square foot or more) they proceeded to execute what looked comically like a war dance upon the perforated territory. They also occasionally tapped the ground with the tips of their wings. My intense curiosity to know the possible utility of this process was at length gratified by seeing a worm crawl, half-length, from one of the borings, and it was immediately pounced upon and devoured by one of the woodcocks. Presently another worm made its appearance, and so on until the two woodcocks had devoured as many as a dozen of them. Then the "vein" seemed exhausted, and the birds left.

I have subsequently studied the philosophy of this method of digging bait, and have come to the conclusion that certain birds are a great deal wiser than certain bipeds without feathers. If you will take a sharpened stick and drive it into the ground a number of times, in a spot which is prolific with worms, and then tap on the ground with the stick for a few minutes, you will find that the worms will come to the surface, and that they will come up through the holes which you have made. I account for it by the supposition that the tapping of the stick somehow affects the worms the same as the patter of rain, and it is a well-known fact that worms come to the surface of the ground when it rains. The antics of the woodcocks after they had made their borings, then, were simply mimetic, and intended to delude worms into the belief that it was raining in the upper world. The worms, being deceived, came up and were devoured. All this may seem ridiculous, but if it is not true, will some naturalist please state how a woodcock can grasp and devour a worm when its bill is confined in a solid, tight-fitting tunnel of soil, and also how it is enabled to know the exact spot where it may sink its bill and strike a worm? And further, of all those who have seen a woodcock feeding, how many ever saw it withdraw a worm from the ground with its bill?—*Forest and Stream*.

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 13, 1890.

A BILL has been introduced in Congress providing that all alien landholders must become naturalized within ten years or give up their lands. "America for Americans" is the cry.

THE street railway company of Springfield has acquired control of the Holyoke street railway, which means through cars between the two cities eventually. Put a track each side of the river, and it will make a fine circuit.

SPRINGFIELD is to vote next Tuesday on the question of annexing West Springfield to the city. The project meets with considerable favor, though many conservative citizens feel that the benefits from such a union will all accrue to the town across the river. The union will come some time; the only question is whether this is the best time.

CONGRESSMAN ROCKWELL refused to obey the caucus behest the other day and voted against the silver bill, astonishing Speaker Reed so much that he ordered his name to be called again, but the vote was unchanged. Good for Mr. Rockwell. Whether this was the wisest vote or not, we welcome an occasional manifestation of individuality in voting.

OUR Legislature is not likely to finish up its business this week as expected, as a bribery investigation has been thrust upon it by Representative Williams of Dedham. Corrupt influences in connection with the elevated railroad schemes before the Legislature have been hinted at for some time, and the West End Co., as well as the members who have accepted its hospitalities, has laid itself open to criticism by its numerous suppers and other attentions to members. Now it is charged that Senator Fassett of Great Barrington proposed to deliver the votes of ten senators, including his own, to the People's Elevated Railroad Co. for $100,000. Such a serious charge appears improbable on its face, and the people will wait for proof before passing judgment. Let the investigation be thorough and complete, that the whole truth may be brought to light, whatever it is.

THE PRESS EXCURSION.

At Radford, where we breakfasted Wednesday morning, we met W. L. Wardle, a young man who has just moved there with his wife from Dedham, Mass., to start a newspaper and job printing office, and he had an abundance of good wishes from his Massachusetts visitors. At 12.10 we entered the cars again and started on our 75-mile ride over the New River branch to Pocahontas, through a wild and mountainous country abounding in fine scenery. The road winds around among the mountains in the most tortuous manner, through numerous tunnels and twisting about the face of the cliffs here and there so abruptly that the wheels grate sharply on the rails and the hair of the timid passengers rise on end. We reach Pocahontas at 4 o'clock in a pouring rain, but the hotel is only a few rods distant and umbrellas and waterproofs are plentiful, this being the only time when they were needed during the trip. This is a typical mining town of some 3000 inhabitants, where one would expect to meet only people of the rougher sort and barely moderate intelligence. But in this instance one would be most delightfully disappointed. We had expected a dinner at the hotel on our own hook, with no thought of receiving any special attentions, but we found a large committee of refined gentlemen and ladies and a fine banquet awaiting our arrival at the attractive Pocahontas Inn. A cordial address of welcome was given by Col. H. M. Smythe, editor of the *Headlight*, and after the response by the president of the Press Association the party prepared for a visit to the mines. They were half a mile away, it was still raining, and it was nearly time for the train to leave. But the railroad officials, with the thoughtful consideration which characterized their treatment of the party all through the trip, offered to push our cars out nearly to the mouth of the mine, give us all the time desired for exploration, and then take us on our return trip by special locomotive. It is needless to say their offer was accepted.

A hole in the mountain-side perhaps ten feet high and about twice as wide,—this is the entrance to the "baby mine," and here we have our introduction to the mining of coal. The mountains all about are full of the black diamonds. There are no shafts, for the coal lies in drifts, and here is a solid layer of it averaging ten feet in hight, and extending under the mountains for miles. This facilitates the handling of it greatly, for the coal is all brought out in dump cars by a queer little locomotive made for the purpose. Just beyond the entrance the tunnel is boarded up, with a large door to let the cars through. Day and night a monstrous fan in a building near by is revolving perpetually, drawing from the remotest corner of every chamber all the impure air, so that in every part of the mine the movement of air can be felt. Hence the closed door at the entrance, for with it open the draft would extinguish the open torches which are used with perfect safety. "What if the fan should stop?" we ask the superintendent. "But it never does," he replies. "Well, what if there should be a break in the machinery?" "Then you'd want to get out of here as quick as ever you could," was his reassuring answer.

We wait in the "vestibule" for three trains of coal to come out before we enter. A sturdy miner listens with hands on the big door for the train to draw near. We hear the rumble, and wonder how he knows just the right moment when to swing the door, but as the train nears the entrance its movement creates a counter current of air, the suction upon the door ceases momentarily, and with a spring the miner throws it open just as the locomotive emerges spitting fire and smoke. As the roof is low in many places the engine can have no smoke stack, and as it darts by red-hot coals fly in every direction, and it appears for all the world like some messenger of evil from the nether regions. There are twenty cars in each train, the cars holding two tons apiece. After the last train was out we started in, with torches in our hands, but most of the ladies were satisfied after going a few rods and returned to the outside world. Two ladies and most of the men kept on, obedient to the editorial instinct to see all there is to be seen. As we proceeded the tunnel narrowed up until only wide enough to allow the cars to pass through comfortably. This entrance is reserved exclusively for the use of the cars ordinarily, and the track goes straight in for half a mile or more, when we come to a branch. Taking this we soon reach the side chambers which branch off right and left every sixty feet, and we followed one of these to the end, where the coal had all been taken out and the rock had caved in behind the miners as they worked back. The wall of coal between the chambers is dug away, leaving numerous pillars of coal for supports, and then these are also taken out, the roof meantime being supported by enough beams to insure the safety of the miners. Every chamber has its branch track, and as soon as a car is filled it is drawn out by a mule to the main track, where the trains are made up. This mine produces 2000 tons per day; the larger mine near by turns out 3000, and others owned by the same company, the Southwest Improvement Co., within a radius of 13 miles, yield 8000 tons more. And to think that a few years ago a Philadelphia syndicate bought up all these lands at from ten to forty cents an acre, and now leases them to the coal companies, which pay a royalty of ten cents a ton on every ton taken out, the output last year being 2,000,000 tons! The miners are largely Hungarians, though there are some negroes. The best miners use little powder, doing their work with pick and shovel. They receive 75 cents a car, and a good workman will earn from three to four dollars a day.

But our torches are growing dim, and we must retrace the mile-and-a-half we have tramped from the entrance. One by one the torches die out, until we have to depend upon our guide for light. What a fearfully dark hole it is, anyway! One of our party, wearying with the long walk, had remained with his wife at the point where the tracks branch from the entrance track, awaiting our return from the deeper recesses of the mine. But time dragged heavily; apparently we had been gone long enough to make the circuit of the mine several times, and they thought we had gone out some other way. They did not know which of the numerous chambers led to freedom. Their torches were nearly out, and their hope as well, when the welcome lights of our returning party came into view. We stumble along, and finally the door is reached which lets us once more into the outer world, which looks more attractive than ever after our sojourn in the mine. It is dusk as we emerge, and the flames from the 400 coke ovens cast a weird and uncanny light over the surrounding hills. In these ovens the dust from the big screen is burned, and 400 tons of superior coke per day is the result. Six hundred more ovens will soon add their flame to the present number, and the town will hardly need electric lights at night. But what a prodigious amount of heat goes to waste here every day! It will be utilized some day, perhaps. We return to our cars so pleased with our afternoon's experience and the unexpected attentions paid us by the citizens that we leave them with three cheers and a tiger. In a little over half an hour we are at Bluefield, and enjoy an excellent supper at the inn near by. Here all the coal from the surrounding mines is weighed as the cars move over the scales, and in the month of April 22,000 cars of coal passed through here. How's that for high? And all on a single-track road; but there will be another track before long. Our cars are side-tracked here for the night, and we sleep the sleep of satisfied weariness.

We left Bluefield at 5.50 Thursday morning, having a buffet breakfast on the cars, and at about 10 o'clock we reached the city of Salem, where our cars were dropped for a stay of a couple of hours. This stop was not on the programme, but had been brought about by the efforts of President Dreher of Roanoke College. Mayor Younger and Editor Denit of the *Times-Register*, of the committee of arrangements, met us a few miles before reaching the city, and at the station we found carriages ready to take us for a drive about the city, whose macadamized streets are a wonderful improvement over some of the streets we had passed over. Our time here was short, but the arrangements were perfect for making the most of it, and we were taken about the town and to some of the sightly points, where the most charming views were to be had. Salem is a town of some 2000 inhabitants, nestling in the valley between the Blue Ridge and Alleghany mountains, and is really beautiful for situation, with a charming climate which makes it a most desirable and healthful place of residence the year round, while the moral and intellectual atmosphere is as desirable as would be expected in a university town. We were taken to the college library, where the citizens and ladies met us most cordially, pinned badges upon our coats and presented all with bouquets, after which a dainty and tempting little lunch was served, all of which was a very pleasant surprise to us. An address of welcome was then given by Dr. O. Wiley, one of the best of the trip, and after a couple of brief responses the party was hurried off for one more view, and then the cars. Building operations are so brisk just now at Salem that the material cannot be obtained half fast enough. An open hearth steel plant is expected to be located here before long, employing some 1200 to 1500 hands, and the city is wide awake to its future possibilities, which are being cultivated thoroughly. Our brief stay here was greatly enjoyed, and we left with regret that it could not be longer.

A special locomotive took us to Roanoke, only seven miles, and we were escorted to the Hotel Roanoke for a rest of two or three hours, after which the business men took us in carriages on an extended drive about the "magic city," as it is well called. Eight years ago it was known as Big Lick, and had a population of 400. Now it has 20,000. Last year 1334 houses were erected in the city, and the number will be much larger this year. It's all solid, substantial growth, too, and there is more to follow. Coal and iron are the foundation stones of the city's prosperity. The Roanoke Machine Works employ 1500 hands and turn out from 12 to 20 freight cars a day, and five passenger cars and four locomotives per month, besides repairing any quantity of cars and engines. Night and day the work goes on. Then there are furnaces where pig iron is run, rolling mills, bridge works, and so on. Another excellent thing the city has is its wonderful supply of pure spring water, which gushes out at the base of a mountain about a mile and a half from the center of the city. It flows at the rate of 5,000,000 gallons a day, enough to supply a population of 100,000, while on the other side of the city another spring yields and sends to waste 3,500,000 gallons per day. A large reservoir on the mountain (out of which the bottom fell twice before it would hold) holds a reserve of water for emergencies. We saw miles of new streets and building lots enough, it would seem, to satisfy the needs of the boomiest of cities for many years. But it won't be so very long till they are all occupied, if indications are not wonderfully misleading.

In the evening the Machine Works band gave a concert in front of the hotel, and at 10 p. m. the dining room doors were thrown open for the banquet, which was the grandest affair of the trip. The tables were handsomely decorated with flowers and fruit, and Manager Foster of the hotel clearly proved his ability to prepare and serve an elegant menu in the most complete and attractive manner. At the head of the table sat Mayor Evans, with President Fiske of the Press Association on his right and ex-Gov. Fitzhugh Lee, the famous cavalry leader in the late war, at his left. At 12.20 the speech-making began, and it continued uninterruptedly for two hours. The speech of the evening was delivered by Fitzhugh Lee, a polished and graceful orator, and he was greeted with three rousing cheers as he rose to speak. Several other interesting addresses were made by President Pugh of the Virginia Press Association and others, and it was nearly 3 o'clock in the morning before the tired editors and their wives withdrew to seek a few hours' sleep.

C. B. F.

LOCAL NOTICES.

To rent, a square grand piano. S. H. Hellyar.

A driver for Smith & Co. says he hears nothing but praise for Brussels soap on his route.

Money loaned on personal security. S. H. Hellyar.

The A. & N. cigar is strictly hand-made. It will give you joy. Found only at Stone's.

Sewing Machines, Belts, Oils and Needles at F. M. Eager's.

Some soaps contain as high as 75 per cent of rosin. Brussels soap contains "no rosin."

Rosin is used to adulterate soap. Brussels soap contains "no rosin," and is sold by W. E. Stone.

PALMER NEWS.

Haying has commenced at the state primary school.

All the schools except the high school closed to-day.

The Palmer Driving Association will have a meeting the 27th and 28th.

Next Sunday will be observed as children's Day at St. Paul's Universalist church.

L. E. Moore has a handsome span of bay horses, purchased of Sturtevant & Jennison of Ware.

S. W. Smith is thoroughly repairing the interior of the house on Main street recently vacated by him.

The young people of the Baptist society cleared about $15 at their strawberry festival Tuesday evening.

The concreters have been in town this week and have put in walks at the schoolhouse and other places.

A Palmer man has invented a new thing in railroad spikes, which will doubtless become very popular in a few years.

The Sunday-school of St. Paul's church will unite with the Springfield Sunday-schools for a picnic at Riverside Grove July 2d.

Palmer Lodge of Odd Fellows will hold a memorial service next Sunday afternoon for members of the lodge who have died since its organization.

The Block Island train will be put on the New London Northern road about July 1st, and there is some talk that it will run through to Brattleboro.

The Flynt Building and Construction Co. has this week taken the contract for a $25,000 shop for the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co. at Stamford, Conn.

The contract for the library building has been awarded to the Flynt Building and Construction Co. of Palmer, and work will be commenced at once.

G. A. Rice has bought of M. W. French the lot on Pleasant street between the library lot and the lot of Dr. Wilkins, and will erect a residence upon it.

About 60 members of Palmer Lodge of Odd Fellows will pay a visit to Amity Lodge at Springfield next Tuesday evening, returning by special train.

The examination of candidates for admission to the high school will be held in the grammar school room in this village next Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock.

All teachers of Palmer and vicinity who desire to attend the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute at reduced rates should send their names to T. K. McAllister, at Bondsville, before July 1st.

There were 54 members of Thomas Lodge of Masons who paid a visit to the lodge at Stafford Springs Tuesday evening. It was one of the largest if not the largest turn-out in the history of the lodge, and an exceptionally good time is reported.

A special train will run from Barre and intermediate points to Palmer to-night, to accommodate those who wish to attend Forepaugh's circus, returning after the performance. A special train will also leave for Monson and Stafford at 11 p. m.

The county commissioners came to Palmer Tuesday and drove to West Brimfield, holding a hearing on the petition to build a road from that place to Dunhamtown. The ground was viewed, but the hearing was not completed, and was adjourned to a future date at Springfield.

Tickets for the Howe concert go on sale at 9 a. m. next Monday at LeGro & Lynde's drug store. The demand by out-of-town parties is already large, and Palmer people will do well to be on hand at the appointed time if they have a choice of seats, though there isn't a poor one in the whole house.

Next Sunday being Children's Day, the Sunday-school at the state primary school will give a concert at 6.30 p. m., to which the public is invited. Rev. G. W. Christie of Three Rivers will conduct the services in the morning. To-morrow Prof. M. J. Sullivan of Chicopee brings about 20 children to entertain the boys and girls with a concert.

The interior of the Weeks House has been much improved by the recent repairs, etc. A new door has been laid in the reading room, while fresh paint and paper adorn the walls of this as well as the office. A new and handsome stairway of ash leads to the second story, where a number of the rooms have been newly painted, papered and furnished.

Milton E. Holdsworth, well known as a recent Palmer boy, was married at Turners Falls Wednesday to Miss Ada M. Bartlett, daughter of a prominent business man of that town. Many out-of-town guests were present, and the presents were numerous and costly, including silverware, chairs, a check for $250, etc. After a wedding trip to Lake George the couple will live at Turners Falls.

Forepaugh's circus and the wild west show reached Palmer about 4.30 this morning, and the visitors commenced to pour into town soon after. The street parade at 10 o'clock was unusually good, and of course the free performance on the grounds directly after was well patronized. A large audience was present at the afternoon performance, which was excellent, containing many new features. A large crowd is assured for this evening if it does not rain.

A branch of the Provident Aid Society of Portland, Me., has been organized in town with nearly a dozen charter members. The organization pays benefits only on the death of members, and only four assessments are called per year, besides the annual dues. The assessment is always the same, and is very low. There are no lodge rooms and no meetings, and few officers to support, which brings the rate of insurance much below other companies. A. E. Fitch is the agent at this place.

Forest Lake is now open to the public, and the prospects for a busy season are encouraging. Among recent improvements is the new base ball grounds, the work upon which is nearly completed. The Whiting district school will picnic at the lake next Wednesday, followed by five Baptist Sunday-schools from Springfield about July first, and Congregational Sunday-school of Gilbertville July 5th. An attractive programme is being prepared for the Fourth of July, notice of which will be given hereafter. An effort will be made to have Captain Boyton at the lake some time during the season.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has given $10 to the reading room, and $1 has been received by another donation. This is but a small sum, however, compared with the amount needed. The subscriptions to the papers and magazines have expired and must be renewed; the attendant cannot be expected to remain unless paid, and money must be forthcoming from some source if the rooms are to be kept open. The rooms can be kept along very comfortably on $150 a year, and surely so small a sum ought not to be hard to get—it is only a small amount apiece if divided among those who can amply afford it.

A movement is on foot to secure the closing of the stores two evenings a week for a year, and it ought to go through. Some who closed during the winter claim that at that time it affected their business, while in the summer it might hurt others—hence the proposition to make the agreement for a year. There can be no doubt about its being a good thing for both merchants and clerks; all would enjoy the relaxation and be better for it. If all closed it would be perfectly fair and no one could lose trade, while buyers would soon get accustomed to the "off" evenings and regulate their purchases accordingly. Monson has followed this plan for years, and in Ware the business places are closed three nights a week. Let's give it a trial, at least.

It may be of interest to the citizens of the fire district to know that the city of Holyoke has just made a five-years' contract for 160 arc lights, of 1200 candle power, to run all night, for 33⅓ cents each per night, or $121.67 per year. Under the contract which the district committee is understood to have made with the electric light company for the current year the district gets 21 arc lights for $1600, or $76.19 per lamp, which compares very favorably indeed with the Holyoke price, considering the difference in the number of lamps and the length of contract. In the main the district is now lighted very nicely, and it is for the voters to determine whether it will cut off six lamps or appropriate enough to continue the present service. The latter seems much the better course to adopt. Having experienced the comforts of well-lighted streets for a couple of years a backward step now would be a mistake.

Editor of the Journal:—The fire district meeting next Monday afternoon has mainly to do with maintaining the present system of electric lights. At the annual meeting in April the prudential committee was instructed to make the best contract possible with the Palmer Electric Co. at an expense not exceeding $1600, and I understand that they have performed that duty, but in order to keep within the appropriation it will be necessary to do away with six lights now in use, and the committee is aware that it will seriously cripple the service, and at the special meeting will ask for $500 additional to keep the present fairly complete system intact and add an incandescent light on Maple street and other dark localities.

It is understood by a few voters that the last special meeting was packed by a syndicate who are after the franchise of the Palmer Electric Co., and are using "kerosene" and other equally nonsensical arguments to bear the value of the local electric plant, with a view of buying it. That accomplished, the prices now asked will seem more reasonable to them, perhaps. If the voters wish the present electric service to be continued they will be present at Monday's meeting and "sit on the syndicate."

A VOTER.

Base Ball.

The High School ball team will go to Wilbraham to-morrow afternoon for a second game with the Academy nine.

The Brotherhood base ball team has reorganized with these players: Cavanaugh c., Griffin p, Roach 1b, Kennedy, 2b., Dockery 3b., Rooney ss., Mason lf., Murphy cf., Cashman rf., Mason manager, Dockery captain. The club is anxious to hear from teams in neighboring towns. They play the Y. T. A. L. nine at Ware to-morrow.

The Stars of Palmer Center defeated a nine from the Thorndike intermediate school last Friday by a score of 12 to 7, in a five-inning game.

Personal.

Miss Alice Holden spent Sunday with Miss Effie Shaw.

Mrs. N. Aiken is visiting friends in Springfield and Holyoke.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot of Woburn were guests of A. T. Wing the first part of the week.

J. A. White of Southbridge, a former Palmer business man, was in town Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. G. H. Wilkins, Misses Mabel and Lucy Taft, Clara Willis, Blanche Hastings and Mabel Smith attended tree-day exercises at Wellesley Tuesday.

F. A. Royce and family, Mrs. Rose Carter, Frank Holdsworth and F. E. Cady attended the Bartlett-Holdsworth wedding at Turners Falls Wednesday.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Lillian Buss and Luke Parkhurst, to take place next Wednesday at 5 p. m. at the residence of the bride's parents on State avenue.

Ralph Gray, the New London Northern conductor who had his foot crushed by the cars a few weeks ago, is much better, and the chances are now very favorable for his recovery.

Friends of Rev. O. R. Hunt of Anthony, R. I., formerly pastor of the Baptist church at Palmer, will be glad to know that his health is improving rapidly. With his wife he is spending the summer at Connecticut Lake, N. H., and expects to be fully recovered by the end of the season.

Murdered His Child.

A terrible tragedy occurred at the house of Mrs. Alice Burns on River street about 1.20 Wednesday afternoon, when Edward F. Costello shot and instantly killed his 19-months' old boy, after firing three shots at his wife, who escaped unharmed.

Costello is an Irishman, and was born in Woonsocket, R. I. About six years ago he came to Palmer and entered the employ of the New London Northern Railroad as brakeman, but nearly two years ago he lost one leg below the knee by the cars, and has since been employed in the round-house here. Christmas day, 1887, he married Adelaine Burns, and the couple have lived in the upper part of the mother-in-law's house. Their married life has not been pleasant, however, Costello being of a jealous and quarrelsome disposition. He has frequently made charges against his wife's character, without the slightest cause, and the matter culminated a week ago last Monday, when after reiterating his charges the husband left the house, saying that he would not live there longer. He returned the next morning, however, and wanted to be forgiven, but his wife was tired of his abuse and refused to have anything to do with him, ordering him to leave. He was not seen again by his wife until Wednesday afternoon, when he came in as she was washing the dinner dishes, and asked where the child was. He was asked why he wanted to know, and replied "I want to see it." "Well, you can't see it," she replied. "Do you see that door? You get out of it just as quick as you can." "Damn you, I'll fix you," he cried, and drew a revolver from his pocket. He stood so near that the flash of the first shot burned her arm, but the ball did not hit her. She turned to run and the second bullet struck her in the back, over the heart, but her corset stopped the ball and saved her life; a third shot was fired as she shut the door of an adjoining room behind her. Costello then strode into another room where the child lay asleep in its cradle, and putting the revolver close to it fired, but did not hit it. The little one awoke and cried out, and putting the muzzle so close to its breast that the powder set fire to its clothes he fired the fatal shot. The bullet entered between the third and fourth ribs, passing through the upper part of the heart, causing instant death. The mother heard the shots and running in caught up the child, but it was beyond help, and she ran screaming to a neighbor's.

Costello leisurely left the house, but had gone only a short distance when he met Ferrora Michelangelo, an Italian coal-shoveler, who had heard the woman's screams and thinking there might be something wrong had brought along his gun. He ordered Costello to halt, and as he had both barrels cocked the request was complied with, and Michelangelo stood guard until Officer Northrop arrived. The prisoner was placed in the lockup, but expressed no regret at what he had done, saying he had intended killing his wife, child and himself, that all might go to heaven, hell or somewhere together. At night, however, he seemed to realize the situation, and professed to be very sorry, saying that he deserved to be hanged and hoped it would be soon. He retracted all he had even said about his wife, and avowed that no man could have a better; the trouble was all of his making, and he hoped to suffer for it. He had a hearing yesterday morning, pleaded guilty to the charge of killing his child, and was bound over to the September term of the superior court, without bail.

Costello's vindictive disposition was not bettered by the loss of his leg, and he abused his family more and more. After the separation two weeks ago his wife jousted him in the JOURNAL, adding as a postscript that he "never owned a bed or furnished any board." This seemed to madden him, and he threatened to kill his wife and boy, but as he had often done this before no attention was paid to the matter. Wednesday forenoon was spent in the Nassowanno House bar-room, but he only drank once, when some one treated the crowd. About noon he bought a second-hand 22-calibre Smith & Wesson old-style revolver of C. L. Saunders, then purchased a box of cartridges at E. A. Buck's, where he had the clerk load the weapon. On his way to the house he told an acquaintance that he was going down to kill the boy, but it was thought to be only a threat, as made many times before. He was always a sour-dispositioned, quarrelsome fellow, quick to draw a knife in a quarrel—the last time being only about three weeks ago—and little sympathy is felt for him. The deed cannot be laid to drink, for though he was not an abstainer, no one can be found who ever saw him drunk, and he has not lost a day from drunkenness.

BONDSVILLE.

Rev. Mr. Day preached at the state primary school last Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Holden spent a portion of the week at Bennington, Vt.

Rev. L. P. Causey of Enfield will preach at the M. E. church in exchange with the pastor next Sunday. The subject announced for next Sunday evening will be postponed until June 29th.

The following have been perfect in attendance at the Bondsville schools: Richard Donovan, Henry Sharratt, Leon Ryther, Ellen Sullivan, Michael Fitzgerald, Thomas F. Russell, Bernice O'Regan, Earl O'Regan, Mina Beauregard, John Dunn, James Rickards, Nellie Donovan, Jenet Carr, Clifton Hobson, John Sullivan.

THREE RIVERS.

C. S. Smith has gone to New York on a visit.

Mrs. Stanchfield and son Guy are visiting in Maine.

Miss Katie Downie of Fitchburg spent a few days in town this week.

The magic lantern man has been here this week, but was poorly patronized.

There is talk of the Union church folks having a grand time next Tuesday evening. A little more social culture would be a good thing.

Mrs. L. Griffin is expected to reach home this week from Denver, Col., with the body of her son Fred, which will be interred at Hardwick.

There have been several changes in the Palmer mill of late. Wesley Provo has been promoted as overseer in the leaming room, and T. D. Frame as second-hand.

The Literary Society met Monday, and adjourned to meet the first Monday in October. The society has done good service the past season, and expects to do better work next fall and winter.

The following pupils were perfect in attendance during the past term in the first primary school: Harry P. Forte, Rose M. Gauthier, Annie Hebert, Nellie E. Lupden, Marie Foucher, Algard Foucher, Eugene Bolduque.

The schools close this week, and both children and teachers are very glad vacation has come. Five in the grammar school are to be examined for admission to the high school. Most of the teachers have gone home, but expect to return and take up the work next September.

Children's Day will be observed at the Union church next Sunday. The pastor will preach a sermon to the children in the morning, and in the evening there will be a grand floral concert by the Sunday-school. The superintendent has prepared a fine programme and the committee is decorating the church extensively. Everybody is invited to attend the services.

THORNDIKE.

The schools closed to-day for their summer vacation.

The Clinton House and hall is being newly painted.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Breard of Orange are visiting his father.

Mr. Lucas and wife of West Springfield were guests of M. M. Thomas the past week.

A number of our young men attended the Amherst-Yale ball game at Amherst last Saturday.

There is plenty of good material in this place now for a lawn tennis club. Why not organize one at once?

Maurice Roach was accidentally cut in the leg by a knife in the hands of a companion one day this week.

Archie Samson was injured by the machinery in the mill here one day last week, his fingers being badly crushed, so badly that they will need to be amputated.

John F. Luman has the agency for G. W. Simmons & Co., Oak Hall, Boston, custom-made clothing, and has a fine line of samples which he invites the public to examine.

Query. Did the large log found resting so serenely in front of a Main street residence one morning this week, drop from the clouds or was it endowed with the gift of motion?

Despite the pouring rain on Thursday evening of last week a good sized audience was present at the preformance given by Howorth's Hibernica, and all seemed to enjoy it heartily.

There will be a picnic held on July 4th at the church grove by the St. Mary's Sunday-school, to which all are invited. The amusements will consist of dancing, games, races, swinging, etc.

A party consisting of L. Keith, Dr. M. Flynn, Frank Foster, T. J. Clifford, J. Broshnan, Mr. Kane, John Molloy, John Wagner, James McAnlly and Frank Mayitt, went to Ludlow Tuesday afternoon and caught a good string of fish, F. Foster catching one weighing over two pounds.

Dallihan-Stokes.

James Dallihan and Miss Annie Stokes were married by Rev. J. F. Lynch Wednesday. Miss Anna Stokes, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and John Dallihan, brother of the groom, as best man. A reception was held at the home of the bride on Church street. The couple received many valuable as well as pretty presents from their many friends here, who wish them every happiness.

Careless Driving.

On Sunday evening a carriage drawn by a gray horse and containing three occupants came down Commercial street at a great speed about 6 o'clock and ran over Moses Lafarra's boy, a little fellow about 7 or 8 years old. The boy was picked up and carried to his home and medical aid called, but upon examination it was found that no bones were broken, though he had received very serious injuries about the lower limbs. The parties who were driving the team are unknown.

Base Ball.

The Temperance club defeated the Ludlows here by a score of 8 to 5 on Saturday.

The Thornlikes went to Three Rivers and defeated the first team of that place 6 to 3.

The Temperance club will go to Thompsonville, Conn., to-morrow, and play the local team of that place. On the 21st they play at North Brookfield, and the 28th they will probably play at home.

The Thorndikes will play here on Saturday with the Wares, or with the Wilbrahams. The management of this club will try and arrange so that when the Temperance team is away from home they will play here.

The attendance at the games here of late has been very small, and hardly enough is taken at the gates to defray expenses.

BORN.

At Palmer, 27th ult., a son to OTTO and FLORA SMITH.

At West Warren, 31st ult., a daughter (Maud) to GEORGE A. and HELEN F. CAMPBELL.

At Jersey City, N. J., 7th, a son to A. B. and ELIZABETH F. POLAND.

MARRIED.

At Three Rivers, 29th ult, by Rev. G. W. Christie, THOMAS RITCHIE and SARAH J. WRIGHT, both of Three Rivers.

At Turners Falls, 11th, MILTON E. HOLDSWORTH, formerly of Palmer, and ADA M. BARTLETT of Turners Falls.

At Brimfield, 12th, by Rev. M. L. Richardson, RUDOLPH LINDER and LUCY LUDINGTON, both of Brimfield.

At Belchertown, 9th, by Rev. C. H. Smith, GEORGE W. COLEMAN and ANNIE S. CUMMING.

DIED.

At Monson, 10th, FRED E. LEONARD, 26.

At Belchertown, 1st, ABBIE B., 74, widow of William Snow.

At Jersey City, N. J., 11th, ELIZABETH F., wife of A. B. Poland, and daughter of Dr. A. S. Flagg of Wilbraham, Mass.

☞ Funeral at Wilbraham to-morrow (Saturday) at 10 a. m.

TENEMENT TO RENT on Fox Avenue at $6.50. 8-tf D. F. HOLDEN.

FOR SALE—About 50 acres of standing grass. Address 2*11 BOX 305, Monson.

TO RENT—Pleasant front room on Main street, furnished. Inquire at JOURNAL office. 10-tf

TO RENT—May 1st, very desirable tenement for small family. REV. A. W. WEEKS, 2-tf Palmer.

TO RENT—A furnished cottage at Pleasure Beach, New London, Conn. For particulars address 2*10 P. O. BOX 324, Palmer, Mass.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name of Lawton & Medcalf, has been dissolved by mutual consent. WM. LAWTON, WM. A. MEDCALF.

Thorndike, June 6, 1890. 2-10

NOTICE—My wife, Lizzie Dean, having left my bed and board, all persons hereby forbid harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no bills of her contracting after this date. WILLIAM J. DEAN,

Monson, June 11, 1890. 1*11

HALF DIME LUNCH.

No one wants to spend all they have for a lunch when visiting Springfield. It's a fact you can step into the "HALF DIME LUNCH," 251 Main street, and order anything from their bill of fare at 5 cts per plate. A little money goes a great way in satisfying hunger there. Remember—

HALF DIME LUNCH,
13-11 251 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

FOREST LAKE GARDEN

SEASON OF 1890.

Now open to the general public for the entertainment of Church and Society Picnics and others.

EVENING PARTIES A SPECIALTY.

LARGE NEW BALL GROUNDS.

4-11 FOREST LAKE COMPANY.

NEW ATTRACTIONS IN

MILLINERY!

We have just received from New York a line of SUMMER MILLINERY in

HATS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, LACES, ETC.,

which we would invite you to call and inspect. The calls have been many and the hats few for Ladies' Cheap Shade Hats and Children's Sailors, but we can now supply our customers with these, and at the low price of 25c. Don't forget that our line of

Ladies' Muslin Underwear

CORSETS, HOSIERY, GLOVES AND LADIES' WRAPPERS

are the cheapest and best in town. Agency for MADAME GRISWOLD'S CORSETS. Also Hall's Bazar Dress Form.

Mrs. L. E. CARPENTER,
59 MAIN STREET, PALMER, MASS.

AT C. W. ROBINSON'S

—A LINE OF—

FANCY CROCKERY.

GIVE HIM A CALL.

A full line of Fresh and Choice

GROCERIES

New goods received every day,

TEAS
Fancy 70. Choice 60. Fine 50.

COFFEE
Fancy 38. Choice 35. Fine 30.

MOLASSES
Fancy 65. Choice 50. Syrup 65.

12 POUNDS REVERE FINE SUGAR 99 CENTS.

WHITE ROSE OIL AT SMITH & CO'S.

GRAND CONCERT

—AT THE—

Second Congregational Church

PALMER,

Friday Eve, June 20, '90

MISS MARY HOWE,

THE FAMOUS SOPRANO,

"She is a human skylark, and she warbles as prettily as any of an entire forest of birds. Her voice rivals the flute in sweetness."—*Springfield Homestead*, May 10, 1890.

ASSISTED BY

Miss Georgia Pray OF BOSTON,

VIOLONCELLIST.

Mr. B. T. Hammond OF WORCESTER,

BASSO.

Mr. Lucien Howe, Org'nist

CONCERT COMMENCES AT 8 O'CLOCK

BEST SEATS ONE DOLLAR.

Tickets go on sale at LeGro & Lynde's drug store Monday, June 16, at 9 a. m.

☞ A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Monson for Palmer at 7.30 p. m., returning after the concert. 3-10

IMPORTANT!

Change in Business.

Having perfected plans for the remodeling of our building (the work to begin about August 1), at which time we shall be obliged to close a portion of our Cloak and Suit rooms for a month or more. Less than 50 days are now left us to sell and clear out one of the largest and finest stocks of Ladies', Misses' and Girls' Ready-Made Outfits in this country, including our full stock of White Dresses and our entire collection of imported and domestic Top Garments of all kinds, sizes and prices. Costumes and Dresses of the latest Parisian "Fad," down to a Lady's Calico Wrapper at 75c, or a Girl's School Dress for 25c. The ladies understand that when we advertise a thing we mean business. And we promise this to be the most important sale ever made by us. As it will include all fall and winter goods now in stock, this sale is to be peremptory, and yet the full amount of ready money will not be demanded; a deposit of a small amount can be made and garments held in storage, the full amount to be paid later on. It's only a question who has money to invest that is to get a "benefit." It must not be expected that this elegant stock can or will be sold on long credit at prices that will be put upon it. To induce buyers to come almost any distance and enable us to get clear of this immense stock on or before the first of August, every article will be marked at ridiculous prices to carry out our plans.

D. H. Brigham & Co.

Springfield, June 10th, 1890.

N. B.—Correspondence solicited. All letters of inquiry will be promptly answered.
1-11 D. H. BRIGHAM & CO.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Marietta Tanner of Palmer, county of Hampden, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Palmer Savings Bank, dated April 21st, A. D. 1883, and recorded with Hampden county registry of deeds, book 396, page 512, and for a breach of the conditions thereof and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises last described, namely, in said Palmer, on Fox avenue, on Saturday, the 28th day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following real estate, being the same described in said mortgage deed, viz.: Three certain tracts or parcels of land situate in the northerly part of Monson, in said county, containing in all about one hundred and ten acres, with the buildings thereon, also the right to a spring of water, being the same premises conveyed to Reuben Stevens by Milton G. Pulfer by deed dated March 14th, 1870, and recorded with Hampden county registry of deeds, book 273, page 46, to which deed reference is hereby made; also two other tracts of land lying in the northeast part of said Monson and bounded and described as follows, viz.: First tract beginning at a stake and stones on the east side of the highway north of the town farm; thence south 86¼° east 44 56-100 rods to a stake and stones at a corner of land of A. V. Blanchard & Co.; thence north 10½° east by said company's land 46 rods to a stake and stones; thence westerly by land of said company and J. H. Keith to said highway; thence southerly on said highway to the point of departure, containing 16 acres and 87 rods of land. Second tract beginning at a pile of stones by a chestnut stump on the east side of the last named highway; thence south 71° east 48¾ rods to stake and stones at a stone wall; thence north 24° east 16 rods; thence north 51¼ west 19½ rods; thence north 20½° east 19 rods and 20 links to a stake and stones by a stone wall on the road leading to Brimfield; thence westerly on the south side of said Brimfield road to the first mentioned highway; thence southerly on the east side of said road to the point of departure, containing 17 acres and 10 rods, being the same premises conveyed to said Marietta Tanner by A. H. Tanner by deed dated October 1st, 1879, and recorded with Hampden registry of deeds, book 361, page 565.

Also another tract or parcel of land situate in said Palmer and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning on the southeasterly side of Fox avenue at a stone bound at corner of land of E. H. Turner; thence southeasterly 8 rods, more or less, by land of said Turner and land of Deborah Shaw to a stone bound; thence southwesterly by land of H. P. & J. S. Holden 10 rods to a stone bound; thence northwesterly by land of Geo. D. Smith 8 rods, more or less, to said Fox avenue; thence northeasterly by said avenue 10 rods, more or less, to the point of departure, and being the same premises conveyed to said Marietta Tanner by Martha S. Fox by deed dated April 21st, 1883, and recorded with said registry of deeds.

Said premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes. The successful bidder will be required to deposit $200 at the time and place of sale.

PALMER SAVINGS BANK.
By S. S. TAFT, its Attorney.
Palmer, Mass., June 2d, 1890. 3-10

COMMONWE

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 13, 1890.

WEST WARREN.

Mrs. Jane Armour is visiting friends in Holyoke.

The Warren cotton mills are running on three-quarters time.

Mrs. Sam Sheldon of Springfield has been visiting friends in town.

Children's day services were held in the Methodist church last Sunday.

Mrs. E. P. McAdam of Pawtucket, R. I., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Armour.

Henry and Nellie Braun started Monday for a visit with their grandparents in Gardiner, Me.

Mrs. Albert Watts and her daughter Stella started for a visit to New York Tuesday, to remain four or five weeks.

A small barn belonging to M. Sullivan, thought to have been struck by lighting, was burned during the storm last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cunliff, of Springfield are visiting their daughter, Mrs. John Tongue. Mr. and Mrs. Cunliff will soon sail for England on the City of New York.

BELCHERTOWN.

Col. M. P. Walker and family are expected to re-occupy Westview this week.

W. F. White succeeds F. A. Prouty in the care of the town clock and ringing the bell.

The selectmen are busy at work placing the town records in good order. Old records that have been badly out of order will be securely fastened and labeled. The shelves and brick work have been painted a bright color.

Dr. James Ross of New York recently presented to Clapp Memorial library 14 volumes of the "Transactions of the Medical Society of the State of New York. The publication of these works began in 1875, and the set is complete with the exception of that of 1889.

The graduating exercises of the class of '90 of the Belchertown high school will be held at 8 o'clock next Friday evening, in the Congregational church. Following is the programme:

Music, Midnight Quartette
Essay—"Woman, a Wage Earner," Alice L. Sikes
Recitation—"The Bell of Atri," Alice R. Walker
Oration—"The American Citizen," Alvertus J. Morse
Music, Misses Maud and Capitola Fairchild
Recitation—"The Creed of the Bells," Luella P. Hawks
Essay—"Ambition, a Virtue," Flora D. Gay
Oration—"Ireland's Catholicity," Patrick H. Garvey
Music, Misses Fairchild
Recitation—"Earnestness," Walter R. Blaekmer
Valedictory—"Want Developes Strength," Adella M. Arnold
Presentation of Diplomas.
Music, Midnight Quartette

BRIMFIELD.

Louis Brown's new clerk is Lincoln Pierce.

Walter Newell of New York arrived in town Monday.

Mrs. Nathan Goodell is attending the convention at Saratoga.

Principal Russell and wife returned from a short visit Monday.

The missionary meeting meets at the church parlor Saturday.

Oscar Hale was in town Tuesday to attend the funeral of his mother.

Mrs. James Parker of Southbridge was a guest at the hotel last week.

Mrs. Wm. Sherman has returned to town after spending the winter in New York.

The remains of Mrs. Lydia Bryant of Belchertown were brought to town last Monday for interment.

Mr. and Mrs. John Day and daughter of Chicago expect to remain in town during the summer months with her father, Deacon Newton Hubbard.

Children's Sunday was observed last Sabbath at both churches, with appropriate exercises by the children. The flowers at the First church looked unusually lovely, as the arrangement of them was very tasty.

Mrs. Caroline Hale, who has been ill so long, died Tuesday afternoon. She was a patient sufferer and never complained during her long illness. She leaves one daughter and three sons to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate mother. The funeral took place Wednesday at 2 o'clock, Rev. M. L. Richardson officiating.

WILBRAHAM.

George E. Knowlton has signed as pitcher for the Troys.

Luther Markham is visiting friends in Worcester, N. Y.

W. L. Phelps has bought a feed and grist mill in Canton, Conn.

Dr. Welch's family of New York have arrived for the summer.

Prof. Peck's sister is visiting at Capt. Flagg's for a few weeks.

Mrs. Barney and son of New York are the guests of Mrs. Nelson Mowry.

Prof. Stafford read a paper upon birds at the teacher's literary club Friday evening.

Prof. Gillett's family of New York have arrived at their summer home for the season.

Rev. Dr. Eaton, the presiding elder, conducted the exercises in the Memorial church last Sunday.

Henry A. Day of Boston is at home for a few days. William Day, his father, is suffering from a sprained ankle.

Prof. Woods and family are the guests of Rev. Mr. Morgan, remaining over the commencement exercises next week.

Mrs. Charles Steele, who has been the guest of Dr. Steele the past few weeks, has returned to her home in Wisconsin.

Commencement exercises will begin Friday evening with prize speaking in Fisk Hall by the first and second years of the academy.

Prof. Gill will preach the baccalaureate sermon before the senior class of the academy at the Memorial church next Sunday.

The commencement exercises will continue through the week, closing next Thursday evening with a public entertainment in Fisk Hall.

Children's Sunday was observed at both churches last Sabbath with appropriate exercises. The floral decorations were very beautiful.

Prof. Annis of the academy will leave at the close of the term to take an advanced course of mathematics at the Johns Hopkins university.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mowry are to attend the commencement exercises at Smith college. Mrs. Mowry's sister, Miss Nettie Tooms of Bennington, Vt., is to graduate.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.

Harry Gardner visited his home in Brimfield Sunday.

Miss Grace Bassett of Meriden, Conn., was the guest of H. E. Gates Sunday.

Mrs. A. O. Alden of Springfield has been visiting Mrs. M. H. Cooley the past week.

Harry Ellis has returned to his home in Jamaica Plains after several weeks' visit in town.

Miss Abbie Wallis of Palmer spent Sunday here as the guest of Mrs. H. Willis Cutler.

Miss Annie Mitchie, who has been visiting for several days at A. E. Bell's, returned to her home in Lancaster Thursday.

Mrs. Samuel E. Baker, son and daughter, of Chicago, were in town Thursday, calling on neighbors and friends of yore.

The gear of the beater wheel at the paper mill broke Monday morning, necessitating the starting of the Fitchburg engine for a few days.

The mountain road has been greatly improved by the cutting down of the steep incline, making a more gentle rise, which is a boon to both man and beast.

The Fairfield base ball club of Salmon Falls and the Paper Makers of this village struggled for supremacy last Saturday afternoon, the former winning. The score was 10 to 4.

Children's Sunday was observed by a sermon to the little folks in the morning by Rev. E. F. Wheeler, and at 5 p. m. a concert was given by the children, which was very interesting and instructive.

Elmer Wilson, an employe of the paper mill, came within an ace of losing the forefinger of his right hand Wednesday afternoon by placing it too near a circular saw. Dr. Hannum dressed the wound.

The young people of Grace church have formed a missionary society to be known as "The Gleaners," and have chosen these officers: President, Eunice E. Bell; vice-presidents, Mabel E. Gates, Charles Recker; secretary, Bert Clark; treasurer, Gertrude Chase.

There will be an adjourned meeting of Grace chapel parish Monday evening next, to hear and act on the report of the committee appointed two weeks since to procure plans and estimate of the probable cost of a parsonage. As this is a matter that every member of the parish should be interested in, it is hoped that all will be in attendance.

Quite a number of the villagers have been at work on the triangular plat of land at the junction of the Springfield and Street roads for a few evenings, clearing away the underbrush and removing the leaves, with a view to turning it into a summer retreat. Swings, hammocks, seats and tables will be placed in the grove for the enjoyment of those who visit the place. It will be called Lee Park, and will be appropriately dedicated July 4th.

WARREN.

The high school has but two graduates this year.

Mrs. Charles Hellyar is visiting her parents in Brookfield.

The tennis ground is a great attraction to our young people.

Mrs. William Milligan and son of Palmer have been in town.

Mrs. Guilbert and daughter have been visiting in Holyoke.

Dr. Abby Tyler of Washington, D. C., is visiting friends in town.

Miss Hattie Tyler has returned from her visit at Washington, D. C.

The Warren Cornet Band gave a fine concert on the park Monday evening.

Dr. J. W. Hastings attended the medical convention at Boston the past week.

The Ladies' Home Missionary Society met in the church parlors Wednesday afternoon.

The librarian is very busy at this time, preparatory to moving the library to the new building.

Mr. and Mrs. Jennings of Worcester have been stopping the past week at his father's, Deacon Jennings.

The remains of Morton Hathaway, who resided in town for many years, were brought here for burial last week.

The public library will be dedicated July 1st. Rev. Jesse Forbes of New York will, it is expected, give the address.

The Methodist church observed last Sabbath as Children's Day. An interesting concert was given in the evening.

Ex-Representative John B. Gould, who has been confined to his house for the past few weeks by illness, is improving.

Mrs. A. Fairbanks and Mrs. S. Hitchcock left for Strawberry Hill Tuesday, where Mrs. F. has rented a cottage for the season.

The Hibernians will celebrate the Fourth of July by a picnic at Flannery's grove, and a ball game between the Warrens and Brookfields.

Mrs. William Jones, mother of Thomas H. Jones, died Saturday at the age of 92 years. The funeral was held at her son's home Monday afternoon.

Mr. Strickland and family will attend the commencement exercises at Northampton to witness the graduation of their daughter, Miss Fannie Strickland.

Children's Sunday will be observed at the Universalist and Congregational churches next Sabbath. Concert in the evening by the Sabbath-school children.

Charles L. Smith, Jr., past regent of the Knowles Council, Royal Arcanum, has been appointed as D. D. G. M. of Merrick Council of Brookfield and Phœnix Council of Southbridge.

Fred Hughes was before Judge Tyler Monday for riding a bicycle on the sidewalk, an offense in violation of a town by-law. He was fined $3 and costs, amounting to $7, which he paid.

MONSON.

W. G. Meacham has sold his ice to Norwich parties.

The depot rooms look quite fine in their new coat of paint and paper.

All of the dress-makers are very busy and find it hard to get help enough.

J. A. Robbins has an exhibition at Noreross Bros. store a stalk of rye measuring 6 feet 4 inches.

O'Brien Bros. are preparing timber for the erection of a barn in the rear of their Main street store.

E. D. Cushman started on his annual wool buying trip Wednesday, visiting Jackson, Michigan, first.

A delegation from Palmer visited the Universalist's strawberry festival last Tuesday night. The society netted about $30.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of the M. E. church had their annual strawberry festival last Wednesday evening. There was a good attendance and a short entertainment, consisting of reading and singing.

There was a good attendance at the teachers meeting held in district No. 1 school house last Friday night. There is to be another meeting at the same place next Friday evening, when Miss Anderson and Miss Collis will read papers.

Children's Sunday was observed at the Congregational church last Sunday. In the morning, sermon to the children and baptism by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Hatch, and at 6 o'clock concert by the children. The church was beautifully decorated and there was a very large attendance.

Children's Day at the Methodist church next Sunday. At 10.30 a. m. special sermon to the children by the pastor, and a collection for needy students will be taken. At 6 p. m. concert by the children, followed by the Christian Endeavor meeting. Next Wednesday evening Presiding Elder Eaton will be present, and the Thursday evening prayer-meeting will be held that evening, followed by a meeting of the quarterly conference.

The second annual parade of the Monson fire department is to take place next Tuesday evening at 6.30. They are to be escorted by the Monson consolidated band. The line of march will be about the same as last year, and it is hoped that it will be as successful. Plans are also being made for the Fourth, to have what they didn't have last year, that is, a fireman's picnic and sports of various kinds, as planned, on Flynt's Park.

At the semi-annual business meeting of the Christian Endeavors of the Methodist church last Monday evening, the following officers were chosen for the next six months: President, C. A. Bradway; vice president, Mrs. S. E. Thrall; recording secretary, Lowell Wilcox; corresponding secretary, Miss Nellie F. Squier; treasurer, Mrs. Wm. Nason. There were eight different committees chosen as follows: Lookout, prayer meeting, music, Sunday-school, temperance, social, flower and decorating, and literary, consisting of five members each.

The following programme has been arranged for the closing of the academy: Class day Friday, June 20th, at 3 p. m.; baccalaureate sermon Sunday evening, June 22d; examination Tuesday, 10.30 a. m. at Memorial Hall; alumni dinner at 12 m. at Cushman House. Tickets may be purchased for same at Cushman House or at Memorial Hall at close of the exercises. Toastmaster, F. W. Ellis, M. D. Senior reception at 8 p. m. Music by Philharmonic Club of Springfield. In connection with the exercises at the hall at 10.30 a. m. an address will be given by Rev. A. E. Winship, editor of the *Journal of Education*.

The first annual meeting of the Western Massachusetts Interscholastic Athletic Association was held at Northampton last Saturday. The delegation from Monson was small on account of the expense and inconvenience necessary to reach the place of meeting. The banner was taken by the Springfield high school, as was natural, considering its size and advantages. The Monson boys showed up well in their events. They had to enter with poor preparation, if any, but they showed no lack of material with which to work in the future. In the first event of the day, the 100-yard dash, Lord, Prentiss and Field entered. It was close and the men came in in a bunch. Prentiss was third, thus winning a place in the final heat. He was unable to run then on account of the exhaustion in his half-mile run. Lord was not in condition, and fell far short of his standard in all his events. The 120-yard hurdle race was run in two trial heats and a final. Lord and Field were entered, and Field won second in trial heat. In the final Field ran well and lost first place by only a few inches. In the standing high jump Lord and W. Bissell were entered. Bissell was in it until the end, having to jump off a tie for second place, and losing it. In the half-mile run the men started too fast. Prentiss took the lead and kept his place and pace until within 25 yards of the line, when he gave out and fell. He was by far the best runner in this race. In throwing the base ball, Hobbs and Ricketts threw well, being among the best, but not winning a place. In the running broad jump Hanley and Hobbs entered without any practice, and won no place. Crowdis easily won in putting the shot, distancing his nearest opponent by several feet. The men were bunched in the quarter-mile run, and all down the home stretch it was doubtful who would win. At the scratch, however, Field was again but an inch or two behind the winner, being a very close second. In the running high jump, Bissell and Robbins were entered. Robbins displaced the bar at the same heighth with the second man, but by some oversight of the judges, was not allowed the tie. The bicycle race was a disappointment, because Rhoads had broken the rim of his wheel, and was compelled to ride a strange and heavy wheel. He did as well as could be expected. In the standing broad jump, Hanley and Ricketts were entered. It was a close race, both men jumping well. Hanley did not lose first place until the very last jump, when he was beaten by the winner. Lord and Field were in the 220-yard dash. Lord came in third. The last event on the programme was the pole vault. W. Bissell did not enter until the others had finished, and then he did some of his fine work. He never vaulted better and did not miss a single height, until he missed eight feet, clearing the bar 13 inches above the nearest competitor. In all the events the Monson boys showed up well, considering that they had made little preparation and were so few, having such large schools to compete with. They showed excellent material and have reason to be greatly encouraged in their athletic work. All who saw the games were much pleased with them.

Personal.

Mrs. C. H. McMaster is very ill.

Geo. Converse of Somerville, Conn., is visiting at Wm. N. Flynt's.

Geo. L. Keeney spent last Saturday and Sunday in Rockville, Conn.

H. M. Barlow has been confined to the house this week by a strained hip.

Mrs. Phoebe Blair of Fitchburg is visiting her sons, Chas. and Nelson Abbott.

Miss Caroline Graham of Boston is being entertained by Mrs. S. Fred Cushman.

Miss Katie Clark of Ware and her friend from Boston were in town last Monday.

Fred Hall and family of Boston are visiting Mrs. Hall's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Davis.

Dr. G. E. Fuller attended the meeting of the Mass. State Medical Association at Boston this week.

Rev. L. H. Fisher attended a series of meetings held at Putnam, Ct., Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

Mrs. C. M. Gage and daughter, Gertie, have been spending the week in Boston with her husband, Representative C. M. Gage.

Dr. and Mrs. P. W. Soule returned last Friday night from a three-weeks visit with Mrs. Soule's parents at Weare, N. H., going to and from with their team.

Edward F. O'Regan and Frank G. Blanchard of Brooklyn, N. Y., were the guests of Edward Dalton last Monday. They are taking a bicycle trip from their home to Springfield.

WARE.

Waldo F. Winslow and Nellie M. Kennedy were married at Worcester Saturday.

The members and friends of All Saints' church will hold a grand picnic at Eaton's Grove July 4th.

Nearly one hundred unlicensed dogs in town, and a little over two hundred are safe for another year.

The motto of the graduating class of the Ware high school this year is "Over the Alps lieth Italy."

The reservoir lot is to be nicely graded. Harry Magrath has the contract to remove the stones and rocks.

The Ladies' Benevolent Society of Gilbertville will hold a strawberry festival in their chapel next Wednesday evening.

The Canadian Circle are expecting to hold their annual strawberry festival and sociable at the Town Hall the 24th of June.

The Y. T. A. L's. and Palmers will play a game of base ball at the pumping station grounds to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

There was a strike a few days since by the Italians at work on the sewers, and a new gang was brought on to take their places.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Henry K. Hyde, cashier of the Ware National Bank, and Lucy R. Hyde, daughter of Wm. S. Hyde, president.

The ladies of Trinity Episcopal church are to hold a strawberry festival next Tuesday evening at the vestry of their church, which promises to be an enjoyable occasion.

Five drunks were before the district court last Friday, and if all who have recently been drunk had been there it would no doubt have been ten times that number.

The report that the body of an infant had been found in the reservoir is without the shadow of truth in it. Whoever started such a report should be made to suffer severely for it.

The class of '92 of the Ware high school is to have charge of the reunion of past scholars to be held at the Town Hall Friday evening June 27. The class will furnish a musical entertainment.

Dr. Weisner of New York was at the office of Dr. John Yale on Thursday to treat diseases of the eye and ear. He intends to come to Ware regularly the second Thursday in each month.

George M. C. Barnard, a student in the dental department of the University of Pennsylvania, has entered the office of Dr. L. S. Stebbins of Springfield, where he expects to practice until the opening of the fall term.

Rev. James Boyle, in his sermon at All Saints church last Sunday, referred to the alarming increase of drunkenness in town, and the large number of people that were being ruined by the use of intoxicating liquors.

It is reported that soon after an inspector of public buildings was in town, looking with a view of ordering fire escapes put up, notices were received from fire escape manufacturers, calling attention to their system of escape.

At the special town meeting held last Saturday afternoon $3000 was appropriated to put in a ventilating apparatus at the North street school building. The committee consists of the school committee, E. H. Baker, C. Hitchcock and H. P. Cummings.

John J. Kidgell, local freight agent of the Boston and Maine railroad, and Kate L. Curly, recently telegraph operator at Palmer, were married Tuesday morning. They are to take a trip to Coney Island and Niagara Falls, and on their return will reside on Maple street.

At the annual meeting at the engine house last evening, Hook and Ladder Company No. 1 elected these officers for the ensuing year: Foreman, Frank Sherman; 1st assistant, D. W. Cheever; 2d assistant, Michael Culhane; clerk, Frank S. Cushman; treasurer, Charles A. Nickerson; steward, William Charbonean.

If the report is true Ware is to have an addition to its railroad accommodations in a double daily service from Boston to Harrisburg Pa., to commence next Monday, leaving Boston at 5 p. m. and arriving in Ware about 7. The return train leaves Ware about 6 a. m., arriving in Boston about 8, giving parties who wish to do business about 9 hours in Boston.

S. W. Hallett, principal of the high school, will start for Europe July 2. The school will close June 26th. The graduating exercises will take place the same evening in the Town Hall. The following are the names of the graduates: Lucy Canavan, Katie Carroll, Grace Dillon, Julia Feehan, Etta Kennedy, Helen Kennedy, Lucy Sherman, May Warner, William Carey and Robert Delehanty.

The tickets for the Mary Howe concert next Thursday evening go on sale to-morrow afternoon, and the prospects are that there will be a large sale, as lovers of music are anxious to hear America's leading soprano, together with Miss Georgia Pray, violoncellist, and the Temple Quartettes of Boston, which make up the company, and will give a concert such as has seldom if ever been heard in Ware.

Notices printed on cloth have been posted on the west road to Hardwick, announcing that religious services are held at the schoolhouse at Johnson's Four Corners every Sunday afternoon; Sunday-school at 3 o'clock and preaching or prayer-meeting at 4 o'clock. Meetings have been held several weeks, and the attendance has been quite satisfactory. Frank G. Fox has charge of the work, and assistants and teachers go with him each Sunday.

Children's Day was observed at the East Congregational church last Sunday. A sermon especially for the children was given in the morning by the pastor, and in the evening a very interesting Sunday school concert was held. The parts were all well taken, but perhaps the best of all was that where forty-eight little ones from the primary class came down the aisles singing "Open the Gates," and when on the platform they sang several other pieces and gave recitations in a most pleasing manner.

LEGISLATIVE MATTERS.

BOSTON, June 4, 1890.

The Senate on Thursday went over the ground traversed by the House several weeks ago in regard to the sale of new railroad stock at public auction. Old arguments were freshened up for their new use, but the Senate was against the bill of Senator Coffin by vote of 10 to 22.

The Senate also debated and then passed unanimously to be engrossed its bill for the gradual abolition of all the grade crossings in the state. It put 60 per cent of the expense upon the railroad company in each case, 25 upon the state and 15 upon the city or town.

The House gave Thursday to its debate on the West End elevated road bill, and it did not finish its discussion of the amendments presented. Radical changes were made in the measure for the protection of the public against the West End, and as the bill stood Thursday night the corporation could not get a location without the consent of two-thirds of the Boston aldermen, the mayor and the railroad commissioners. It was shown that enormous powers were given to the corporation by the bill, and it is a wonder that it slipped through the Senate with so little debate. The length of the session is affected decidedly by this West End scheme.

The West End debate was resumed in the House on Friday, and about all of the session was consumed by it. Among the amendments carried was one that the right to the location granted shall not exist unless the road is ready for operation by July 1, 1894. But this is not so much of a restriction as it appears, for it would be an easy matter to get the time extended if there was any reasonable prospect that the road would be built.

The supreme court declines to answer the question whether cities and towns have the right under existing laws to make and sell gas and electric light. They say that it is a matter of statutory provision which is under the control of the Legislature, and as such the occasion is not one of those contemplated when the opinion of the supreme court can be asked. It will be remembered that the court did answer the House regarding its constitutional right to pass laws empowering cities and towns to do this.

The finance committee has reported favorably on the appropriation of $10,000 for the Massachusetts State Firemen's Association.

The one absorbing topic at the state house is the investigation into the alleged corruption on the passage of the elevated railroad bills. It was evident by the vote on Tuesday on an amendment to the West End bill to strike out part of an amendment which had already been adopted, that the influences in favor of the West End were stronger than those against it. On a rising vote the amendment in the interest of the West End was lost, 66 to 76. On a roll call it was carried, 121 to 74. This was a surprising change. A few minutes later an amendment of Mr. Williams of Dedham came up, and Mr. Davis of Boston, who was in charge of the bill, while admitting that the amendment was of minor consequence, said that the committee would oppose any amendment of Mr. Williams's, no matter what it was, because he was so opposed to the bill. This evidently stung Williams to the quick, and he wanted to know how the West End had got such a grip on the House as to obtain that remarkable vote on the amendment. Then he went on to say that rumors of corruption were current as to the methods employed for the passage of the bill, and he believed they were true. He had evidence that a Senator had tried to obtain money for votes for the passage of a bill. The other members, friends of the bill, attacked Williams for making serious charges when he had nothing definite, and when, as he said, he had not a provable case against any member of the House. But Williams replied that he had good evidence regarding a Senator, and his evidence relating to the House was such that it ought to be investigated. Mr. Moreland of Woburn came to his defense by saying that he knew of two cases in which money had been offered to members of the House, but it was on another matter. Mr. Williams's order for an investigation was referred, by rule of the House, to the committee on rules.

The *Globe*, Wednesday morning, had Senator Fassett's name in connection with a letter, and as his was the only name mentioned, he moved for a committee of investigation into the charges. This was at once voted—78 to 1 (Senator Fisk of the Cape dissenting) and the committee was appointed as follows: Senators Parker of Worcester (chairman), Davenport of Middlesex, Coffin of Suffolk, Hosmer of Middlesex and Robbins of Berkshire. They began their investigation at half past two that afternoon. It was on such short notice that Mr. Williams said he could not produce his most important witness, but he would have him there in the morning. In reply to the committee, he put his charge against a senator into these words: "I have evidence tending to show that a member of your honorable branch, in consultation with persons representing one of the elevated railroad companies asking for a charter, offered to produce his own vote as one of ten members of your honorable branch, which ten members he would deliver, or their votes, for the sum of $100,000—$10,000 for each Senator." He further said that this offer was made to the People's elevated railroad company, and that he had no charges to make regarding the passage of the West End bill, except as incidental to the matter. He gave the names of his witnesses privately to the committee and they adjourned to the next day. The West End and back bills were both tabled in the House.

Other important action has been taken by the Legislature. The grade crossing abolition bill has passed both houses, but amended so that the railroads must bear all the expense of abolishing all grade crossings hereafter established; so that the state shall not pay over $500,000 in any one year, and not over $5,000,000 in all. The bill relating to the sale of franchises for the use of streets has been referred to the next Legislature, and the House has rejected by a party vote apparently, the resolutions for abolishing the duties on carpet wool. The resolve for clerical assistance to the state military historian has been referred to the next Legislature. The amendment to the employers' liability bill has been killed. The Senate refuses to separate the candidates by parties on the Australian ballot. LANDON.

Hardly anything receives less thanks and more abuse than a shoe—did you ever stop to think of it? Or did you ever give them credit for the miles and miles of travel or the money they have earned you? Right here as we are speaking of shoes, we wish to call your attention to the "Comfort" boots sold by Broadhurst Bros., the shoe dealers of Springfield Mass. These are women's bottom, hand-sewed, noiseless comfortable boots. They are nice and cost only $3.00. See them or order them sent by mail.

An Eminent

Temperance lecturer in New England, Mrs. John John Barton, says: I was subject to those deadly sick headaches and also dyspepsia. Sulphur Bitters cured me when all other remedies failed. Mrs. Barton is the wife of John Barton, superintendent of repairs, Pacific Mills, Lawrence, Mass.

Do You Wish

To regain your health if you are all broken down and suffering from nervous prostration? I will tell you what cured me after suffering for months. I used two bottles of Sulphur Bitters, and now I am a well man.—C. STILES, Bookkeeper, Canton.

A box of Ayer's Pills has saved many a fit of sickness. When a remedy does not happen to be within reach, people are liable to neglect slight ailments and, of course, if serious illness follows they have to suffer the consequences. "A stitch in time saves nine."

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. 1y-23

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.
2y31

To become happy, read about the improved Medical Discovery in another column.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shrout, Pastor United Brethern Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I felt it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My Lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 26 lbs. in weight."

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at LeGro & Lynde's Drug Store. Regular sizes 50c, and $1.00. (3)

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassell, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured me.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by LeGro & Lynde's Drug store. (3)

"For a long time I had no appetite, was restless at night, and very much debilitated. After taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my strength and appetite returned, and my health was completely restored."—D. M. Fisher, Oswego, N. Y.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by LeGro & Lynde. 52-9

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

STILL AHEAD!

THE GREATEST

Special Sale

of Low Shoes ever opened in Springfield is now in progress at our store.

3000 PAIRS

Ladies' & Misses' Low Shoes

HAND TURNED.

Including RUSSETS, BRIGHT BONGOLA and TANOOZE made to sell for $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50. Remember, these are all hand-sewed, and we have given them all the one uniform price—

98 CENTS.

We solicit your inspection.

MAIL ORDERS

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

You cannot order too quickly.

Potter & Hunt,

DISTRIBUTORS OF SHOES.

GILL'S BLOCK,

Main Street, near Bridge Street,

SPRINGFIELD, - 26-6 MASS.

FIRE DISTRICT MEETING.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN ss.—To the qualified voters of Fire District No. 1 in Palmer.

You are hereby notified to meet at the Eastern Hampden District Court Room, in said Palmer, on Monday, the sixteenth day of June current, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to act on the following articles, viz:

ARTICLE 1.—To choose a moderator to preside at said meeting.

ART. 2.—To see what action the District will take toward lighting its streets, and whether it will authorize its Prudential Committee to make a contract with the Palmer Electric Company, or any other company or parties, therefor, and raise money for the same.

ART. 3.—To see if the District will vote to extend the water mains from Main street along Commercial street and River street, and raise money for the same.

ART. 4.—To see if the District will authorize its treasurer to borrow the sum of two thousand dollars, to pay the current expenses of the District in anticipation of the collection of taxes.

ART. 5.—To see if the District will appropriate the sum of five hundred dollars to continue and add to the present electric lighting service.

Given under my hand this sixth day of June, A. D. 1890.

WILLIAM W. LEACH,
Clerk of the Fire District.
2-10

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN ss. PROBATE COURT.—To the devisees, legatees and all persons interested in the estate of Denis Sngrue, late of Palmer, in said county, deceased, GREETING:

Whereas, Cornelius Foley, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented his petition for license to mortgage certain real estate therein specified, of his said testator to raise the sum of four hundred and fifty dollars and ninety-seven cents, for the payment of debts and charges of administration. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Holyoke, in said county, on the third Wednesday of June next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said Executor is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Palmer Journal, a newspaper printed at Palmer, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court, and to mail a copy hereof to each said devisee and legatee, living out of this county, fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

SAMUEL B. SPOONER, Register.
3-9

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN, ss. PROBATE COURT.—To the next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Amy A. Robbins, late of Palmer in said county, deceased, intestate:

Whereas, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to William H. Brainerd of said Palmer. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Holyoke, in said county of Hampden, on the third Wednesday of June next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And the applicant is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Palmer Journal, printed at Palmer, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court, and to mail a copy of such notice to each of said next of kin, who may reside out of this county, fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of May, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

SAMUEL B. SPOONER, Register.
3-9

40 CENTS BUYS A FIRST-CLASS

Window Screen

(ADJUSTABLE),

AT STONE'S.

MUSIC FURNISHED

For Balls, Parties, Weddings, Commencement and Graduating Exercises at short notice. The best of Musicians employed and prices right. Correspondence solicited. Can furnish from one piece to a whole brass band if desired. Address

JOHN F. LUMAN, Manager
LYONS & LUMAN'S ORCHESTRA,
5-tf P. O. Box 81, Thorndike, Mass.

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Dress Goods,

Top Garments,

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FINE COMBINATION SUITS!

You will find our stock attractive to all who wish a

FINE DRESS,

DAINTY TOP GARMENT,

TRAVELING GARMENT,

SHAWL OR CAPE.

Special Bargains

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UNDERWEAR!

AT THESE PRICES:

25c, 39c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

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355 to 359 Main Street,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

To Henry Charon, of Thorndike Village in the town of Palmer, county of Hampden, Massachusetts, mortgagor, and to all other persons interested in the estate or mortgage hereinafter described. For breach of the conditions and in pursuance of the power of attorney and sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Henry Charon of Palmer to Louis Burne of Holyoke, Massachusetts, dated October 4th, 1886, and recorded in Hampden County Registry of Deeds in book 429, page 76, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on Saturday, the 21st day of June, 1890, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, to-wit: A parcel of land with the buildings thereon situate in the village of Thorndike in said Palmer, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at a point in the northerly side of the road leading from Thorndike Village to the village of Bondsville, where the westerly line of land of one McMahon meets said road and at the southeasterly corner of lot to be conveyed; thence by said road northwesterly about 3400 feet to land of James Dunn; thence by said Dunn's land S. 76° 15′, E. 449 feet to a pine stump; thence S. 8° 45′, W. 363 feet; thence S. 70° 15′, E. 734 feet to a stake and stones; thence N. 60° 45′, E. 221 feet to land of Maurice Lawler; thence by said Lawler's land N. 64° 45′, E. 188 feet to a stake at the northerly corner of land agreed to be conveyed or which has been conveyed to Joseph F. Gerald; thence by said land S. 6° 40′, W. about 2900 feet to a yellow pine tree, marked, standing on the brow of the hill; thence by said land last referred to and land heretofore conveyed to Henry Gerald about 283 feet to land of one McMahon; thence S. 35° 45′, 201 feet to the place of beginning. Containing 53.41 acres of land according to the survey thereof.

Also one other tract of land situate in said Thorndike, in said Palmer, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Commencing on the southerly side of the before mentioned road at the northeasterly corner of land of the heirs of Cornelius Wilson, running thence by said road northwesterly about 1802 feet to a stake and stones near a marked chestnut tree; thence by land agreed to be or which has been conveyed to F. N. Leonard and Otis Sikes, N. 89° 30′, W. about 1670 feet to land of George Moores; thence by said Moores land S. 3° 15′, E. about 1134 feet to land of the Thorndike Company; thence by land of said company N. 72° 45′, E. 35 rods; thence N. 35° 15′, E. 29 rods; thence N. 75° 15′, E. 17 rods; thence S. 67° 15′, E. 34½ rods to a large maple tree; thence S. 25°, E. 30 rods; thence N. 70° 45′, E. 8 rods; thence N. 62° 15′, E. 16 rods; thence S. 75° 45′, E. 11 rods to land of the heirs of said Wilson; thence by their land N. 55°, E. 20 rods and 18 links to the place of beginning. Containing by measurement 45.34 acres of land.

Also another triangular tract situate in said village in said Palmer, bounded and described as follows, viz.: Easterly by the before mentioned road about 900 feet; southerly by the road leading from Thorndike Village to Barretts Junction almost 1854 feet; northerly by land of one Breen about 1238 feet. Containing by measurement 8.30 acres.

All subject to a prior mortgage of $3000 to Palmer Savings Bank, and unpaid taxes and interest $300, to be paid at the time of the sale, balance upon delivery of the deed.

LOUIS BURNE, Mortgagee.

By his attorney,
R. G. KILDUFF.
Holyoke, Mass., May 22d, 1890. 3-9

FRESH EGGS 18c PER DOZEN.

13½ POUNDS
REVERE GRANULATED SUGAR
FOR $1.00.

BEST KEROSENE OIL 13c—5 GALLONS 60c.

W. E. STONE.

B

CASTORIA.

CASTORIA promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatuleney, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.
82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."
ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D.
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"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent-up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD.
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FOSKETT'S MILLS,

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Which he proposes to sell at lowest prices.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF ALL THE BEST GRADES OF PLOWS, DISC, CUTAWAY AND ACME HARROWS, HORSE HOES & CULTIVATORS.

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The "TAYLOR" and "ROYAL" RAKES and a full line of haying tools. 51-3

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For those deathly Bilious spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS. It will cure you.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up, and make you strong and healthy.

Do you suffer with that tired and all-gone feeling? If so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in-doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

TRY SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

$1000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich, and strong, and your flesh hard.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting thro' the skin in Pimples, Blotches and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

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CONCORD BUGGIES,
HANDY WAGONS,
ROAD WAGONS,
TOP CARRIAGES
OF ALL KINDS.
A first-class shifting carriage-pole for $10.
If you want any kind of a wagon or cart, call on me, and I will give you as low a price as they can be sold for.
Plain Horse-Shoeing, $1.25.
G. O. HENRY,
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FIRST-CLASS IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS
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GENERAL MACHINE REPAIRS.
WE have in stock, or make to order at short notice: Plow Points of all kinds, Cultivator Teeth, Scrapers, Stall Collars and Guards, Hitching Posts, Lawn Settees and Chairs, Umbrella Stands, Sinks, Kettles, Wagon Shoes, Window Weights, Building Columns, and all kinds of iron and brass castings.
We also do all kinds of machine repairing promptly and in the best manner, at reasonable prices.
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SUITABLE FOR
OPENINGS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, &c.
AT JOURNAL OFFICE.

BORAX SOAP. AT SMITH & CO'S

What Is He Worth?

You say the man "is worth a million,"
And think you've answered me;
I care not if he own a billion.
'Tis the man I want to see!

And now I'll ask a question or two—
This man—what is he worth!
Is it cash that came from the Lord knows who,
And broad square miles of earth?

Dare you assert in broad daylight,
That this is the worth of a man?
It takes indeed a sordid wight
With favor this to scan.

The treasures of the brain and heart,
The mind and body's health,
And what turns men to the better part—
These constitute true wealth.

If your friend has only what you said,
He is worth just nothing at all;
Let his acres of earth cover him dead,
And buy him a funeral pall.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

AMONG THE PARAGRAPHERS.

GIVE IT UP.

How many fishes are there in the sea
How many sands on the shore?
How many leaves have there been on the trees?
How many grasses have waved on the leas?
How many stars have shown o'er?
When you have answered these questions of mine
Then will I earnestly search,
And faithfully strive in some way to divine
In how many angles a boy will incline
As he lists to a sermon at church.
—*Chicago Herald.*

"Jones lives in Cincinnati now. Makes $10,000 a year from his pen." "Does he do his own packing?"—*New York Sun.*

Old Uncle Noah, the ancient mariner, was the only man who ever saw a full house on nothing but pairs.—*Richmond Recorder.*

Bilious—"I sleep in feathers, but I believe it's unhealthy." Tuffnut—"What's that? Look at the spring chicken; see how tough he is."—*Boston Herald.*

Workingman—"Give me work, and I do not care for the rest of the world." Tramp—"Well, give me rest, and I don't care for the work of the world."—*Times.*

Reversing the Process. Widow with six children (to suitor)—"You love me, George, and ask me to be your wife? Well, then, ask my children."—*New York Tribune.*

Jack Uppers—Say, Scadds, could you lend me a hundred? Russell S. Scadds—That's not the point, don't you know—could I lend it—but could I get it back?—*Puck.*

"I should never have recognized this photo of you, dear. It looks so careworn and old." "Yes; that was taken when papa wouldn't buy me the Duke of Dirtwater."—*Life.*

"M-m-y d-d-dear, I-I l-ove you! W-w-will you be—" began Mr. Pediment. "That will do," replied the prond beauty. "I don't care to be wooed on the installment plan."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The tramp handed him a slate on which was written, "I am deaf and dumb, and I am hungry." And he handed it back, indorsed thus: "Say nothing and saw wood."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Caller—"Why don't you try Christian science for Fido? You know how much it did for our baby." Hostess—"Yes, but I can't afford to fool with the life of that dog. Why, he cost $45,"—*Judge.*

"Mama," said a little Boston boy, "Willie Jones is a very bad boy, isn't he?" "Why, Willie?" "He uses bad language." "Why, I am surprised. What did he say?" "Pants."—*Washington Post.*

An Inconsistent Temperance Man—Mr. Bascom—"Old Dea. Backlot is a died-in-the wool Prohibitionist, isn't he?" Mr. Timothyseed—"Yes, but he don't think nothin' of drivin' his cattle to drink."—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Oh, children! You are so noisy to-day. Can't you be a little stiller and better?" "Now, grandma, you must be a little considerate, and not scold us. You see, if it wasn't for us, you wouldn't be grandma at all."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Mr. Brown (to stranger who has saved him from drowning)—"My dear, good friend, I'll never forget you as long as I live! Come up to my store and get some nice, clean, dry clothes; I'll let you have them as cheap as anybody."—*Puck.*

Bacon—"A man never steals anything but he lives to regret it." Egbert—"You're wrong there, my boy. Didn't you ever steal a kiss from your girl in your younger days?" "Yes, old man, I did. But didn't I marry the girl?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Policeman—"Come along!" Howling inebriate—"Whazzer want?" "I arrest you. You are full of whisky." "You betcher life! I'm a 'riginal package o' whishky, an' y' can't touch me! Tthatsh th' law! Handsh off! Whoop!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

He—"Now, that you have made me the happiest of mortals, can I kiss you?" She—(Boston)—"Never having had any personal experience of your osculatory abilities, Mr. Geisner, I do not know if you can, but you may."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"I understand young Briefless is about to marry the daughter of old Bonds, the millionaire." "Yes; so I am told." "Will he give up the law business?" "Yes; he will give up the law business and go into the son-in-law business."—*Lowell Citizen.*

Harry—"She has jilted me, and I know I shall die. The disappointment will kill me." Aunt Hannah—"I know how disappointments affect one, Harry. But you'll get over it. I felt just as you do now when I set that yaller hen on 13 eggs and only got just one poor chick out of the lot."—*Boston Transcript.*

"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" said a dandy young bookseller to the homely dressed Quaker who had given him some trouble. "Well, here's an an Essay on the Rearing of Calves." "Then," said Aminadab, as he turned to leave the shop, "thee had'st better present it to thy mother."—*New York Ledger.*

Conductor—"Madam, it's against our rules to let dogs ride in passenger cars. You will have to take this animal into the baggage car." Lady—"I have paid full fare for this dog, sir. Here is his ticket. He is a passenger. Do you allow passengers to ride in baggage cars?" (Conductor scratches his head thoughtfully and passes on.)—*Chicago Tribune.*

"This is about the time of the year," said Mrs. Watts to her neighbor, "that the fishing fever strikes my husband. If he can get out on the banks of some creek and catch two or three mud cats in the course of an afternoon he is perfectly happy." "Indeed? So he is fond of fishing, then?" "Fond of fishing? Why, that man is a perfect anglomaniae."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Judge Pulltrigger—"Is your verdict guilty or not guilty?" Foreman Bill Caparejo (of the Dead Hoss Ranch)—"We want to ask one question. The evidence shows that the prisoner shot at the man six times, and then only hit him once in the foot. Ain't there no law agin such poor shootin'?" Judge Pulltrigger (reluctantly)—"No." Foreman Bill Caparejo(sadly)—"Not guilty, then."—*Texas Siftings.*

MR. KNOX'S ADVENTURE.

Here is the true incident of summer travel: My friend Knox boarded the express train some time near 10 o'clock in the evening, and found the sleepers crowded with passengers. The colored porter offered a choice of two places—the lower bunk in section 1, the upper being occupied by an old gentleman, or the upper bearth in section 15, the lower having been taken in New York by a charming young woman, according to the porter. Knox wasn't half a minute in making a choice. No. 1 was too near the door, over the wheels, in fact, and to 15 with the porter he went. He took his little pair of steps in behind the drab curtains and mounted to his perch. Each of the berths had a short vallance of lace close to the bed, and a foot away there swept from the cornice a heavy drab rep curtain. Up in the cockloft Knox made a few alterations in his toilet, handed his shoes to the porter, and addressed himself to sleep; but somehow his mind kept wandering to the lower berth. He wondered if its occupant was a blonde or a brunette. The officious porter came along talking to some one just below him:

"Is that you, porter? Will you give me a glass of water, please?" Knox lay with his neck on the rail of his bed, as if it was a guillotine, till the water came, and a slim, white hand stretched forth and took the glass. Then the pretty hand went out again, and fluttered around a refractory button on the curtain. Byron has said that the "moon sees more mischief in a month that the sun gets a shine at in a year," and the moon, really does seem to take an interest in seeing fun. As the cars was racing through bucolic scenes she burst forth in all her splendor, and threw a radiant field of white light on the drab curtain. Madam had pushed aside the little lace flounce of her couch, as she took the water, and now, as Knox rested his off ear on the side rail, he could see the sharply defined outline of a graceful head, and a shapely arm thrown partly over it. The shadow fascinated him. It changed; evidently the substance of it had turned from the window and was facing the curtain. For an instant a hand flitted across the moon-lit square, in search, perhaps, for the little muff-like pad which railroad companies furnished for pillows. The restless sleeper noticed the pretty shadow of her hand, no doubt, for she held it so that all the fingers were displayed. She made a fist of it. She did "fly away Jack, come Jill," with her thumb and pinky finger.

In an instant Knox thought of something. He dropped his hand over the side till the moon's rays threw its shadow beside the smaller one disappeared. Knox has a handsome hand. It is one of his strong points. It is a large hand, perhaps, but well shaped, white, and admirably cared for. Its proprietor showed that he admired it, for on the third finger gleamed and glistened in the moonlight a $700 diamond. Such a beauty! Many a time and oft, as he toyed with his moustache in public places, he had seen admiring glances wander to it. An ugly man can attract attention with a five-karat stone, and Knox knew its attraction for the fair sex. The newly arrived shadow on the curtain hung limp and listless for a moment. Then it took the shape of the first letter of the deaf and dumb alphabet—the second—the third. Knox got on well till he arrived at H, when he seemed to be stranded. To his delight the little fist erept on to the curtain with the thumb and little finger sitting up like soldiers, helping him to the letter I. After this they went along together smoothly until they come to O. But the lady bridged over the difficulty and the shadow alphabet was successfully completed. Then ensued a little conversation:

"How far do you go?" spelled the shadow on the curtain.

"Chicago," answered the smaller hand.

"Travelling alone?"

"Alas, yes."

"How nice."

"Do you go to Chicago?"

"I believe I will."

"Are you a married lady?" asked the big hand.

"Widow," responded the little digits.

Knox was in the seventh heaven as well as the upper bunk.

"We will have breakfast together?" said the curtain.

"With pleasure," it replied.

"Do you ever indulge in a night cap?" asked the facetious shadow.

"Never wear one," answered the obtuse one.

"I mean take a little nip."

"I couldn't think of it."

"Sweet creature," he thought, "she can't be much over 20. All widows of 30 like a drop of rye."

Knox had nearly sawed his ear off on the side of the bunk by this time, but he was enjoying himself hugely. The widow below was bewitchingly flavored with rose. It came up in gusts once in a while. A silver laugh also had gurgled several times, and Knox was as pleased as Punch with his delightful adventure.

In the midst of a sentence (the moon went suddenly behind a cloud, and Knox uttered his first spoken words, "Ain't that too bad?" and a whispered "Yes" floated back to him. "Good night." He boldly lowered his hand. The widow's reached it. This was simply delicious. The jolt of the car swayed their hands. Knox was in elysium. Go to Chicago? Why he'd have gone to Jeppa. Bidding the enamored man a soft good-night, and promising to be punctual for breakfast, the widow pulled the white lace curtains, and after a while Knox slept.

It was broad daylight when the porter came through, dropping boots in the different sections. He made an unnecessary row in 15. Knox looked out and said "Hello," and then he wondered what the negro was thrashing about the lower bunk.

"Is the lady out?"

"Warn't no lady there, boss," said the porter, "I sposed they was when I tole yer, but it seemed just afore she went to bed she fell in wif an ole lady wat had a 'arf o' that section, an' they went to talking, and jess swapped. I never dropped to it till the dude got off back yer to S'pension Bridge, an' I seen 'im leavin' number 15 jest here under you."

Knox was aghast. Was he awake? He rubbed his eyes, and as he rubbed them he noticed that his ring was gone.—*Chicago Herald.*

In one of the upper counties of Michigan, a woman with one child was snubbed by a woman with seven children. The one-horse—one-child woman, we mean—took her little dear to Wisconsin, exposed him to the whooping cough, and then returned and pushed him through the line fence. The seven children now whoop, yell, cough and kiek, and the mother says she had rather been struck by lightning.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Joined another party.—Fangle—"I see that ex-President Cleveland has become a raconteur." Mrs. Fangle—"Is that so? I suppose he left the Democrats because he did not get reëlected."—*Time.*

Women do not marry for money, but they say it is easier to love a rich man than a poor one.—*Atchison Globe.*

GOOD AS GOLD

So enthusiastic are thousands of people over the benefits derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, that they can hardly find words to express their confidence in and gratitude for this medicine. "Worth its weight in gold" is a favorite expression of these warm friends.

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THE IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Pure Blood Makes

THE HAPPY BODY.

To coin a good word Dear Reader are you "Blood-happy," or is your blood dragging you through the depths of distress with

Influenza, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Constipation, Scrofula or Kindred Diseases? Then

Free the blood from these poisons. Don't mope along half alive, half dead, but rouse up your system. Give your good old friend, the stomach, a chance to do its work.

Here is the Remedy.

Tried, Trusty and True. The ingredients of this wonderful remedy have been used as a favorite and successful medicine for many years, but like the improvements in the telegraph since Morse, the sewing machine since Howe, and the electric light since Franklin forced the first spark, the new and perfect combination of these ingredients has never been reached until combined as now in FISCHER'S IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

This medicine purifies the blood as naturally as water quenches thirst. *It cures.* This is its history in a nutshell. Grateful testimonials are received every day. Price $1.00.

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SPRING MILLINERY.

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In addition to our well-selected stock of Millinery we would call attention to our

Fine Line of Fancy Goods.

MISS FLORA BARTON of New York will attend to your wants in the Millinery line.

Mrs. L. E. CARPENTER,

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SCOTCH AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS.

APRON AND SHIRTING PRINTS
FIVE CENTS PER YARD.

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PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
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NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED
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BUNKER HILL
$3.00-PANTS.-$3.00
Lots of Orders this Spring.
300 SAMPLES.
W. E. STONE.

NEW PONCE MOLASSES. At SMITH & CO.'S.

E. A. BUCK & CO.

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WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED
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WE GET OUR SEEDS DIRECT FROM THE GROWERS AND ARE
THE BEST TO BE HAD.

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NATIONAL STEELED METAL PLOWS,

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NORTH AMERICAN SIDE-HILL,

THE CONICAL PLOW,

The "NEW DOE" HARD WELD PLOW,

—AND—

THOMAS' SMOOTHING HARROWS,
THE YANKEE PULVERIZER AND HARROW,
STEEL FRAME CULTIVATOR,
STEEL FRAME HORSE HOE,
WHEELBARROWS, SHOVELS, FORKS, HOES.

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Colors in Oil and Sapan. Varnishes, Shellacs, Japans, Liquid Dryer.

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KITCHEN KNIVES,

SCISSORS AND SHEARS.

Split Bamboo Fishing Rods,

LANCEWOOD FISHING RODS.

REELS, FLIES, LINES.

BOSTON AND MAINE R. R.
CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.
TIME TABLE COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 26, 1890.

LEAVE BOSTON for Northampton, Hadley, Amherst, So. Amherst, Belchertown and Bondsville, 7.00 and 8.00 a. m., 1.30 and 4.00 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Northampton, 6.00, 8.05 a. m., 2.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.00 a. m.
Hadley, 6.06, 8.11 a. m., 2.05 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 a. m.
Amherst, 6.15, 8.20 a. m., 2.14 p. m. Sunday, 6.15 a. m.
So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19 p. m. Sunday, 6.20 a. m.
Belchertown, 6.34, 8.37 a. m., 2.32 p. m. Sunday, 6.34 a. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 8.46 a. m., 2.42 p. m. Sunday, 6.45 a. m.

LOCAL SERVICE BETWEEN WARE & NORTHAMPTON
LEAVE, Ware, 6.10, 10.44 a. m., 4.36, 6.45 p. m. Sunday, 4.33 p. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 10.59 a. m., 4.50, 7.01 p. m. Sunday, 4.50 p. m.
Belchertown, 7.10, 10.31 11.09 a. m., 5.00, 7.11 p. m. Sunday, 5.03 p. m.
So. Amherst, 7.40, 11.22 a. m., 5.13, 7.23 p. m. Sunday, 5.17 p. m.
Amherst, 7.55, 10.47, 11.28 a. m., 5.19, 7.29 p. m. Sunday, 5.23 p. m.
Hadley, 8.21, 11.38 a. m., 5.28, 7.38 p. m. Sunday 5.32 p. m.
ARRIVE, Northampton, 8.38, 11.00, 11.45 a. m., 5.35, 7.45 p. m. Sunday, 5.40 p. m.
LEAVE, Northampton, 6.00, 8.05 a. m., 2.00, 6.22, 7.20 p. m. Sunday, 6.00 a. m.
Hadley, 6.06, 8.11 a. m., 2.05, 7.30 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 a. m.
Amherst, 6.15, 8.20 a. m., 2.14, 6.35, 7.56 p. m. Sunday, 6.15 a. m.
So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19, 8.05 p. m. Sunday, 6.20 a. m.
Belchertown, 6.34, 8.37 a. m., 2.32, 6.52, 8.35 p. m. Sunday, 6.34 a. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 8.46 a. m., 2.42, 8.55 p. m. Sunday, 6.45 a. m.
ARRIVE, Ware, 7.00, 9.00 a. m., 3.00, 7.15, 9.25 p. m. Sunday, 7.00 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for Ware, Gilbertville, Barre, Rutland, Oakdale and West Boylston, 7.00 a. m., 1.30, 4.00 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Ware, 7.00, 9.00 a. m., 3.00, 7.15 p. m. Sunday, 7.00 a. m.
Gilbertville, 7.09, 9.07 a. m., 3.08, 7.22 p. m. Sunday, 7.09 a. m.
Barre, 7.35, 9.22 a. m., 3.27 p. m. Sunday, 7.35 a. m.
Rutland, 7.59, 9.37 a. m., 3.45 p. m. Sunday, 7.59 a. m.
Oakdale, 8.35, 10.04 a. m., 4.11, 8.17 p. m. Sunday, 8.30 a. m.
West Boylston, 8.39, 10.08 a. m., 4.15 p. m. Sunday, 8.34 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for New Braintree, Hardwick, Barre Plains, Coldbrook, 7.00 a. m., 1.30, 4.00 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, New Braintree, 7.16 a. m., 3.14 p. m., Sunday, 7.16 a. m.
Hardwick, 7.20 a. m., 3.17 p. m. Sunday, 7.20 a. m.
Barre Plains, 7.28 a. m., 3.23 p. m. Sunday, 7.28 a. m.
Coldbrook, 7.42 a. m., 3.32 p. m. Sunday, 7.42 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for So. Clinton and Berlin, 7.00 a. m., 1.30, 4.00 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN
So. Clinton, 8.48 a. m., 4.22 p. m. Sunday, 8.43 a. m.
Berlin, 9.00 a. m., 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 8.51 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for Hudson, So. Sudbury, 7.00, 8.00, 9.20 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, 5.25, 6.25, p. m. Sunday 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Hudson, 6.30, 7.40, 9.10, 10.30 a. m., 12.35, 4.39 p. m. Sunday, 9.01 a. m.
So. Sudbury, 6.46, 7.55, 9.28 a. m., 12.52, 4.55 p. m. Sunday, 9.21 a. m.
LEAVE for WAYLAND, 7.12, 7.60, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WAYLAND, 5.50, 6.53, 8.02, 8.45, 9.26 a. m., 12.58, 2.40, 5.01, 5.15, 8.59 p. m. Sunday, 9.29 a. m.
LEAVE for WESTON, 7.12, 7.00, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WESTON, 6.00, 7.02, 8.10, 8.54, 9.44 10.52 a. m., 1.07, 2.49, 5.25, 5.09, 9.04 p. m. Sunday, 9.37 a. m.
LEAVE for WALTHAM, 7.00, 7.12, 8.00, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WALTHAM, 6.08, 7.10, 8.17, 9.02, 9.52, 10.58 a. m., 1.15, 2.57, 5.33, 5.16, 9.10 p. m. Sunday, 9.45 a. m.
LEAVE for WAVERLY, 7.00 7.12, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WAVERLY, 6.15, 7.18, 8.23, 9.07, 9.56 a. m., 1.20, 3.02, 5.40, 5.20 p. m. Sunday, 9.51 a. m.
LEAVE for BELMONT, 7.00, 7.12, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN BELMONT, 6.18, 7.21, 8.25, 9.10, 9.57 a. m., 1.23, 3.05, 5.48, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.54 a. m.
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Monson, Mass., May 23, 1890.

The Palmer Journal.

VOL. XLI. PALMER, MASS., FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 13, 1890.---SIX PAGES. NUMBER 11.

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G. W. Gregory, Esq.:—In accepting your resignation as Principal Examiner, I take this opportunity to express my sincere regret that the office is to lose your valuable services. By an intelligent discharge of your duties, at the head of one of the most important classes in the Patent Office, you have won not only the esteem and commendation of more than one Commissioner of Patents, but also the confidence of those having business before you. Very respectfully, J. M. THACHER, Commissioner of Patents.

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My Little Love.

My little love has eyes of blue,
A wild-rose mouth all sweet with dew;
And her heart is as tender a little thing
As the first anemone of the spring.

From the wilding spring to winter gray
She is seeking ever her own sweet way.
My little love has a temper, too, [blue.
Though her eyes are made out of heaven's own

How glad I am she's a child of earth,
That I have no doubt of her mortal birth!
I never think, when she croons and sings,
That I must look for her budding wings.

What should I do in earth's rain and snow
With a stray little angel, I'd like to know.
"My bad little girl!" is dearer far
Than any cherub from yonder star.

With her eyes of love and her anxious brow,
Who is our little care-taker now?
Who comes tugging her brother's coat
As he idly sails his painted boat?

Who feeds the birds from the window-sill?
Who cries over kitty, stiff and chill?
Who leads her "dollies," with mother-hand,
Far out into realms of wonder-land?

Who weeps, with such a tender thrill,
For a "weal live baby" to tend and still—
A baby-sister in long "fite fock,"
A baby-brother to lug and "wock"?

Who, when the children rush in pairs,
Comes heavy-laden down the stairs?
Who carries after them, down the road,
All of the other children's load?

Who, but my little lover dear,
With her heart of care and her laugh of cheer,
With her wild-rose mouth, and eyes of blue;
The brave little woman, fond and true!

I'm happier, far, for my little love;
Her tiny arms ever lift me above
The weary cares of my working-day,
Into a heaven of mirth and play.

And dear, when the twilight is at its best,
To gather her into my arms to rest—
To think, when her baby days are done,
How it will be with the little one.

Into these liquid eyes of blue,
Will love for love flow deep and true?
Will they find—these burden-bearing arms—
A pair as quick to shield them from harms?

Ah, my little love! She who lifts the load
May carry it always down the road;
Sometimes, but seldom, she finds the friend
Who will lift and carry it to the end.

I fold thee close. I read thy fate,
Dear little lover;—how soon or late
Thou wilt pour, unstinted, love's largess,
And find thy blessing is to bless.

—Wide Awake.

SHE TOOK CARE OF THEM.

When the train moved away from the station Mabel pulled out her little red-bordered handkerchief, and cried. There, in the car window was Fay, her dearest friend, moving farther away from her each minute. For a little while she could see Fay's hand and handkerchief moving from the window, but when they had passed out of sight Mabel sobbed aloud. Right by her side stood Fay's mamma. She, too, stood watching the little white signal till it was lost in the distance. Then she turned and held out her hand to Mabel.

"Come, Mabel," she said in a voice that trembled somewhat, "let us go home now."

As they walked away together sympathetic eyes of the bystanders followed them. One soft-hearted baggage man shook his head sadly.

"Hard, isn't it?" he said.

The man standing next him nodded. "And it seems only the other day they were married!" he answered. "How proud and happy they were! What was the trouble, do you know?"

"No," said the other with a wrinkle of the eyebrows. "Some nonsense, I guess. Ralph was always a quick-tempered fellow, and she was an only child, you know. I never thought they'd separate, though—and such a sweet little girl!"

His companion smiled a little. "Did you notice the other one?" he asked. "That's Colburn's young 'un. Fay and she are as thick as peas. It'll be lonesome for Mabel now."

Mabel was already lonesome as she walked away from the station with Fay's mamma. When she looked up, however, and saw the tears in Mrs. Fenwick's eyes she winked very hard to keep back her own tears. She did not know that the reason Fay had been sent away was that Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick had separated now, but she felt very sorry for the parents left behind, and had promised Fay to take good care of them.

"I do not think my mamma is happy," Fay had confided to her, "for she cries a great deal. I am very sorry to go away just now, only Aunt Lottie wants me so much. And papa is not very well, I think. Sometimes he is cross and things are all different from what they used to be, You must be good to them, Mabel, so that they will not be too lonesome for me," and Mabel had promised that she would.

Now she took Mrs. Fenwick's hand as she trudged along by her side.

"I will be your little girl now till Fay comes back," she said. The sad face smiled a little as Mrs. Fenwick looked down at the child thoughtfully.

"Thank you, dear," she said.

Mabel's active little brain had already devised a plan.

Every morning on my way to school I will stop and see you," she said, after a minute, "and—let me see—every afternoon when I don't have too many lessons and when my teacher does not keep me after school, I will stop in the store to see papa."

"Papa!" cried Mrs. Fenwick.

She had hardly listened to the child, but started then, for Mabel's papa, poor young Jack Colburn, had died some years ago.

Mabel laughed merrily.

"If I am your little girl," she said quickly, "then Fay's papa is mine."

Mrs. Fenwick flushed a little.

Mabel talked on without stopping. "Sometimes we went into his store coming home from school," she continued, "and I know just where to find him—down in the little office at the end, sitting on a high stool, and the man outside always smiles at us just as pleasant, and says, 'step right in, little ladies.'"

Mrs. Fenwick choked a little. How many times she had been in that little office—but now she would not go any more.

That evening she was all alone. No tired young husband came home to tea, and Fay was far away with Aunt Lottie. Some of the neighbors thought of the lonesome little mother, but none ventured to intrude upon her in her sorrow.

In the morning Mabel came in as Mrs. Fenwick was eating her breakfast. This was an every day occurrence when Fay was at home, for the two children walked to school together.

"Good morning," said Mabel, smiling.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Fenwick. "Come here and kiss me."

The little girl did so and rubbed her chubby little cheek against Mrs. Fenwick's.

"I wish I could stay with you," she said sadly, "but I daren't be late at school. It's very lonesome without Fay, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Fay's mother, her eyes filling with tears.

Mabel walked around the room in silence.

"On my way back from school," she said, finally, "I'll go in and see Fay's papa."

"You're very thoughtful," said Mrs. Fenwick.

Mabel laughed.

"I am taking care of you till Fay comes back,'' she answered. The she picked up her little lesson books and kissed Mrs. Fenwick good-bye.

"Take good care of yourself till I come back," she said.

Mrs. Fenwick stood at the window watching the little figure go down the street. She would turn around every minute and throw a kiss at the window, as Fay used to do.

School was very lonesome for Mabel. Usually Fay sat by her side and at noon they ate their lunch together under one of the big trees in the school yard. Some of the other children came up to Mabel now, but she turned away from them with a little sigh. Had she not promised Fay that she would be true to her and take no other girl in her place? At noon she put her little lunch basket on the desk before her and ate alone. The afternoon seemed very long, but when school was dismissed at last Mabel was the first to leave the building. Up the street she ran, around the corner by the green lamp post, and never stopped till she reached the hardware store, where Mr. Fenwick had his little office at the end. As she pulled back the heavy door and stepped inside one of the hardware men, who had a black streak across his forehead, smiled at her from over the counter and asked:

"What do you want, little girl?"

Mabel smiled too as she walked past him.

"I'm going in to see Mr. Fenwick," she said.

The man, who had recently come in the store, tried to stop her. She only laughed in reply.

"Oh, he will see me," she answered, and pushed open the office door. Mr. Fenwick turned around at the sound. There he sat on the same high stool, with his books open before him, but there were great rings under his brown eyes and Mabel thought he looked tired. As his eyes fell on the little intruder Fenwick started.

"Hello, Mabel," he said.

She walked up beside his high chair and looked up at him smiling.

"How do you do?" she asked cheerfully. "How are you getting along?"

Mr. Fenwick smiled.

"Who sent you here?" he asked.

Mabel drew her little form up proudly.

"Nobody sent me," she answered. I thought you might be lonesome without Fay."

"So I am," cried Fenwick, getting down from his stool and lifting the little girl in his arms.

"So you came in to keep me from being lonesome, did you?"

"Yes," said Mabel, moving her soft hand over his dark hair, "I am to be your little girl while Fay is away. Do you think she will be gone long?"

Fenwick hesitated. He did not care to tell Mabel that Fay would not come back till it had been legally decided which parent should have charge of her.

"It's very pleasant where she is," he said, finally; "I shouldn't wonder if she didn't come back right away."

Mabel brushed away a tear.

"It's very hard on me," she said, "but I suppose it's hard, too, on you and"— She was going to say "on mamma," but thinking he might not understand finished, "and on your wife."

"Yes," said Fenwick, "it is."

"We'll have to all keep each other from being lonesome," Mabel said as Fenwick at last placed her on one of the stools by his side.

For some time the clerks in the hardware store cast frequent glances through the glass door at their employer in his office and the little girl at his side.

"It's Colburn's girl," said one of them," she used to come in here with Fay Fenwick. I guess it makes Fenwick feel bad."

When Mabel came out of the office they all smiled at her. She spoke to Mr. Fenwick as she closed the glass door.

"I will try and come in to-morrow," she said, "take good care of yourself."

"All right," answered Fenwick, smiling, "thank you."

He sat for some time after she had left with his head on his arm, so only the dark locks were seen through the door. The men outside felt sorry for him.

"It's too bad," they said, "and they were so happy together."

When Mabel reached home she told her own mamma what she had done. Mrs. Colburn kissed her.

"All right, darling," she said. "Surely," she thought, "it can do no harm, and possibly the child may comfort them a little."

So every morning Mabel called on the forlorn little mother, who grew thinner and paler each day, and every afternoon a second stool was placed by the side of Mr. Fenwick for his little visitor. All the hardware men looked forward to her calls with pleasure. One gave her a pencil once, with a big rubber on the end which left a black mark after it every time she used it. But Mabel always smiled on the rough fellow, because he did not know about the rubber, probably.

One afternoon she came into the store in a hurry and ran into Mr. Fenwick's office, all out of breath.

"What is the matter?" he asked. She held up a little three cornered envelope. It was tinted pink and on the back was a picture of a tiny white dove with a letter tied around his neck.

"See!" cried Mabel, "here is my letter from Fay!"

Fenwick took it eagerly. It was Aunt Lottie's handwriting on the outside, but when he took out the little pink sheet his heart throbbed, for he knew that his own little girl had written that.

"Read it," said Mabel.

It was written well for a 10-year-old little girl, and had cost Fay much time and trouble.

"Dear Mabel:—It is a very nice place here, Aunt Lottie is very good. The conductor was very good. I hope you don't eat dinner with Annie Dobson. How are my dear papa and mamma? I want to see them very much and I want to see you. I think I will come home before long. Write soon.

FAY FENWICK."

Ralph Fenwick put the paper back in the envelop. Then he kissed it.

"When you answer this," he said to Mabel. "you tell Fay that papa kissed her letter."

Mabel laughed.

"Somebody told you," she said, "Fay's mamma kissed it too."

Fenwick's color deepened somewhat.

"Did she see it to?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said Mabel, "when I went to school this morning."

"Does she know you come here!" said Fenwick.

Mabel laughed again.

"Why, yes!" she answered.

"And is she very lonsome?" said Fenwick again.

"You both ask me the same questions," said Mabel. "When I go to see my new mamma she says: 'Do you think Fay's papa is very lonsome?"

"Is that so!" cried Fenwick.

Mable nodded.

"I am going to see her now," she said after a minute.

"Who?" asked Fenwick.

"Who've we been talking about?" said Mabel, smiling, "my new mamma? She had a headache this morning, and thought I'd go twice today."

"That's right," said the new mamma's husband, and then after a panse, "Was she very ill?"

"I think she was," answered Mabel.

Fenwick ran his fingers through his dark locks.

"Suppose," said Mabel, "you send her something by me."

"What!" cried Fenwick.

Mabel nodded.

"Don't you remember when Fay and I took the tin candlestick, and how pleased she was?"

Fenwick walked around the little office.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I remember."

"You might send a pair of scissors," continued Mabel, "only that isn't a good sign. Something awful might happen."

"Oh! well—then I won't send those," said Fenwick, with a faint smile.

"I suppose flowers are what the sick should have," said Mabel, "but you don't have flowers in your store."

Fenwick paused in his walking. A bright spot burned in each cheek.

"You wait here," he said, "and I'll be back in a minute."

He took his hat from behind the door and went out of the store. Presently he returned with a little lunch of violets in each hand. He looked somewhat confused then. "Here are your flowers," he said, holding them out to her. "Give them to her if you want too."

Mabel took them with a cry of delight.

"Violets!" she said, "and I know a nice little verse to say when I give them to her. Wouldn't that be nice?"

"Very nice," said Mr. Fenwick.

Mabel ran away joyfully. She could hardly wait now. Every little while she lifted the fragrant flowers and smelled of them.

"They are different from our violets," she thought; "bigger, with more leaves, and they smell more."

She saw Mrs. Fenwick in the window as she reached the house and ran in without ringing.

"See!" she cried, holding out the little bouquet.

"English violets!" said Mrs. Fenwick. She raised them to her nostrils. English violets had tender associations for her.

"They are yours," said Mabel, putting her hands behind her. "Fay's papa sent them, and he said he thought it would be very nice to say this verse with them:

"The rose is red,
The violet blue,
Do you love me
As I love you?"

Mrs. Fenwick did not move her head. The color slowly mounted to her forehead. Then, with a sudden movement, she raised the flowers to her lips and kissed them.

"I thought you' like 'em," said Mabel.

Then, suddenly noticing that the tears were running down Mrs. Fenwick's cheeks, she ran and threw her arms around her."

"Don't cry," she said. "Don't, please don't."

Mrs. Fenwick drew the little face down to hers and kissed it.

"Did he really send them?" she asked.

"Of course he did," said Mabel.

Mrs. Fenwick was silent a minute. Then she detached one of the violets from the others.

"Mabel," she asked, "are you very tired?"

Mabel looked out of the window.

"Not so very," she answered.

"And will you do something for me?"

"Of course I will," said the child smiling.

"Then take this back to your new papa and tell him I sent it."

Mabel took the flower reluctantly.

"Only one?" she questioned.

"One is enough," said Mrs. Fenwick smiling.

Her mind went back to the time when she first sent Mr. Fenwick a violet, a token of her love for him. After the little girl had gone she went to the door and watched her go down the street. Her heart throbbed loudly, but she held the fragrant violets closely clasped in her hands.

Mr. Fenwick had not been himself since Mabel had departed. The books lay open before him, but he paid no attention to them. He had hardly changed his position when Mabel returned. She was very tired, but held out the flowers to him with a smile.

"I wish it was more than one," she said, a trifle ashamed at the gift she was bringing, "but she said one would be enough."

Mr. Fenwick's heart gave a great bound.

"Who did?" he cried, and almost choked in speaking.

"My new mamma," answered Mabel, a little frightened at his emotion. "She liked the flowers very much and kissed them and told me to bring this to you."

"God bless you, child," cried the man, catching up his hat and picking up the little girl in his arms. Up the street they went, faster and faster. Mabel did not dare ask to be left at her own house.

Mrs. Fenwick saw them coming. She started toward the door, but it had already been opened. Mabel was put upon the floor and Ralph Fenwick and his wife stood motionless in each other's arms. Mabel walked around the room feeling a trifle ill at ease. Finally she returned to speak to them and smiled bravely, though there were large tears in her eyes.

"I wish," she said, "that it was time for Fay to come back. I don't think I can take care of you two much longer."—*Home Journal.*

Teacher—"Now, children, by what is the earth divided?" Tommy (whose father is a kicker)—"By the politicians."—*Epoch.*

Babyland.

There's a wonderful country we all of us know
Where the strangest things talk, and the queerest things grow,
Where the Fairies and Brownies guard everything nice
And delight the small children with charming advice,
Where there's nobody rich, yet there's nobody poor,
For all are content, light of heart and secure,
And the name of this country, where all these things be
Is innocent Babyland, land of the wee.

I lived in this Babyland, long years ago
(We all of us live there at some time you know,)
But somebody kept me one morning from play
And took me to school as they called it, that day.
I sang as I went, for I guessed nothing then,
And thought myself wise with my book and my pen.
Ah! little I knew as I danced on in glee
That I had left Babyland,—land of the wee.

They taught me to read, and they taught me to write,
They filled my head so that it thought in the night,
I wanted to go back to Babyland then
And have no more bother of thinking again.
But try as I would to remember the way—
'Twas lost, and forgotten forever that day,
For none may return once they leave it, and see
Their innocent Babyland, land of the wee.

Oh, little folks living in Babyland now,
Sing with the birds as they sing on the bough,
Dance with the blossoms that dance at your feet,
Laugh with each other wherever you meet,
Sleep, and in dreaming know naught of the care
Kept far away from your Babyland fair,
Know that our happiest hours must be
While you are at play, in your land of the wee!

—Good Housekeeping.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FIRST PLEA.

Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel, was a farmer. The vegetables in his garden suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck, whose hold and habitation was near the premises. Daniel, some ten years old, and his brother Ezekiel, had set a trap, and at last succeeded in catching the trespasser. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal, and end at once all further trouble with him; but Daniel looked with compassion upon his meek, dumb captive and offered to let him go. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case.

"Well, my boys," said the gentleman, "I will be the judge, and you shall be the counsel to plead the case for and against his life and liberty."

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischievous nature of the criminal, the great harm he had already done, said that much time and labor had been spent in his capture, and now, if suffered to go at large, he would renew his depredations, and be cunning enough not to be caught again, and that he ought now to be put to death; that his skin was of some value, and that, make the most of him they could, it would not repay half the damage he had already done. His argument was ready, practical and to the point, and of much greater length than our limit will allow us to occupy in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood.

"Now, Daniel, it's your turn; I'll hear what you've got to say."

It was his first case. Daniel saw that the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the judge; and his large, brilliant black eyes rested upon the soft, timid expression of the animal, and he saw it trembled with fear in its narrow prison house. His heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that the captive might go free. God, he said, had made the woodchuck; He made him to live to enjoy the bright sunshine, the pure air, the fields and woods. God had not not made him or anything in vain. The woodchuck had as much right to live as any other living thing; he was not a destructive animal like the wolf; he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had plenty and could well spare a part; he destroyed nothing except the little food he ate to sustain his humble life; and that little food was as sweet to him and as necessary to his existence as was to them the food on their mother's table. God furnished their own food. He gave them all they possessed, and would they not spare a little for a dumb creature who really had as much right to God's bounty as they themselves had to their portion? Yea, more; the animal had never violated the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often did, but strictly followed the simple instincts he had received from the hands of the Creator of all things. Created by God's hands, he had a right from God to food, to liberty, and they had no right to deprive him of either. He alluded to the mute but earnest pleading of the animal for that life, as dear to him as was their own, and the just judgment they might expect, if in selfish cruelty and cold-heartedness they took the life they could not restore again.

During the appeal the tears had started in the old man's eyes and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks. Every feeling of a father's heart was stirred within him, and he felt that God had blessed him beyond the lot of common men. His pity was awakened by the eloquent words of compassion and the strong appeal for mercy; and, forgetting the judge in the man and the father, he sprang from his chair (while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking he had already won his case) and turning to his eldest son, dashing the tears from his eyes, he exclaimed: "Zeke, Zeke, you let that woodchuck go!"

HOW TO CLIMB HIGH PLACES.—It is the duty of one of the employes of the Brooklyn bridge to regularly climb to the top of the towers in order to examine the cable and see everything is in good working order. I saw a large crowd yesterday anxiously watching his operations. The ladder is built into the masonry, and to any one not used to such work the task seems a perilous one. When the climber came down I asked him if his head did not get dizzy after reaching the top, but he only smiled at my ignorance and remarked in an off-hand way that it was both simple and easy. "The most nervous man in the world," he said, "can climb to any hight, provided he observes one principle; that is, never to look down. If he does he is in danger. The first time I climbed that ladder I found no difficulty whatever in getting up. Coming down, however, it was different. I happened to look below just when I was about half-way down and became so nervous that I remained on the same rung for several seconds. My strength seemed to have deserted me, and it was with great difficulty that I restrained myself from letting go and being dashed to pieces"—*New York Star.*

NATURE'S BAROMETERS.

Nature's barometers are the only ones of which most country folk have any knowledge. These they may consult at all times, and they know them by heart. Almost all field workers are "weather wise," and their conversation on this head has no town conventionalism about it. The farmer has been so beaten about by wind and weather that he himself is scarcely sensible to changing atmospheric conditions, but that does not prevent his observing its influence on the things about him. Before rain his dogs grow sleepy and dull, the cat constantly licks herself, geese gaggle in the pond, fowls and pigeons go early to roost and the farm horses grow restless. Abroad the ants are all hurry and scurry, rushing hither and thither; spiders crowd on the wall, toads emerge from their holes, and the garden paths are everywhere covered with slugs and snails. When the chaffinch says "weet weet" it is an infallible sign of rain.

As the rain draws nearer peacocks cry and frogs croak clamorously from the ditches. These are signs which almost every one has heard who lives in the country, though one of the surest ways of predicting weather changes is by observing the habits of snails. Snails never drink, but imbibe moisture during rain and exude it afterward. They are seldom seen abroad, except before rain, when they commence climbing trees and getting upon the leaves. The tree snail is so sensitive to weather that it will commence to climb two days after the rain comes. If the downpour is to be prolonged the snail seeks the under part of the leaf, but if a short or light rain is coming it stays on the outside. There is another species which is yellow before rain and bluish after it. Others indicate changes by dints and protuberances resembling tubercles. These begin to show themselves ten days after rain, and when it comes the pores of the tubercles open and draw in the moisture. In others again, deep indentations, beginning at the head, between the horns, and ending with the jointure of the tail, appears a few days before a storm.

One of the simplest of nature's barometers is a spider's web. When there is a prospect of wind or rain the spider shortens the filaments by which its web is sustained and leaves it in this state as long as the weather is variable. If it elongates its thread it is a sign of calm, fine weather, the duration of which may be judged by the length to which the threads are let out. If the spider remains inactive it is a sign of rain; if it keeps at work during the rain the downpour will not last long and will be followed by fine weather. Observation has taught that the spider makes changes in its web every twenty-four hours, and that if such changes are made in the evening, just before sunset, the night will be clear and beautiful. The constant iteration of the green woodpecker's cry before a storm has given it the names of rain-bird, rain-pie and rain-fowl. Storm-cock is a provincial named shared by this bird and the missel-thrush, the latter often singing through gales of wind and rain. Storm-bird is always applied to the field-fare.

The abhorrence in which mariners hold the swallow-like stormy petrol is well known; its appearance is believed to denote wild weather. This little bird is the Mother Carey's chicken of sailors, and it is also called storm finch and water witch. Herons, says an old author, flying up and down in the evening as if doubtful where to rest, "presage some evil approaching weather"—a legend as old as Virgil, though probably devoid of foundation. Concerning gulls in general, children who live by the sea say: "Sea gull, sea gull, sit on the sand; it's never good weather when you're on the land." And fisher-folk know that when the sea mews fly out early and far to seaward fair weather may be expected.

To Scotch shepherds the drumming of the snipe indicates dry weather and frost at night, and Gilbert White remarks that woodcocks have been observed to be remarkably listless against snowy, foul weather, while, according to another author, their early arrival and continued abode "foretells a liberal harvest." In Wiltshire the coming of the dotterel betokens frost and snow, and there is a proverb that the booming of the bittern will be followed by rain or worse. In Morayshire, when the wild geese go out to sea they say the weather will be fine; but if toward the hill, stormy. The saw-like note of the great titmouse is said to foretell rain; that of the blue tilt, cold.

In the south of France so much store is set by the wisdom of the magpie that if it builds its nest on the summit of a tree the country folk expect a season of calm, but if lower down winds and tempests are sure to follow. When a jackdaw is seen to stand on one of the vanes of the cathedral tower at Wells it is said that rain is sure to fall in twenty-four hours. Wells must be a wet place! In Germany dwellers in the country lack faith in skylark's song as announcing fine weather, but when the lark and the cuckoo sing together they know that summer has come. The robbin, buzzard, lapwing, starling and a number of other birds are said to foretell weather changes. We have noticed that in nearly all the species named the various calls and cries are closely connected with the bird's food supply.—*St. James Gazette.*

SERIOUS OBJECTION.

The Scotch are often accused of a disposition to do all things in the way to which they have been accustomed, regardless of changing circumstances. The story is told that a Scotchman, who had been employed nearly all his life in the building of railways in the Highlands of Scotland, came to the United States in his later years, and settled in a new section on the plains of the far West.

Soon after his arrival a project came up in his new home for the construction of a railroad through the district, and the Scotchman was applied to as a man of experience in such matters.

"Hoot, mon!" said he to the spokesman of the scheme; "ye canna build a ra'lway across this kentry!"

"Why not, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Why not?" he repeated, with an air of settling the whole matter, "Why not? And dinna ye see the kentry's as flat as a flure, and ye have naw place wha'ever to run your toonnels through?"

EXPLAINED.—Judge (to witness)—"You say that the defendant was born deaf and dumb and at the age of 12 he lost the power of speech. Will you explain to the court how it was possible for him to lose the power of speech when he was already dumb?"

Witness—"When he was 12 years old he was playing in a saw mill one day, and the buzz saw took off eight of his fingers."—*Life.*

A Mystery.

At early morning Farmer Brown
Had hastened from the door;
His face was darkened with a frown
That oft had shown before.
"It's hard," said he, "to keep things straight;
Last Tuesday 'twasn't so.
Confound that miserable old gate!
What makes it sag so low!"

And bonny Kate, a dainty sight,
Stood still, demure and shy,
The house dog, who had barked all night,
Half closed a knowing eye;
The swallow, chuckling, told his mate
Of chats 'neath star-beam's glow;
And Farmer Brown said, "Drat that gate!
What makes it sag so low?"

—*Washington Post.*

BESIEGED BY A RHINOCEROS.

"Baas, baas! spoor good one-horn skelhm!"

Such was the, to me, rather unintelligible announcement with which my friend M——'s bush-boy came rushing in just about sunrise one morning, as we were sitting over our breakfast at the door of the house—one of those regular old Dutch built farm houses, that one hardly ever sees nowadays, except in South Africa. What he meant by it was, "Boss, boss! the trail of a big rhinoceros rascal!"

"Where?" cried M——, jumping up; for he was a keen sportsman, and never lost an opportunity of "potting" something.

"Out by Hollow Spring, baas; — spoor good!"

"There's a chance for you, my boy," said M——, turning to me. "Now you'll be able to see how these elephant-guns of mine do their work; I think you'll find them the right sort."

"Let me try the job myself," cried I, eagerly; for, like all "greenhorns," I was frantic to do some unheard-of feat, and win my laurels at once. "I've never shot a rhinoceros yet," you know."

"Can't, really, my dear boy," said M——, in the most exasperatingly indulgent tone; when you're a little better used to the African bush, you can do what you like; but if I were to let you go alone now, the least I could expect would be a lifelong remorse for having connived at a suicide. No, we'll make a party of three to visit our friend, and he'll hardly give us the slip, I fancy."

Accordingly, we started out that very night, Swart, the bush-boy, making the third of our party; but I suppose the rhinoceros was too modest to face so many visitors at once, for although we kept watch till sunrise, there was no sign of him. The next night it was just the same; and at last I got so mad at the idea of losing my chance—the first I had ever had with the big game—that, in spite of what M—— had said, I made up my mind to try my luck single-handed.

I should have told you that the Hollow Spring frequented by my four-footed friend lay about eight miles from the house, in a deep gully, one side of which went up into a steep hog backed ridge, topped by a big knuckle of rock that overlooked the spring at a range of fifty yards—as pretty a "stand" as any sportsman could wish. So when night came, I stole out of the house with one of M——'s vaunted "elephant guns"—a piece carrying a five-ounce "explosive ball" steel-tipped, and holding enough fulminating powder to blow out the spine of a megatherium. To guard against the recoil of such a charge, the stock was fitted with a thick pad; so, with gun and ammunition together, I had quite enough to carry for an eight-hour tramp through the bush.

I dare say there are ugly thickets in South America and Central Asia; but Africa beats them both. Imagine a forest of fish-hooks relieved by an occasional patch of penknives and you have it exactly. There's one spiky thing, called by the Dutch "Wache-em-betje," which the English have corrupted into "wait-a-bit," and it does make you wait a bit, if it once gets hold of you. I've known a fellow to be laid up for a fortnight with a gash from one. So you may think that with masses of this nice stuff all around me, I had to pick my way gingerly enough.

The full moon was just rising over the trees (a glorious sight, I can tell you), when I heard a distant trampling, like the tread of an elephant, only quicker; for a full-grown rhinoceros, clumsy as he looks, can be active enough at times, as you'd soon find if you stood a charge from him when his temper's up. So I had not long to wait before there came a thick snort, and the great brown barrel of a body loomed out in the streak of moonlight, just over the spring. I hardly stopped to take aim, before I pulled the trigger.

The next few seconds were a blank; and then I awoke to the consciousness that my shoulder was aching as if it were broken, and that something was grunting savagely a few yards off; and then I saw the huge snout and great white tusks coming right at me! I don't think any acrobat could have been quicker than I was in clutching a projecting bough, and swinging up into the tree overhead; and I'd hardly got there when the brute came bang against the trunk, almost shaking me off again. For a minute or two my heart was in my mouth, for he thumped against the tree till I really thought he would have it down; and when he found he couldn't he stamped the earth in a fury, and tore it up with his horn in a horribly suggestive way that made my flesh creep.

Here I was, then, in the crisis of a regular adventure, such as I had always longed for; but somehow, now that I was in it, it didn't seem so very delightful. It's one thing to read of adventures in an easy chair after dinner, and another to act them yourself all night on a hard bough, with thousands of mosquitoes pitching into you, and a mad rhinoceros galloping about underneath.

The likeness between my situation and some of those recorded by Captain Mayne Reid set me overhauling my recollections of that veracious author, in the hope of an idea, but the more I thought the more the captain failed me. Basil, when followed up a tree by a bear, got his brothers to throw him up a rope, and slid down; but I had no brothers, and no rope. Ben Brace, when "treed" by a lion, lassoed his dropped musket and slew the king of beasts therewith; but I had no lasso, and couldn't have used it if I had. Somebody else, blockaded by a "grizzly," waited till bruin fell asleep, and then slipped away; but my rhinoceros seemed distressingly wide-awake, and even if he had dozed, the experiment would not have commended itself to my fancy. In short, the most masterly strategem I could devise was to stay where I was, and I did so.

That night was the longest I ever spent, and no mistake. Toward morning master rhino frequently took a brief leave of absence into the bush, as if to tempt me down; but I heard him trampling in the distance, and wasn't to be caught. Day was just dawning, and I was beginning to wonder how much longer I could stand the thirst that was parching me up, when I heard a shot among the bushes, so close that it made me start. Then the boughs parted, and I saw M——'s jolly face looking up at me, with a grin from ear to ear.

"Fairly treed, eh, my boy? Well, I've raised the siege for you, and yonder lies the enemy. Your bullet's run down his side under the skin, without exploding; so I suppose you must have hit him slantwise. Better luck next time. Anyhow, I'm glad to find you alive, but I fancy you won't go out alone again in a hurry."

And to tell the truth, I didn't for a pretty long while after that day.—*St. Nicholas.*

QUAINT AND CURIOUS SAYINGS.

Many of our common sayings, so trite and pithy, are used without the slightest idea from whose mouth or pen they first originated. Probably the works of Shakespeare furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe "All is not gold that glitters," "Make a virtue of necessity," "Screw your courage to a sticking place" (not point), "They laugh that win," "This is the short and long of it," "Comparisons are odious," "As merry as the day is long," "A Daniel come to judgment," "Frailty, thy name is woman," and a host of others. Washington Irving gives us "The almighty dollar." Thomas Morgan queried long ago, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers, "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs." Charles Pinckney gives "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute." "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens" (not his countrymen) appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1790, prepared by Gen. Henry Lee. Thomas Tasser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us "It's an ill wind turns no good," "Better late than never," "Look ere thou leap," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss." "All cry and no wool" is found in Butler's "Hudibras." Dryden says, "None but the brave deserve the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," and "Through thick and thin." "When Greeks join Greek then was the tug of war"—Nathaniel Lee, 1602. "Of two evils I have chosen the least" and "The end must justify the means" are from Matthew Prior. We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again." Johnson tells us of "A good hater," and MacIntosh, in 1701, the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity." "Variety's the spice of life" and "Not much the worse for wear," Cowper. "Man proposes, but God disposes," Thomas A'Kempis. Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, "Love me little, love me long." Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle." To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets" and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness." Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark" and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed." From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southern reminds us that "Pity's akin to love." Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life." Campbell found that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" is from Keats. Franklin said: "God helps those who help themselves," and Lawrence Sterne comforts us with the thought, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

SAVED FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

The Pasteur Institute has just published its complete statistics regarding hydrophobia and the results of the Pasteur treatment during the five years which have elapsed since the method was first applied to human subjects.

It was on the 6th of July, 1885, that little Joseph Meister was brought to Paris by his heart-broken mother from his home in Alsace. The boy had been so cruelly bitten the day before by a mad dog that he could scarcely walk, and his life was despaired of. Up to that time M. Pasteur had never dared to experiment upon a man or woman with the terrible virus which, in an attenuated form, had time and again succeeded with animals. The boy lived and went back to Alsace strong and well, and is to-day as sturdy a lad as one could wish to see. Since then the Pasteur method has gone round the world, and is every year saving thousands of lives in both hemispheres.

Between Jan. 1, 1886, and Dec. 21, 1889, not less than 7893 persons had been bitten by mad dogs and treated at the Pasteur institute. Of these, 53 died. In striking contrast to this small fraction is the percentage of deaths among persons bitten by mad dogs and not treated by the Pasteur method. Physicians are unanimous in placing this percentage at 15.90. In other words, of 7893 persons actually treated 1265 would but for this great discovery have died. M. Pasteur can therefore have the satisfaction of knowing that more than 1200 lives have been saved by his institute alone during the past five years.

It appears, furthermore, that all of the departments of France it is that of the Seine which is the most subject to hydrophobia. This is accounted for by the immense number of dogs which roam about Paris and its environs. As a remedy for this state of things rigorous measures are urged and enforced by the police regarding stray dogs and dogs known to have been bitten by mad dogs.

Another fact demonstrated with the statistics is that it is not in summer, as is generally supposed, that hydrophobia is most to be feared, but in the spring, from February to May.

WHAT IS "HEART FAILURE?"—People at large have been rather accustomed to make light of the words "heart failure," as they read them day after day assigned as the cause of death. They ask why it would not be just as well to consecrate the phrase to "lack of breath." Some of the New York doctors, however, have been interviewed on the subject and make out something more of a case than the laity have suspected. It is a way men familiar with a subject have of surprising those who are not. They say, in substance, that where the heart has long been affected some severe disease may so reduce the general strength that the already weakened organ gives out and the patient dies. Or an acute disease may, in its progress, cause sudden weakness or other ailment of heart, which therefore succumbs. In such instances the disease does not kill directly and the words "heart failure" properly describe the immediate cause of death.

In one of the city schools a teacher, with all the patience and powers of persuasion she could command, was endeavoring to instruct a class about a right-angle triangle. After several attempts she called the scholars to account for inattention, with the remark that what she was saying seemed to go in one ear and out the other. Again she repeated her description, followed it by asking, "Who can tell what a right-angle is?" Up went a hand and the bright boy to whom it belonged shouted, "Something which goes in one ear and out the other."—*Worcester Spy.*

LUNGE AND PARRY AT OUR B'G'SH.—Mr. Crisscross.—"Pass me the butter, please."

Miss Featherbone—"With all my heart."

Mr. Crisscross—"Only the butter, please."—*Puck.*

SOMETHING FOR WOMEN TO DO.

I have often heard it complained that there was nothing for women to do by which they could earn as much money as men. Perhaps there is nothing in the same line of business followed by men, but taking all the professions followed by women, it seems to me that there is a great deal of money made by them. The enormous sums made by singers and actresses are too well known to need mentioning. But there are other lines of business that women may follow who have no natural gifts such as these. I heard the other day of a lady who was making a handsome income for herself, and all in the most quiet way. This lady is a Miss Martin. I do not suppose that there is any objection to my mentioning her name, as it is well known among a great many people. Miss Martin is the daughter of a gentleman living near Auburn, in this state, who at one time was very wealthy; but, although the family still live in the homestead, which is a noble mansion, they are very much reduced in circumstances. Miss Martin, when she became old enough to want money, and to know that it did not always come for the wanting, cast about for something to do by which she could at least earn a decent living and not be dependent upon her father. It seemed as though all the avenues were closed. She was not gifted in any particular way, though she was a woman of excellent education, and had all the advantages that come from a high social position. But she neither sang well enough for stage purposes, nor had she any histrionic talent. In giving the subject serious consideration, she remembered there was one thing that she could do very well, and that was pickling and preserving. She told her friends that she was going to make a large quantity of pickles and preserves, and that she wanted to sell them. Knowing what an excellent housekeeper she was, they knew that anything that was made under her supervision would be sure to be good, so she had no trouble in selling all she made the first year. The second year she made more yet, and was unable to supply the demand. The fourth year she increased her facilities, and her reputation had by this time spread so far that she did a very large business, and even sold to some of the larger stores in New York. Now, a friend of hers told me the other day that her profits from pickles and preserves reach the very comfortable sum of $6,000 to $10,000 a year. And she only works from May to November. Auburn being a little far from the New York markets, where fruits can be bought best and cheapest, Miss Martin has come down and taken a place at Glen Cove, to be near her friend, Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow, as well as to gain the advantages of a nearer residence to New York. One of the secrets of Miss Martin's success is that everything she makes is the very best of its kind. All the ingredients she uses in her pickles and preserves are the best in the market, and though she employs a number of men and women, she superintends everything herself; and while her articles are all in the shops they have a home-like taste that is unmistakable. All the jars bear her initials written in fac simile of her autograph on a neat label on the side. A sister of Miss Martin on seeing her success cast about her for something to do. Of course she did not want to go into the same line of business, and finally she struck upon cake-making as a means of livelihood, and her cakes are now almost as celebrated as her sister's pickles and preserves. She lives at Auburn, but she receives orders from New York, and even from Newport. Miss Martin's cakes are considered an essential part of a well regulated pantry in New York. —*Boston Saturday Gazette.*

FRENCH PEASANT AND FRENCH GREATNESS.

The life led by a comfortable English or American farmer would represent wicked taste and shameful indulgence to a much richer French peasant. I myself know a laborer on wages of less than twenty shillings a week, who by thrift has bought ten acres of the magnificent garden land between Fontainebleau and the Seine, worth many thousand pounds, on which grow all kinds of fruits and vegetables, and the famous dessert grapes; yet who, with all his wealth and abundance, denies himself and his two children meat on Sundays, and even a drink of the wine which he grows and makes for the market. I know a peasant family in Normandy, worth in houses, gardens, and farms, at least 500,000 francs, who will live on the orts cast out as refuse by their own lodgers, while the wife and mother hires herself out as a scullion for two francs a day. The penuriousness of the French peasant is to English eyes a thing savage, bestial and maniacal.

The French peasant has great virtues; but he has the defects of his virtues, and his home is far from idyllic. He is laborious, shrewd, enduring, frugal, self-reliant, sober, honest, and capable of intense self-control for a distant reward; but that reward is land, in pursuit of which he is as pitiless as a bloodhound. He is not chaste (indeed he is often lecherous), but he relentlessly keeps down the population, and can hardly drag himself to rear two children. To give these two children a good heritage, he will inflict great hardships on them and all others whom he controls. He has an intense passion for his own immediate locality; but he loves his own commune, and still more his own *terre*, better than he loves France. He is intelligent, but he is not nearly so well educated as the Swiss, or the German, or the Hollander. He is able to bear suffering without a murmur; but he has none of that imperturbable courage which Englishmen and Americans show in a thousand new situations. He is shrewd and far-seeing, and a tough hand in a bargain; but he has none of the inventive audacity of the American citizen. He is self-reliant, but too cautious to trust himself in a new field. He is independent, but without the proud dignity of the Spanish peasant. He has a love for the gay, the beautiful, and the graceful, which, compared with that of the Englishman, is the sense of art; though he has nothing of the charm of the Italian or the musical genius of the German. If France is strong, the backbone of her strength is found in the marvelous industry and thrift of her peasantry. And if her peasantry are industrious and thrifty, it is because the revolution of '39 has secured them a position more free and independent than that presented by any monarchial country on the continent of Europe. —*Frederic Harrison in the March Forum.*

A widower with a number of small children married a widow who was similarly blessed. In time the newly-married couple added to the number. Hearing a voice in the yard one day the father went out to see what was the matter. "Well, what is it?" asked his wife as he returned out of breath. "Your children and my children were pounding our children," was the reply.—*Texas Siftings.*

Passenger on Ocean Steamship—"Captain what would you do if you should suddenly encounter an iceberg?" Captain (frigidly) "Madam, if I couldn't go through it I should go around it." Passenger (politely)—"Thank you, captain, I have no doubt such would be the proper course. I shall adopt it myself." (Steps around him.)—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Columbia Safety,	$135 00
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Gentlemen:—One year ago last February my wife fell down stairs and received injuries which brought on a severe illness from that time until the early part of the present month. She has suffered with almost continuous pains, especially in her bones. Hearing of your great remedy, she tried it, and at the present time, after using two bottles, feels as well as ever, and her pains have entirely ceased. In connection with the Remedy she used Cyclone Liniment. Respectfully yours, ROBERT BOWEN.

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Dear Sirs:—I can truthfully and cheerfully say that having procured one bottle of your "King of all Remedies" for my wife, it has benefitted her very much. She has great faith in it. For months her appetite was very poor, but after taking one bottle of the medicine her appetite has increased, and she wishes me to express her thanks for this timely and valuable remedy. Yours, CHARLES A. WAY.
Holyoke, Oct. 21, 1889.

SOUTHINGTON MEDICINE CO.
Gentlemen:—One year ago last February my wife fell down stairs and received injuries which brought on a severe illness from that time until the early part of the present month. She has suffered with almost continuous pains, especially in her bones. Hearing of your great remedy, she tried it, and at the present time, after using two bottles, feels as well as ever, and her pains have entirely ceased. In connection with the Remedy she used Cyclone Liniment. Respectfully yours, ROBERT BOWEN.
So. Hadley Falls, Mass., Oct. 3, 1889.
For sale by all druggists. One dollar per bottle, or six for $5. Prepared by SOUTHINGTON MED. CO., Southington, Conn. 52-35.

New Undertaking Rooms
—IN—
CARYL'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET, PALMER.
COFFINS, CASKETS, BURIAL ROBES, Etc.
In all styles and prices.
A full line of FUNERAL GOODS on hand.
EMBALMING, LAYING OUT, and all branches of the business promptly attended to.
O. LASALLE.
Residence in Dr. Holbrook's Block, at Point of Rocks. Palmer, Mass. 52-51

200 CARRIAGES.
I have in stock the above number of fine and medium grade Carriages, consisting of
FAMILY CARRIAGES, LIGHT TOP AND OPEN WAGONS, CONCORDS, DELIVERY WAGONS and ROAD CARTS.
Buckboards, Surreys and Road Wagons in quartered oak, natural wood finish.
FIFTY DIFFERENT STYLES.
A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT.
A good variety of second-hand Carriages.
Look through the stock—the styles and prices will suit you.
W. H. SMITH,
13-3 2 Park St., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

NORTHFIELD CREAMERY BUTTER, 30c.
CHOICEST DAIRY BUTTER, 28c.
GOOD BUTTER, 20 to 25c.
Butter is one of our specialties.
W. E. STONE.

40 CENTS BUYS A FIRST-CLASS
Window Screen
(ADJUSTABLE),
AT STONE'S.

DINNERS IN SPRINGFIELD.—Ladies and families wishing a quiet and pleasant place to take dinner or lunch while in the city should visit The Vendome, centrally located on Vernon street just off from Main. Choice bill of fare, good service, and reasonable prices. Mrs. A. F. BLACKMAN, formerly of the Blackman House.

The Talk of the Town!
—o—
Allen's New Drug Store,
REMOVED TO
DEWEY'S BLOCK, CORNER OF MAIN AND CENTRAL STREETS.
PALMER, MASS.
—o—
CALL AND INSPECT, FOR IT IS WELL WORTH A VISIT.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
SICK HEADACHE
POSITIVELY CURED BY THESE LITTLE PILLS.
They also relieve distress from dyspepsia, indigestion and too hearty eating. A perfect remedy for dizziness, nausea, drowsiness, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, pain in the side, etc. They regulate the bowels and prevent constipation and piles. The smallest and easiest to take.
ONLY ONE PILL A DOSE.
40 in a vial. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents. Five vials by mail $1.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., PROPRIETORS. NEW YORK.
Sold by druggists. mrm1ply28

JAPANESE SOAP
Is made of the PUREST, CLEANEST and BEST MATERIALS. For the Laundry, Bath or Toilet it has no rival, saving many times its cost to any household in clothes. The price is less than for inferior soaps of equal weight. Send 20 trade marks from wrappers and get handsome Christmas picture.
FISK
MANUFACTURING CO.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS. 52-47

MILK PRESERVATIVE.
Milkmen and Dairymen. You can keep milk and cream fresh a week *without using ice*. Thoroughly healthful. No expense. Send for sample and circular. The Preservaline Mfg Co., 23 Cedar st, N.Y.

ORGANS $35. PIANOS $130. Catalogue free. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. 4-12

DEAFNESS and head noises cured by Peck's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard, comfortable. Successful where all remedies fail. Sold by F. HISCOX only, 853 Broadway, New York. Write for book of proofs free. 4-12

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.
CLEANSES AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never fails to restore grey hair To its youthful color.
Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 50c. and $1 at druggists. 4-12

HINDERCORNS.—The only sure cure for corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c at druggists. HISCOX & Co., N. Y. 4-12

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE—Have you cough, bronchitis, asthma, indigestion? Use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It has cured the worst cases and is the best remedy for all ills arising from defective nutrition. Take in time. 50c and $1.

LAUTZ BROS. & CO.
MARSEILLES WHITE SOAP
WILL NOT SHRINK YOUR FLANNELS.
UNEXCELLED FOR GENERAL USE.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. 4-12

PATENTS.
UNITED STATES AND FOREIGN.
GEORGE W. GREGORY.
Successor to Crosby & Gregory } 34 School St., Boston, Mass.
Office established 1854. }
Patents procured. Re-issues Obtained. Interferences conducted. Suits brought and defended. Will secure best possible patents. Charges reasonable for first-class work.
U. S. PATENT OFFICE, Oct. 27, 1874.
G. W. Gregory, Esq.:—In accepting your resignation as Principal Examiner, I take this opportunity to express my sincere regret that the office is to lose your valuable services. By an intelligent discharge of your duties, at the head of one of the most important classes in the Patent Office, you have won not only the esteem and commendation of more than one Commissioner of Patents, but also the confidence of those having business before you. Very respectfully, J. M. THACHER, Commissioner of Patents.
HOPEDALE, Mass., Nov. 23, 1887.
Mr. G. W. Gregory has taken out for us since January, 1875, more than one hundred patents. GEO. DRAPER & SONS. 4-12

HIMROD'S
CURE FOR ASTHMA, CATARRH,
HAY FEVER, DIPHTHERIA, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP AND COMMON COLDS.
Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists throughout the world. Send for free sample.
HIMROD MANUF'G CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
4-12 191 Fulton Street, New York.

MANAGER WANTED.
HOOKER, BROWN & CO.
of Rochester, N. Y., want a man to manage an agency in this section. Our goods are well known. We invite correspondence from any man of good character. 4-10

DR. GROSVENOR'S
BELL-CAP-SIC PLASTER.
GIVES QUICK RELIEF FROM PAIN.
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pleurisy and Lumbago cured at once. Genuine for sale by all druggists. 4-10

HIRES'
25c. HIRES' IMPROVED 25c.
ROOT BEER.
In Liquid. No Boiling or Straining. Easily made.
This package makes 5 gallons.
Root - Beer.
The most Appetizing and Wholesome Temperance Drink in the world. Delicious and Sparkling.
—TRY IT—
Ask your Druggist or Grocer for it.
C. E. HIRES, 4-10 Philadelphia.

DR. ELMER E. HILL,
DENTIST,
HATCH'S BLOCK, PALMER, MASS.

NEW PONCE MOLASSES. At SMITH & CO.'S.

Cradle Song.

Sleep, my sweet baby, the lamb of my seven,
Not as thy sister sleeps under the sod,
She's with the blessed, but thy angel in heaven
Is the mirror that shows thy image to God.

Rest thee, my rosebud, the night dew is falling
On grasses, on herbs, on flowers and on leaves,
There are angels abroad this night that are calling
And gathering flowers to garnish the sheaves.

One as a gift to the Lord I have given,
And He who in Judah loved children so well,
Saw how in giving my poor heart was riven,
Sent thee on earth with thy mother to dwell.

Rest thee, my baby, the lamb of my seven,
If you wander in sleep by meadows and streams,
I'll know when you smile that thy angel in heaven
By thee is remembered when seen in thy dreams.
M. M. TEGGART.
Three Rivers, June 1, 1890.

THE SECOND MRS. LUTTRELL.

"Things begin to look lively over to Luttrell's. Such a tearing up as there is in that house, nobody in Ashcomb ever saw before."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones, gathering up the pea pods in a more compact heap, and making room for her neighbor by her side.

"Sit down, Mrs. Raynor, sit down, do, and let's hear all about it. For one, I am glad if old Luttrell has finally got his match."

Neighbor Raynor seated herself on the doorstep, and pushing back her sun-bonnet, gave vent to a ringing laugh.

"I tell you, Sarah Jones, Mrs. Luttrell is enough for a dozen like him. I never enjoyed anything more in my life than I did Luttrell's trouble this morning. It seems that his wife had sold a fat pig to the butcher, and taken a note. The note finally became due a day or so ago, and Luttrell offered to get the money for her. To this she agreed, and her liege lord not only got the money, but spent the bigger half of it before he got home. I happened to be there when he came, and she asked him for the money in my presence. If possible, he looked more doggish and unbearable than ever.

"'Here's five dollars. I had to use the rest,' said he, handing her a five-dollar bill.

She flashed fire in a minute.

"'You took a liberty that I will not sanction,' she cried, her eyes fairly snapping. 'I tell you, John Luttrell, you have no more right to spend what belongs to me than you have to use the preacher's salary, or the money belonging to your neighbor. What is mine you must let alone. It's no better than stealing.'

"He began to swell up and bluster, and get red in the face.

"'See here, ma'am,' said he pompously, 'I'm the boss of this concern yet awhile. I don't intend, either, that both of us will carry an individual pocket-book. I have always had charge of the money, and I always will, and when you want anything you can come to me for it. If the request is for necessary things it will be granted. The first Mrs. Luttrell—'

"She got so white around the lips that I thought she would faint. But she didn't. She walked right up, and layin' her hand on his arm, says she:

"'That's enough. Everybody knows about the first Mrs. Luttrell, and everybody knows how you starved her and abused her little children. Don't mention her again, especially before Mrs. Raynor here, who laid the poor creature out, and could not find among her wearing apparel enough articles in which to dress the body decently. And as for individual pocket-books, much as you protest against them they are an actual necessity with you, at least until you have learned to behave like an honest man.'"

"Good," ejaculated Mr. Jones. "It's a pretty time of day for him to bring up his first wife. It was the talk of the country how he misused her. She did the milking as long as she could get to the cow-yard, and when she got so bad she couldn't walk to the barn, Luttrell had the cows driven to the door-yard gate, and she milked 'em there."

"People of his stamp usually get come up with sooner or later, and I guess he'll find that the second Mrs. Luttrell will wipe out a few of the evil deeds he committed against the first."

John Luttrell knew that he was what in neighborhood districts is called a "bad man."

He knew that people said openly that he had abused his wife, and that it was the marvel of the town when he married his second one. But he did not care for that. He was too stingy and mean to hire his household labor done, if he could prevent it by marrying a drudge, to whom no law compelled the payment of wages for the service of her hands and body.

But with all his meanness, John Luttrell was wise enough to know that he must look for his second wife in some region remote from his own home.

He had a keen eye to business when he selected Martha Hall, a spinster of an uncertain age. She owned a small farm in a neighboring state, near that of a relative of his own, and she was famous for her housekeeping qualities, as well as for the possession of a tongue keen and sharp as a sword.

The courtship had been prosaic in the extreme.

Luttrell had been recommended to Miss Hall by his relative, as being "well-to-do," of a "good business turn," and "not overly old," and the said relative had written Luttrel a letter in answer to one in which came the announcement of his wife's death, telling the bereaved (!) husband that the best thing to be done was for him to come on and marry Miss Hall.

Nothing loth, Luttrell immediately obeyed the summons, and three days after the first introduction to the spinster they were united and on their way back at Asheome.

To be sure Luttrell did not tell his bride how long he had been a widower. No need of that, he thought, and she was a good deal shocked the week after her instalment in her domicile, to be informed by an officious caller that the first Mrs. L. had died less than two months previous.

This was not all she had discovered. Luttrell began to "lay down the law" in the way of expenditures.

He ordered corn bread three times a day, to be varied with an occasional kettle of mush.

There must be no pies, no cake, no preserves. Eggs must be sent to market, and the earliest and best of all the fruit went the same way. Hams were smoked and sold. Honey disappeared down the rapacious throat of market along with spring chickens, and the butter that grew into plump golden rolls, under the skillful manipulation of the new wife.

Mrs. Luttrell number two closed her lips tightly as this phase gradually unfolded itself to her comprehension. But she said nothing, while she made it agreable to prepare a separate end of the table for her individual use.

The first time this plan was tried was at breakfast. At one end of the table she carefully placed the fried beacon swimming in grease, the corn bread baked as he ordered it, without eggs or milk, a plate of pickles, and a glass of water. Directly opposite this primitive fare, and arranged around a solitary plate, were viands that would tempt an epicure.

Mrs. Luttrell smiled to herself as she called her husband to breakfast, but she made no comments.

Luttrell did not notice the difference in the two ends of the table until he was seated in his accustomed place. Mrs. Luttrell poured herself a cupfull of coffee and helped herself to a fried egg.

In close proximity to his wife stood a great glass dish heaped with strawberries and cream, and a generous slice of honey, snow-white and glittering in its own richness, met his astonished eyes.

Luttrell's soul rose up in wrath.

"I thought I told you, Martha, that the fruit was reserved for the market!"

"So you did," said she, complacently.

"What do you mean by wasting it in this ridiculous manner?" he roared, holding his knife and fork upright in his rage.

"I mean to have enough to eat first, and if anything is left the market is welcome to it," said she calmly, taking a slice of ham.

"You've actually cut into my best honey cap."

"I know it."

"By George, madam! I can't stand this. I want you to understand I'm master here."

"Yes, John, master, but not mistress," was the placid reply, as a morsel of delicate ham went into her mouth.

Luttrell sprang up from the table in a towering passion.

"What's that?" he asked, catching a glimpse of the meat ere it vanished. "Martha Luttrell," he thundered, "was that ham?"

"Ham," said she sweetly, "and very good, too, after the long seige I've had on fat bacon."

Luttrell got up and went to the barn, livid with rage.

* * * * * *

Luttrell had occasion to visit a neighboring city, and Mrs. Luttrell desired to go.

"I have some purchases to make, my dear," said she, as he was about to demur; "and as we shall be gone over night, I will get Mrs. Houston to keep house for me while I'm away."

"Very well. And you'll pay Mrs. Houston, too, Mrs. Luttrell," he said, with a grim oath, as she climbed into the little buggy by his side.

"There'll be no difficulty about that," said she pleasantly.

Mrs. Luttrell was very busy. She visited carpet stores, furniture shops, dry goods houses; and wherever she went she made large purchases, and gave her husband's note for payment.

Last of all, she visited the marble works, and ordered three expensive stones.

When she got back to the hotel she found a note from Luttrell, telling her that he had found a splendid chance to invest in real estate, and that as he had gone out to look at it, she was to make herself easy until his return, which would be the next day.

His wife had an idea in her head, however, and she determined not to wait an instant. In fifteen minutes the train was due, and she determined to go home. On went her bonnet, and ordering her things to follow her, Mrs. Luttrell stepped aboard the cars, and two hours later, dust-be-grimed and tired, she reached home.

Luttrell did not get through his business quite as soon as he thought for, and it was not until the following evening that his wife heard the rattle of the buggy-wheels stop before the house.

It was quite late and he went immediately to bed.

In the morning an excellent breakfast awaited him. He had given up his heathenish repasts and had taken to eating civilized food, and his wife sat behind the coffee-pot placidly as usual.

"I can't find that bundle of bank notes. I had them all prepared and ready for use. Have you seen them, Martha?" he asked anxiously, as he sat down to eat."

"Yes," said she calmly; "here is what I had left after settling up my bills in the city."

"Good heavens!" he shrieked. "What did you get?"

"One monument for the grave of your first wife and two stones for the little children that lie beside her. Here is the bill, three hundred dollars. I hope my successor will be as thoughtful of my last home, since it is not likely that you will."

Mr. Luttrell grasped the notes in terrible anger.

"And what else, madam?"

"Please pass the biscuits, John," said she shortly.

"What else did you buy?"

"Oh, carpets, curtains, a set of parlor furniture, some silk dresses, table linen, and a great many things besides. I do wish you'd pass the biscuits."

"Oh! oh! oh!"

"And I gave your note for a thousand dollars to John Guiner, to whom I have let the contract for building our new house. He says—"

"Our—new—house!"

"Certainly. He will furnish everything and build it for three thousand dollars. How much nicer it will be with a decent house on the premises. I—why, what on earth ails you, Mr. Luttrell? Are you sick?"

"Sick?" he gasped. "I'm ruined!"

He fainted away, and it took two strong men to put him to bed, where he remained for six weeks, the most of the time raving with fever.

Mrs. Luttrell attended carefully to him. Day and night she was always by his pillow, ready to minister to his every want, be it real or fancied.

It was good two months before he could walk about the room. But his long illness, instead of hardening his hard heart, made it a trifle less adamant.

"What is that building?" he asked one day, as the roof and chimneys of a new structure met his gaze.

"Our new house," was the quiet reply.

Luttrell said nothing, only drawing a deep, long sigh.

His wife was too wise a woman to make vain boasts. She said nothing, but went about her business, and ordered what she wanted.

They moved into the new dwelling, and he shut his eyes and groaned over the expensive things, but he dared not demur. She made purchases,—heavy ones,—but she bought wisely and well, and what she knew their income could afford.

People no longer look on Luttrell as a man whom nobody can conquer; but if you ever go to Ashcomb, somebody will take it on herself to tell you the story I have told, and draw a parallel between the characters of the first and second Mrs. Luttrell.

POINTS FOR PROHIBITION.

The saloon being an institution which produces evil and evil only, with no compensating advantages to the State, the question arises, What shall be done with it? What ought to be done with it, and what can be done with it, under our form of government, are quite different questions. What ought to be done with it is easy enough to decide, and it would be easy enough to accomplish if men were all of one mind and one conscience. Human nature being what it is, and the saloon being what it is, the interests of society and the State demand that the saloon be suppressed utterly. But suppression is a legal question, and legal methods must therefore be considered. The government of the State is what the people of the State make it. The laws of the State are such as the people demand or approve. Laws which are enacted without reference to the sentiment of the people are in effect a dead letter. Laws enacted for the suppression of liquor traffic will accomplish nothing where the people do not want it suppressed. If New York City, for example, were a State, laws providing for the suppressing of its 8,000 saloons would practically be a nullity; not because the saloons are not a curse, but because the great majority of the voters either do not so regard them, or insist upon having them, curse or no curse. And yet the proposition that the saloon ought not to be tolerated is just as true in New York City as it is in Kansas, or Iowa, or Maine, or any community whence it has been banished.

Remembering that the body of the people are the body of the State; that laws is not an absolute, self-existing force, but derives its power from the convictions of the body of the people; that the State cannot enforce any law, no matter how urgently good morals demand it, if the people have no convictions in its favor; that where legal suasion is invoked to suppress the saloon moral suasion has confessedly failed in the same task—simply because all individuals do not do what they ought to do—remembering all this the question, What can be done must always and everywhere be considered. Suppression should be the ultimate aim, because suppression only will annihilate the evil. Good morals cannot be satisfied with less than a complete final triumph. But good morals will not refuse to approach this goal step by step.—*The Independent.*

EARLY RISING BIRDS.

The thrush is audible about 4.50 in the morning.

The quail's whistling is heard in the woods at about 3 o'clock.

The blackcap turns up at 2.30 on a summer morning.

By four the blackbird makes the woods resound with his melody.

The house sparrow and tomtit come last in the list of early rising birds.

At short intervals after 4.30 the voices of the robin and wren are heard in the land.

The greenfinch is the first to rise, and sings as early as 1.30 on a summer morning.

The lark does not rise until after the chaffinch, linnet, and a number of other hedgerow folk have been merrily piping for a good while.

THEY SWORE.—A friend of mine has two little sons, aged respectively three and five years. They have been most carefully trained, and especially warned and guarded against profanity. But one day the little fellows arose feeling irresistibly impelled to do something naughty, and, the nursery door being open, we overheard the following:

"Let's swear," proposed John, the elder.

"Well, leth," lisped wee Charlie.

"Go ahead," said John, encouragingly.

"You thwear firtht," replied Charlie.

A moment's hesitation and John responded emphatically:

"I swear!"

"Tho do I," asserted Charlie, solemnly.

And that evening before saying their prayers the little sinners penitently confessed that they "has sweared" in the morning.—*New York Press.*

HOW TO KEEP ICE.—There are three or four things that will help to keep the precious nugget of ice from melting away if the housekeeper will only remember them. One is that to keep ice warm is the way to keep it cold. A piece of ice in a pitcher, with a pail over the pitcher and a rug over the pail will keep all night. A piece of ice in a refrigerator, covered with a snug, white blanket, will cheat the greedy iceman every day, and snap saucy fingers at the milk that does not dare get sour, or the beefsteak that dares not fail. These things are admirable in their way, and should be in every hatband. But the greatest trick of all is newspapers. There is nothing that makes so good a cave for a block of ice as newspapers. With plenty of newspapers above, below and on every side the way a piece of ice will keep is a joke.—*New York World.*

SLEEPLESSNESS.—A Swedish servant-maid, finding that her mistress was troubled with sleeplessness, told her of a practice of the people of her country who are similarly afflicted. It was to take a napkin, dip it in ice-cold water, wring it slightly and lay it across her eyes. The plan was followed and it worked like a charm. The first night the lady slept four hours without awaking—something she had not done for months. At the end of that time the napkin had become dry. By wetting it again she at once went to sleep, and it required considerable force to arouse her in the morning.

Two Souls With but a Single Thought.—He (reading)—"Chicken, roast beef, roast lamb, turkey, beefsteak and onions." She (interrupting)—"I know what I would like, that is, if you ate some too!" He (ordering without hesitancy)—"Beefsteak and onions for two!" She (rapturously)—"Oh, George!"

Mattie—"Dot, what is a zebra?" Dot—(who has been looking into natural history for the last hour)—"A zebra? Why, Mattie, it's nothing but a funny little horse that wears striped stockings all over—clear up to his ears."

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 20, 1890.

THE House investigation of the West End methods is bringing out many very interesting facts. It appears that this West End octopus has been reaching out all over the state, retaining men of influence, lawyers, ex-members of the Legislature, politicians and lobbyists to work for it, or at least not to work against it. Geo. A. Bruce of Somerville, ex-president of the Senate, hires, instructs and pays these men. There has been no attempt at open bribery, but all the more subtle and dangerous influences have been sharp at work. The average legislator is more susceptable to the attentions and persuasive arguments of prominent and influential men than he would be to a tender of money, and the West End people readily admit that members of the Legislature have been dined and wined at the Algonquin Club by the company, after which the merits of the West End were presented. Hacks were furnished, and even hotel bills have been paid. It was all straight of course, just done to demonstrate the superior claims of the West End case; but if an insidious attempt were to be made to corrupt a legislative body it would be done just along the same lines. And $500 was sent T. C. Bates of North Brookfield last fall for use in electing members favorable to the West End. It's bad business, gentlemen, and enough has come to light to demand that further action on the West End schemes shall at least be postponed for another year.

THE PRESS EXCURSION.

Friday morning dawned all too quickly for the weary travelers, but it wouldn't do to miss the good breakfast awaiting us, and after eating it we were ready for the next stage of our journey, a ride of a couple of hours to Lynchburg, where we arrived at noon. We were taken to the Norvell-Arlington Hotel for dinner and a rest, though after dinner those of the party who were not too tired accepted an invitation to visit one of the tobacco factories, where the manufacture of the weed was shown in all its stages, and the chorus singing of the colored operatives was greatly enjoyed. They usually sing for several hours every day, and work the better for it. At 4 p. m. we were taken for a drive about the "Hill City," as it is very appropriately called, and on every hand found evidences of new life and vigor in this old and conservative city, which does not propose to be left in the rear by her younger rivals in the southwest. Upon our return to the hotel each of the party was presented with a neat souvenir of one of the city's principal industries in the shape of a case containing a Virginia pipe, tobacco, memorandum book and canvas tobacco pouch, from the factory of Messrs. J. M. Williams & Co.

At 8:30 in the evening the reception committee again appeared at the hotel to escort us to the opera house, where a reception was held until midnight. The parquet seats had been floored over for a ball the night before, and the handsome decorations, the fair women and elegant costumes combined to make a brilliant and beautiful scene. The fashion and elite of the city were there, and there was an air of refined delicacy and elegance about the affair which made it really the choicest entertainment that we experienced. The members of the association were escorted to seats on the stage, and after the address of welcome by Maj. P. J. Otey we were presented with tasteful souvenirs of the occasion, an engraving of the chair brought over in the Mayflower in 1620 by Governor John Carver, with the fac similes of the signatures of the governors of Massachusetts under the first charter, and the governors of Plymouth Colony. A fine poem written by Mrs. Cornelia J. M. Jordan was read very gracefully by Mrs. William M. Strother, after which came introductions and a season of sociability, followed by refreshments, dainty and choice. An orchestra from Richmond discoursed sweet music during the evening, and after refreshments the floor was covered with dancers until a late hour.

An early start was necessary the next morning, and at 7:30 we were aboard the cars once more and off for Petersburg, on the way passing within a couple of miles of Appomattox Court House, where Lee surrendered to Grant. Our train stopped about two miles out of Petersburg, where we were met by a large committee of citizens, and after a hearty address of welcome we were taken over a branch track by a dummy engine to some recently-opened granite quarries of fine quality, and then visited the state lunatic asylum for negroes, where over six hundred inmates were well cared for. Then we kept on to the outskirts of the city, where carriages were in waiting to carry us to the battle fields. Here the earthworks and other evidences of the war are numerous. The central point of interest was the Crater, where our boys tried to blow up a Confederate regiment and in the confusion break through the lines. It would have been a success if the plans had been executed better. The big hole is there yet, and the course of the tunnel is plainly discernible. Several pieces of shell were picked up by our party in the adjoining field. Some of our entertainers were participants in the war, as was one of the party also, Editor Hall of Greenfield, who took an extra side trip to Fort Davis, a few miles out, which he helped construct, and which he found in an almost perfect state of preservation. The thrifty farmer in the midst of whose land the crater is situated finds the hole more profitable than the cultivation of the soil, and makes a comfortable living by charging 25 cents for admission to the grounds. The editors were of course "taken in" free gratis.

But time was short, and we hurried back to the city, visiting the cemetery on the way, and bringing up at the Albemarle Hotel, where a choice banquet had been prepared and was speedily disposed of. One or two hasty speeches, and we were off again for the cars. Our visit here was very hurried, but the people were equal to the occasion and made our stay very delightful and long to be remembered.

At 4.40 we started for Richmond, where we arrived after a half-hour's rapid run through a pleasant country, and were met at the station by a committee of newspaper and business men, who saw us safely loaded in busses for Ford's Hotel, and after rooms were secured they escorted such of the party as desired to the State House near by, and also visited the Confederate White House, where Jeff Davis made his home during the war. In the evening there was a banquet at Pizzini's, under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce. Gov. McKinney sat at the head of one table and Mayor Ellyson at the other, and each of these gentlemen had a hand in the several good speeches in the after-dinner exercises. It was a very complete affair, with music and all the et ceteras.

Sunday morning some of the party quietly rested at the hotel, others visited the battle fields at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, where the ruts of the cannon wheels are still visible, while a goodly share of the visitors attended church with their entertainers, who then took them to their homes for dinner, all the party, in twos or threes, being assigned to various prominent families for the day. In the afternoon carriages were taken for a drive to various points of interest about the city, among them the new Lee statue, not then unveiled, the Confederate Soldiers' Home, Libby Park, the reservoir and pumping station, and other places, including a call at the home of Miss Van Lew, who paid her respects to the party at the hotel the previous evening. Miss Van Lew will be remembered as the devoted Unionist during the war, who aided many a poor soldier boy in blue, and was rewarded by President Grant by being made postmistress of Richmond for two terms. Every attention possible was paid us by our entertainers, and many very pleasant acquaintances were formed. The only drawback was the shortness of our stay in the city, and if it had been possible to alter our schedule the business men would have persuaded us to remain another day, that we might see some of the city's large industries in operation.

"Five o'clock" was the unwelcome sound that greeted our ears in the midst of our delicious Monday morning nap, and there was nothing to do but turn out for an early breakfast and a long ride to the boat for a day's sail on the James River. It was a charming morning, and the sail down the historic stream is a never-to-be-forgotten joy. Our boat, the Tolchester, started at 7 o'clock, and in a few moments we were passing the fleet of moniors, a memory of the late war, seven in number, which have been anchored here for several years, and probably could not be moved out of the mud now. For some distance below the city there are jetties in the river, to keep the channel clear, and it is navigable to Richmond for boats drawing 16 feet of water. The stream is as "crooked as a ram's horn," and in one place we saw a vessel anchored at a pier across a neck of land so narrow that we might almost cast a stone across it, but it took us half an hour to get around there, as we finally did.

There is hardly a mile of this river but has an historic interest. We pass Powhatan, one of the residences of the Indian chief who condemned Captain John Smith to death, though his life was saved by the chieftain's daughter, Pocahontas. We pass Drewry's Bluff and other points which were fortified by the Confederates, go through Butler's famous Dutch Gap Canal, saving seven miles of travel, and pass Malvern Hill, Bermuda Hundred, City Point, Newport News, and so on. At Jamestown we saw the ivy-covered ruins of the old church, the only vestige of the first English settlement. Our boat makes a number of landings on the way down, and at 6 p. m. we are again at the pier at Norfolk, which we left just a week before.

We had expected a quiet time for the next 24 hours, but the fact that the citizens had treated us so handsomely a week before did not prevent them from giving us another taste of their boundless hospitality. A committee of the Business Men's Association was at the pier to greet us, and in the evening they took us in horse cars to Lesner's Park, in the suburbs, a pleasant resort with ample grounds and an entertainment hall containing a large orchestrion among other attractions. A good night's rest at the Atlantic Hotel followed, and after breakfast Tuesday morning we were again taken in hand by our hospitable friends for a carriage drive, followed by a sail around the harbor. Then we were escorted to the rooms of the Business Men's Association, which we had the honor of dedicating. That morning the rooms were bare and empty, but when we arrived they were handsomely carpeted and furnished, with tables most attractively arrayed for the farewell banquet, which was a most enjoyable affair. There were some excellent speeches by the mayor and others, President Fiske, Dr. Gleason and E. Gerry Brown speaking for the Press Association, and excellent music was furnished by the band from the navy yard.

At 6 p. m. the last good-byes had been said, and while the band played "Dixie" and the "Star Spangled Banner" on the pier, the fine steamship Dorchester started for the North, the band of happy pilgrims on board cheering long and loud for Norfolk and her royal citizens. The weather on the homeward trip was all that could be desired, and the delightful sail was enjoyed by all, there being very little seasickness. Boston was reached Thursday forenoon and the excursionists separated for their homes, carrying with them lasting remembrances of this most delightful outing, the boundless hospitality of the Virginia people and the wonderful material progress now being made by that state.

During the homeward trip the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the members of the association:

WHEREAS, The Massachusetts Press Association, returning from their trip to Virginia, feel that such due recognition is due to those who have so materially added to the pleasure of the occasion, therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby tender our grateful appreciation of the many courtesies extended on the excursion through the State of Virginia;

To the Norfolk and Western Railroad Company, through whose liberality, by the cordial invitation of the vice-president, Mr. Charles G. Eddy, the perfect arrangement of the trip was made possible;

To the Virginia Press Association, the various business organizations and all others who contributed in any way to the magnificent hospitality which met the visitors from one end of the state to the other;

To Mr. C. D. Gaither, Boston agent of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, for the interest he has taken in furnishing valuable assistance to the committee;

To Mr. Frank A. Heywood, conductor, the Merchants and Miners Transportation Company, and Mr. Allen Hall, traveling agent of the Norfolk and Western Railroad Company, for valuable personal attention.

I have neglected to say that James A. Pugh of the Roanoke *Times*, president of the Virginia Press Association, met us upon our arrival at Norfolk, and accompanied us nearly all the way around on our trip, as did Major Jones of the Richmond *Times*. Allan Hull, traveling agent of the Norfolk and Western road, staid by us as long as we were on Virginia soil, and was an invaluable mine of information. They are entertaining traveling companions, and did much to add to the pleasure of the journey. Other members of the fraternity were with us at different times, but space would fail us to mention the names of all the editors and business men who were so tireless in ministering to our pleasure and comfort at the various places visited. They deserved and received the biggest kind of a "thank you" from every member of the excursion party.

What about booms? We don't hear much of Virginia booms up here in Massachusetts, but anybody wanting an eye-opener on this subject should spend a few days in the southwestern part of that state, and he will have the biggest kind of a surprise party. From Roanoke through to Bristol, at Salem, Radford, Pulaski, Wytheville—everywhere, it seems at first blush as though all the people thereabouts had gone clean daft over the expected growth of their towns. But the more one looks into the matter the more evident it becomes that there are very substantial foundations for many of their expectations. There are millions of treasure stored away in the mountains all through that region, and the state is but just awaking to the extent of her mineral resources. Iron furnaces, rolling mills and manufacturing establishments of various kinds are being established all about, and with coal, coke and iron of the best quality at their very doors and railroads reaching out in every direction there can be no question about their growth. The Norfolk and Western Railroad, through the energetic foresight of its able vice president, Charles G. Eddy, wisely fosters and encourages every enterprise of this sort along its line, and is a factor of no small importance in the development of the country through which it runs. Some of the towns will doubtless realize their fondest expectations. Will they all? Very doubtful. Which places are likely to have the best growth? Ah, you tell.

C. B. F.

LOCAL NOTICES.

To rent, a square grand piano. S. H. Hellyar.

Money loaned on personal security. S. H. Hellyar.

Sewing Machines, Belts, Oils and Needles at F. M. Eager's.

A complete stock of ladies' and gent's Oxfords and Low Shoes can be found at Milligan's.

W. E. Stone will need another clerk if the rush for Brussels soap continues.

The soap trade of Palmer has been completely revolutionized since Smith & Co. introduced Brussels soap.

If you want the best cigar sold in Palmer call at W. E. Stone's and try the A. & N. 10c.

A well-known Palmer woman remarked in C. W. Robinson's store recently: "I have always used two bars of rosin soap for a week's wash, but one bar of Brussels soap does the same work and the clothes look whiter than ever before."

PALMER NEWS.

A new front is being put in at the Central street restaurant.

C. L. Gardner is building an addition to his house on Church street.

How would it do to have the town clock brought down to standard time?

G. W. Ely is taking legal measures to collect the unpaid taxes of the fire district.

Thomas Blanchard is preparing to open a coal yard, and proposes to furnish coal of all kinds.

The Order of the Iron Hall has paid $390 in sick benefits to members since the first of January.

Forty-two scholars took examinations Tuesday for admission to the high school next fall.

E. A. Ball is having a fine tennis court constructed in the rear of his house on Thorndike street.

J. W. Weeks's tally-ho coach will convey the Thorndike base ball team to North Brookfield to-morrow.

Rev. Mr. Priest of Derby Line, Vt., will occupy the pulpit at St. Paul's Universalist church next Sunday.

The space between the front of the Lawrence Block and the present sidewalk is to be filled in with concrete.

Concrete walks have been put in on Thorndike street in front of the residences of John Foster and W. R. Milligan.

Next Sunday will be Children's Day at the Congregational church, and there will be a concert by the Sunday-school in the evening.

H. M. Kendall has an acre of rye, the stalks of which will average 5½ feet in height, while he has picked a number measuring 6½ feet.

The woolen mills at North Monson and the property connected therewith will be sold at auction July 7th under foreclosure of mortgage.

A new curbing is being placed in front of the Cross Block, and a new concrete walk will probably be laid when the job is finished.

Users of the electric light were left in the dark Monday evening from about 8.45 to 9.45, the engine being obliged to stop on account of a hot box.

Fifty-three members of Palmer lodge of Odd Fellows paid a visit to Amity lodge of Springfield Wednesday evening, and report a most royal entertainment.

As next Sunday is the last before Rev. H. W. Pope sails for Europe, it will be observed as communion Sunday at the Congregational church, with baptism of infants.

The suggestion to close all the places of business two evenings a week for a year has met with general approval and the agreement has been signed by nearly all.

The photo gallery on Central street has a new proprietor, J. W. Webster, who has put in a new set of furniture and apparatus, and will be ready for business to-morrow.

Deputy Sheriff Healey detained two boys Wednesday who were wanted at Warwick for larceny of several articles and $12 in money, word being forwarded by telephone.

A change has been made in the arrangement of the wires in the telephone office, whereby all the lines are united on the pole just outside, and enter the room by a cable.

A party of about 25 young people chartered Weeks' tally-ho coach last Saturday afternoon for a trip to Flynt's Park, from the summit of which they viewed the sunset, returning about 8 o'clock.

A fireman by the name of Vassar, while clearing the pit of ashes at the New London Northern round-house last Saturday, struck an unused torpedo with his shovel. The thing exploded, and Vassar's face was badly cut by the flying pieces.

The following scholars have been perfect in attendance at the second primary: Louise Hitchcock, Annie Healey, Blanche Willard, Willie Doyle, Willie Welch, Theolile LaRose. Annie Healey has been perfect in attendance during the entire school year.

Rose-bugs are particularly destructive this season, and destroy many of the buds before they even have an opportunity of developing. If a blossom does come out the pests at once eat it full of holes almost in an hour. The worst of it is that nothing seems to kill the insects.

The selectmen have appointed Jerry Horan a special police officer at Three Rivers, to disperse the crowds about the postoffice and the bridge and make it decent for ladies to pass. What's the reason we can't have one in this village? There's need enough of one, the selectmen admit.

St. Paul's church was handsomely decorated with flowers and plants last Sunday, and the morning sermon and music were most appropriate for Children's Day. A concert exercise entitled "Buds, Blossoms and Branches," was presented by the Sunday-school in the evening, and three children were baptized.

The second annual meeting of the Palmer Driving Association will be held next week Friday and Saturday. Horses will be called at 2 p. m., and the events are: Friday, 2.45 class for purse of $125, 2.34 class for purse of $150, 3-minute class for purse of $100; Saturday, 2.37 class for purse of $125, free-for-all for purse of $150.

One of W. C. Dewey's gray team horses became frightened and broke away while it was being harnessed yesterday forenoon, and took a lively run through West Main street. At the corner of Main and Central streets it collided with a truck team from Wales, nearly throwing one of the horses off its feet, but no damage was done.

A coaching party from Stoungton, Conn., to the White Mountains, reached Palmer yesterday soon after noon and remained at the Weeks House until this morning. The party was made up of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Williams, Miss Brooks, F. S. Delafield and Alfred P. Oakley, all of New York. Their coach was drawn by four handsome bay horses.

The Mary Howe concert at the Congregational church to-night is assured a full house, as a large number of seats are sold. The first person on hand to await the sale of seats Monday morning took up his stand about 4 a. m., and the next only half an hour later. Many tickets have been taken by out-of-town parties, but there are some good seats left.

The High School ball team did not play at Wilbraham last Saturday as expected, receiving a telegram in the forenoon not to come. The boys think the academy team is a little afraid to play them. Wednesday the nine went to Holyoke for a third game with the Holyoke High Schools, each having won a game, and came home beaten by a score of 26 to 19.

Efforts have been made the past week to form a branch of the order of "The Royal Ark," an endowment order paying maturing certificates of $100 at the end of each year, and a sick or accident benefit of $10 per week. Enough names have been pledged to secure a charter, and the organization will take place at the court room next Tuesday evening. The president, A. E. Hill, and other of the supreme officers will be present and explain the workings of the order, and all ladies and gentlemen are invited.

A large number of people attended the Odd Fellows' memorial service at the Baptist church Sunday afternoon, and the services were very interesting. Rev. H. A. Philbrook of Boston made an address, and there was excellent singing by a double quartette composed of E. B. Taylor, Abram Greaves, W. A. Weld, C. A. Brown, C. F. Orentt, O. D. Forbes, J. W. Phelp, F. M. Eager. Two members of the lodge, W. A. Deichmann and Joshua Duckworth, have died during the year.

The installation of Rev. J. F. Albion as pastor of St. Paul's Universalist church will take place next Tuesday afternoon at 2.30, with the following programme:

Organ Prelude.	
Anthem,	Choir
Responsive Reading,	led by Rev. J. H. Holden
Gloria,	Choir
Lesson from Holy Scripture,	Rev. O. I. Darling
Prayer of Installation,	Rev. F. W. Betts
Installation Hymn, written by Rev. B. V. Stevenson,	Congregation
Sermon, with Charge to Pastor,	Rev. C. H. Leonard, D.D.
Hymn,	Congregation
Words of Welcome,	
In behalf of Parish,	Geo. Robinson, Esq.
In behalf of Neighborhood and Sister Churches,	Rev. Marion Crossley
Anthem,	Choir
Address to Parish,	Rev. C. H. Eaton, D. D.
Hymn,	Congregation
Benediction,	Pastor

Postmaster Brown's term does not expire until next April, but already envious eyes are looking for the place, and arrangements being made to "turn the rascal out" if possible. In fact it is understood that one man has been quietly and carefully pulling his wires since last fall. There are several in the field, the most prominent of which is W. F. Waite, postal clerk on the Boston and Albany main line. He has been circulating a petition this week, and has secured as endorsers the corporations doing business in the village, and a number of the most prominent business houses and citizens. It is understood that D. F. Holden, C. W. Johnson and W. W. Converse and "willin'," with probably others to hear from.

Forest Lake Garden.

At Forest Lake Garden next Sunday the Ware Cadet Band will give a sacred concert at 8 p. m. There are 18 members, who will appear in full uniform.

Last Saturday the Enfield high school, a school from North Wilbraham and three schools from Warren picnicked at the lake. To-morrow the West Warren Methodist and Warren Congregational Sunday-schools are expected. A big programme has been arranged for the Fourth of July. The Ware Cadet band will be in attendance, also an orchestra and prompter for dancing. There will be two games of base ball between the Three Rivers club and the Ware Juniors, at 10.30 a. m. and 1.20 p. m. At 3.30 p. m. there will be athletic sports, consisting of 300-yards-dash for prize of $5; 100-yards dash, prize $3; long jump, prize $1; swimming race, prize $3; four-oared race, prize $2; two-oared race, prize $1.

Our High School.

The high school is just closing the most prosperous year in its history, and the coming week witnesses the closing exercises of the year. Monday, at 2 p. m., occurs the graduating exercises at St. Paul's church, with the following programme:

Essay, Salutatory—Dux Femina Facti, Mabel E. Smith
Oration—American Political Parties, Richard F. Twiss
Essay—Two Friends, Cora B. Clark
Essay—The Literature of the Elizabethan Period, Emma F. Deming
Oration—America's Relation to her Republican Neighbors, Edward C. Lyons
Essay—The Composition of Our Language, Annie E. O'Conner
Essay—The Touchstone, Luey A. Talmadge
Oration—What We Owe to Inventors, Jerry F. Crowley
Essay—The Roman Forum, Arabel Knox
Essay—Time, Anna G. Taft
Oration—The Composition of the English Race, John E. Breckenridge
Essay—Pearls, Marion R. Paine
Essay—Rise of the English Drama, Gertrude Ball
Essay—Shylock as a Type, Ellie W. Moffatt
Oration, Valedictory—Education and Citizenship, Charles A. Andrews

In the evening the graduating class will hold a reception at the school building to invited guests, who will be required to present their invitations at the door.

Of those going out from the school this year, Miss Smith has already been admitted to Mt. Holyoke College; Andrews and Breckenridge take the entrance examination at Yale Thursday and Friday of the coming week, and Stinson goes to Colby.

Thursday and Friday of next week will be devoted to public examination of the school, and it is the desire of teachers and committee that as many as possible of the citizens of the town may be present at these exercises. They are sure to be full of interest, and will be the best possible index of what the school is doing.

Buss—Parkhurst.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Buss on State avenue was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding Wednesday afternoon, when their only child, Miss Lillian, was married to Luke W. Parkhurst. The clouds indicated rain early in the day, but before the hour arrived the sun was shining brightly. Promptly at five o'clock Miss Carrie Lacey struck the chords of the wedding march, and to its measure the bridal party entered. The little bridemaids were Mignon, daughter of C. E. Fuller and cousin of the groom, wearing white and green and carrying Perle roses, and May, daughter of C. B. Fiske, in white and pink, with Mermet roses. These opened the floral gates to admit the bridal couple, who stood in front of a handsome bank of laurel, and under an arch of evergreen, from which was suspended a bell of white daisies, while Rev. A. W. Weeks, pastor of the Baptist church, of which bride and groom are members, performed the ceremony, which was with a ring. The bride wore cream white serge with brocaded satin and lace, and carried a bouquet of twenty bride roses. Miss Nellie Baker of Fitchburg, formerly of this place and classmate of the bride, was maid of honor; Mr. Dana Parkhurst of Worcester, cousin of the groom, was best man, and the ushers were C. E. Fuller, N. W. Chandler, Charles and Arthur Andrews. About sixty guests were present, and immediately after the congratulations all were conducted to the supper room for refreshments, furnished by a Springfield caterer. Each guest was presented with a box of cake before leaving, as a souvenir of the occasion. The newly-married couple took the evening train for the north to visit friends in Vermont, leaving the house and station amid showers of rice and the good wishes of many friends. The gifts were numerous and handsome, among them a chamber set, easy chair, rocker, set of decorated china, clock, fifty dollars in gold, silver knives, forks and spoons, carving set, cake baskets, butter dishes, bonbon dishes, piano lamp, pictures, fancy work, water sets, fancy plates and many other things handsome and useful.

Personal.

H. H. Brown is home from Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Miss Mina Ball is home from school at Smith College.

D. B. Collity is back again as clerk at the Weeks House.

W. E. Breckenridge is home from Yale for the summer vacation.

Mrs. D. O. Taplin is visiting her daughter, Mrs. G. E. Day, in Canada.

Miss Nellie Baker of Fitchburg has been visiting friends in town this week.

Mrs. Tracy and son of South Coventry, Conn., are guests of Mrs. J. H. Smith.

Miss St. John of Hartford, Conn., is stopping with her sister, Mrs. H. W. Pope.

Mrs. Emily Allen of Pawtucket, R. I., spent Sunday at Mrs. J. D. Blanchard's.

Mrs. Durgin of Newton is spending a part of the summer at Mrs. J. D. Blanchard's.

Mrs. Julia M. Taylor of Thomasville, Ga., will spend the summer with Mrs. G. A. Bills.

J. B. Shaw and wife have been spending a part of the week in New York and Newark, N. J.

J. S. Holden of Bennington, Vt., recently of Palmer, was in town Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. G. A. Wason of Nashua, N. H., is being entertained by Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Wilkins.

Miss Florence Holden of Bennington, Vt., has been the guest of Miss Daisy Hastings the past week.

Miss Carrie Ellis left yesterday for Syracuse, N. Y., where she will be the guest of Rev. F. W. Betts.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. May of Lee arrived in town yesterday, to stop a few days with Mrs. May's father, C. E. Dewey.

Frank Scripture and wife of New Britain, Conn., and Mrs. William Chaffee of Hampden were guests of J. A. Squier a part of the week.

W. R. Milligan and family returned last night from a five-days' trip which included Berkshire county, Saratoga and the Hudson River.

Miss Mary Howe of Brattleboro and Miss Georgia Pray of Boston will be the guests of J. B. Shaw and wife during their stay in town to-night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Buss of the state primary school start to-morrow on a week's carriage drive to Clinton, Leominster and other points.

Mrs. J. E. Roper, daughter of the late W. A. Delchmann of Mishawaka, Ind., well known as a former resident of Monson, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Fitch.

Fire District Meeting.

The second special fire district meeting since the annual in April was held at the district court room Monday afternoon and called out a goodly number of voters. It was voted to extend the water main down Commercial and along River street, and $30 appropriated to pay the rental of same for balance of this year. It was voted that the district refuse to borrow money in anticipation of the taxes of the current year. The point of interest was the article to see if $500 additional would be be appropriated for electric lighting, in order to keep in the 27 lights now in use, and the appropriation was refused, 30 to 47. Six lights will now have to be taken out. There was a good deal of argument, but the feeling seemed to be that while 27 lamps might be worth $2100, $1600 was all the district could afford to pay for lights. A resolution was passed that the selectmen be requested to audit the books of the tax collector within 30 days. There is some $2000 of last year's taxes due the district, and about $1200 of unpaid bills, and the voters think the district should have this money.

One man wanted to vote for the lights, but when his hand went up in favor of the $500 appropriation it was speedily pushed down by his employer in the seat in front, and elevated on the other side of the question.

It may be considered a little strange, but—the voters at Shearer's Corner and those representing adjoining property came to the meeting and to a man voted against the appropriation; then one of the largest property-holders requested the prudential committee not to take out the light at that place.

The voters in certain manufacturing establishments were instructed to go to the meeting and vote against the lights, and their time would go on just the same. At the close of the meeting one of these employers was heard to remark "Well, they haven't got me in their breeches' pocket, anyway."

A voter who is in favor of electric light suggests this "pointer" to some of those who worked hardest against it: That their proportion of the expense of these two extra meetings, and the amount paid employes for time lost while attending these meetings in order to insure a vote against the lights, would nearly or quite equal their part of the extra $500 asked for, and they might have had the six lights at no greater expense than they now cost them.

BONDSVILLE.

Children's Day exercises at the Methodist church next Sunday. The pastor will preach to the children in the morning, and the sermon will be illustrated. In the evening at 6 o'clock the Sunday-school, under the lead of Superintendent Packard, will give a concert. The special collection next Sunday will be for the New England Education Society.

THREE RIVERS.

It will be Children's Day at the Baptist church next Sunday, and the pastor will preach a sermon to the children and parents. Service at 11 a. m., subject, "The Flowers of the Bible, and what they are designed to teach," to be illustrated. There will be a concert in the evening at 7. The church will be appropriately decorated.

A correspondent writes: "Things are coming to a pretty pass in Three Rivers when it is unsafe for young girls to venture out after dark without fear of being molested by indecent loafers. Tuesday night of this week two of our respectable young ladies started out for the doctor, and when crossing the ball ground by Mr. Forte's house were rudely attacked and one of them thrown down. Their screams, however, frightened the rascals. If any one will give information leading to their conviction a suitable reward will be given."

THORNDIKE.

The public schools closed here on Friday last for the usual summer vacation.

The Henry Charon farm is to be sold at auction to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Many from this place attended the circus at Palmer last Friday evening by special train.

The Thorndikes will play the Palmer Brotherhood team here on the church grounds to-morrow.

John Loftus has laid over 600 feet of pipe from the Hale property on Commercial street to convey water to his livery.

The lawn tennis court near the school house has been put into fine shape during the past week, and is second to none in the town.

The Catholic church has greatly improved in appearance by being newly painted, both internally and externally, and a new fence has been erected on the west side.

The Temperance club was defeated at Thompsonville last Saturday by a strong picked team. They will go to North Brookfield to-morrow in Weeks' tally-ho coach to play the local team of that place.

Charles McCarthy, Jr., employed in the mills here, had one of his fingers cut off at the first joint in the machinery one day last week. Dr. Flynn of Palmer attended him.

The picnic here July 4th promises to be an enjoyable one, as everything will be done for the entertainment of those who attend. Good music and a prompter will be in attendance for dancing.

Charles Plummer and wife, Mr. Barber and Miss Bushman were out for a carriage ride Sunday evening, and while descending a hill in the eastern part of the town the harness gave away, letting the carriage against the horses. The occupants of the carriage escaped very fortunately, receiving only a few scratches, but the horses were cut somewhat by coming in contact with a barbed-wire fence, and the carriage was damaged considerably.

Williams—Lynch.

William Williams and Miss Jessie Lynch were married Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock by Rev. F. J. Lynch at the parochial residence, after which a reception was held at the residence of the groom. Mr. Francis Spaule of Hampden acted as best man and Nellie, sister of the bride, as bridesmaid. The happy couple left on the evening train for a two-weeks' tour, carrying with them the best wishes of their many friends here.

BORN.

At Palmer, 11th, a daughter (Leona Belle) to H. EUGENE and BELLE C. GRISWOLD.

At Palmer, 16th, a son to W. H. and JENNIE LAIRD.

At Three Rivers, 15th, a daughter to HENRY D. and JENNIE W. GEER.

At Warren, 3d, a son (John W.) to GEORGE and MARY BROWN.

MARRIED.

At Thorndike, 17th, by Rev. F. J. Lynch, WILLIAM WILLIAMS and JESSIE LYNCH.

At Ware, 18th, WILLIAM D. MASON of Palmer and MARY E. HANNUM of Ware.

At Ware, 19th, by Rev. C. M. Hyde, D.D., HENRY K. HYDE and LUCY RUTH HYDE.

At Monson, 18th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. A. W. Weeks, LUKE W. PARKHURST of Palmer and LILIAN E., daughter of E. G. Buss.

At Warren, 7th, JOHN ETHIER of Spencer and ANNIE JOLLY of Warren.

At Westfield, 17th, by Rev. Frederick Woods, ARTHUR W. WARRINER of Three Rivers and CATHARINE WEBB.

At Worcester, 12th, WILLARD DAWSON of Warren and JULIA MAHONEY of Worcester.

At Lancaster, Mass., 18th, by Rev. E. F. Wheeler of North Wilbraham, A. L. BELL of North Wilbraham and ANNIE MICHIE of Lancaster.

DIED.

At Palmer, 15th, FLORENCE L. MADISON, 12.

At Monson, 18th, MARY E., wife of C. H. McMaster.

At North Wilbraham, 16th, Miss MARY CONROY.

At Warren, 6th, MELINDA, 91 yrs. 8 mos. 17 days, widow of Wm. Jones, and mother of T. H. Jones.

At Aristol, N. H., 7th, L. E. TRUESDELL, formerly of Warren.

TENEMENT TO RENT on Fox Avenue at $6.50. 8-tf D. F. HOLDEN.

FOR SALE—About 50 acres of standing grass. Address 2*11 BOX 365, Monson.

TO RENT—Pleasant front room on Main street, furnished. Inquire at JOURNAL office. 10-tf

TO RENT—Two tenements. Inquire of MRS. JOSEPH THOMPSON, 100 Main St., Palmer.

TO RENT—May 1st, very desirable tenement for small family. REV. A. W. WEEKS, 2-tf Palmer.

LOST—Near the residence of Franklin Shaw above the cemetery, on Thorndike street, a pocket book containing a sum of money. If the finder will return same to me a suitable reward will be given. MRS. D. F. HOLDEN, 1-12 104 Main Street, Palmer.

HALF DIME LUNCH.

No one wants to spend all they have for a lunch when visiting Springfield. It's a fact you can step into the "HALF DIME LUNCH," 251 Main street, and order anything from their bill of fare at 5 cts per plate. A little money goes a great way to satisfying hunger there. Remember—HALF DIME LUNCH. 13-11 251 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

30 HORSES! 30 HORSES!

York State and Pennsylvania. Bought direct of farmers. Fine, safe drivers and right for general use. Extra fine roaders and several speedy ones. Warranted as represented or money refunded.

H. W. McINTIRE, PATCH'S STABLE, 1-12 Springfield, Mass.

FOREST LAKE GARDEN

SEASON OF 1890.

NOW open to the general public for the entertainment of Church and Society Picnics and others.

EVENING PARTIES A SPECIALTY.

LARGE NEW BALL GROUNDS.

4-11 FOREST LAKE COMPANY.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

For the next 30 days I will make FULL FIGURE CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS of grown people for

$2.00---Per Dozen---$2.00

TO INTRODUCE MY WORK.

This is a $4 Picture at any other gallery in the state.

BABIES ARE MY PETS

and I never fail to please.

I have the only set of Dallmeyer Instruments in the county and guarantee as good work as is made in Springfield or Boston, or no charge will be made.

J. W. WEBSTER,

CENTRAL STREET, NEAR MAIN, PALMER, MASS. 12-tf

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN, ss. PROBATE COURT.—To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Orauel S. Bourn, late of Palmer, in said county, deceased, GREETING:

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Charlotte C. Bourn of said Palmer, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, and that she may be exempt from giving a surety on her official bond as such executrix. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Springfield, in said county of Hampden, on the first Wednesday of July next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Palmer Journal, published at Palmer, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court, and to mail a copy of such notice to each of said next-of-kin, whose name and residence is known to the petitioner, who may reside out of this county, fourteen days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this ninth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

3-11 SAMUEL B. SPOONER, Register.

PIANOS AND ORGANS TO RENT.

Will get any music or music book wanted.

W. E. STONE.

GRAND CONCERT

—AT THE—

Second Congregational Church

PALMER,

Friday Eve, June 20, '90

MISS MARY HOWE,

THE FAMOUS SOPRANO,

"She is a human skylark, and she warbles as prettily as any of an entire forest of birds. Her voice rivals the flute in sweetness."—*Springfield Homestead*, May 10, 1890.

ASSISTED BY

Miss Georgia Pray OF BOSTON, VIOLONCELLIST.

Mr. B. T. Hammond OF WORCESTER, BASSO.

Mr. Lucien Howe, Org'nist

CONCERT COMMENCES AT 8 O'CLOCK

BEST SEATS ONE DOLLAR.

Tickets go on sale at LeGro & Lynde's drug store Monday, June 16, at 9 a. m.

☞ A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Monson for Palmer at 7.30 p. m., returning after the concert. 3-10

Spring Goods.

A Fine Line of LINEN GOODS Stamped and Plain.

China Silk, Plush, Scrim,

And all Desirable Materials for Fancy Work.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF SMALL WARES.

BASKETS IN GREAT VARIETY.

5 and 10 Cent Counters

Full of Useful Goods and constantly receiving additions. Call and see

E. L. DAVIS,

HOLDEN'S BLOCK, MAIN ST., PALMER.

NEW ATTRACTIONS IN MILLINERY!

We have just received from New York a line of SUMMER MILLINERY in

HATS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, LACES, ETC.,

which we would invite you to call and inspect. The calls have been many and the hats few for Ladies' Cheap Shade Hats and Children's Sailors, but we can now supply our customers with these, and at the low price of 25c. Don't forget that our line of

Ladies' Muslin Underwear

CORSETS, HOSIERY, GLOVES AND LADIES' WRAPPERS

are the cheapest and best in town. Agency for MADAME GRISWOLD'S CORSETS.

Also Hall's Bazar Dress Form.

Mrs. L. E. CARPENTER,

39 MAIN STREET, PALMER, MASS.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Marietta Tanner of Palmer, county of Hampden, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the Palmer Savings Bank, dated April 21st, A. D. 1883, and recorded with Hampden county registry of deeds, book 396, page 512, and for a breach of the conditions thereof and for the purpose of fo

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 20, 1890.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

WALES.

E. Shaw is cutting timber to put up a new barn.

LaRoy Squier has nearly completed the census enumeration.

Charles Moore has bought out H. E. Steele & Co's. meat market.

H. A. McFarland raised a new barn yesterday, wherein to store his large hay crop.

Ernest Needham is busy drawing lumber to Warren, where he is putting up some houses.

Bela Baker and William Flynt, who fell from a building a few days ago, are now so as to be out by the use of canes.

Clinton Rogers and family of Rochester, N. Y., are expected next week to spend the summer, also H. M. Needham and family of Brooklyn.

WEST WARREN.

Several from this place attended the Mary Howe concert in Ware Thursday night.

Mrs. A. Pierce and daughter are spending a few days in Brimfield with her sister, Mrs. John W. Morgan.

The M. E. church Sunday-school has invited the Congregational Sunday-school to picnic with them at Forest Lake Saturday.

Rev. W. C. Townsend of the Warren M. E. church will preach in the Central M. E. church of this place Sunday in exchange with the pastor, Rev. Putnam Webber.

Last Saturday a fishing party of about 30 started for Bull-head pond, or Springfield reservoir, in Ludlow. Fish were plenty, and a fine fish dinner was prepared by the ladies of the party, who helped catch the wigglers as well as dress them.

WARREN.

Miss Emma Ramsdell is visiting in Newburg, N. Y.

All the schools except the high school close this week.

The schools in the village spent last Saturday at Forest Lake.

George Converse of Somerville spent last Sunday with A. L. Converse.

Mrs. George Shumway is visiting her sister, Mrs. Aaron King, in Nashua, N. H.

Mr. Sherwin of Springfield has just completed a fine crayon picture of Mrs. Joel Chadwick.

Miss Dora Merrick, formerly a teacher in town, has been spending a few days here with friends.

Dr. Clarence Cutter has been commissioned division surgeon of the Massachusetts Sons of Veterans.

BRIMFIELD.

Miss Sena Webber arrived at her home last week Wednesday.

Miss Sarah Olmstead of Clinton, N. Y., is visiting Edward Bliss.

Mrs. Waldo Griggs is visiting her son in Boston, Edward Griggs.

Ellis Hicks was called home Monday by the illness of his mother.

William Webber is very sick at the home of his father, E. Webber.

Mrs. J. L. Bacon is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Norcross, at Monson.

Miss Fannie Warren of Worcester has arrived in town for the summer.

Mrs. O. Washburn of Brockton is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. V. Sawin.

The senior class of the high school took their class supper at Landlord Bacon's.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Richardson of Worcester are guests of Rev. M. L. Richardson.

The children and teachers of the Center school picnicked in Pinney's grove last Saturday.

The standing grass on the Warren Agard farm will be sold at auction Saturday, the 28th, at 2 p. m.

The Center teacher, Miss Mabel Dadlie of North Bellingham, leaves for her home tomorrow, also Annie Hayward of Wayland. The Center school will have a vacation of two months.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.

Mrs. L. E. Hawley passed the Sabbath in South Hadley.

Mrs. E. B. Gates spent last Sunday with her sister in Northampton.

Miss Edna Wheeler of Ashland visited Mrs. J. M. Perry last week.

Miss Annie Bruce of Springfield was the guest of Mrs. Ward, Sunday.

D. W. Mowry has improved the looks of his house with a coat of paint.

Adjourned meeting of Grace chapel parish Monday evening next at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. John Woodbury has been visiting friends in East Boston the past week.

Thomas H. Kearney has signed with the Johnstown, N. Y., base ball club as catcher.

Charles L. Rindge of East Wilbraham will dispose of his farm and remove to Essex, Vt.

J. M. Perry has returned from a ten-days' trip to Washington, D. C., and Norfolk, Va.

A number of local Odd Fellows visited Amity Lodge of Springfield Wednesday evening.

C. E. Fletcher, Nettie M. Bell, Eunice E. Bell and Abner E. Bell went to Lancaster Wednesday to attend the marriage of A. L. Bell.

Frank Tupper left for Worcester Tuesday, where he has accepted a position as bookkeeper for a large jewelry firm. Frank is a fine fellow, and many friends here wish him great success.

Mr. A. L. Bell of this village and Miss Annie Mitchie were married Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the house of the bride in Lancaster, Mass., Rev. E. F. Wheeler of Grace church, No. Wilbraham, being the officiating clergyman.

Miss Mary Conroy, who has been employed at the paper mill for the past 14 years, died Monday morning after a short illness of inflamation of the bowels. Miss C. was a beautiful young lady who was beloved by a large circle of friends, who mourn her loss. Her remains were taken to Pittsfield for burial.

MONSON.

C. W. Holmes, Jr., has a new horse.

Business has ceased for the season at the upper straw shop.

Where is the flag that was to be placed in front of Memorial Hall?

A few houses on Truesdell Hill are receiving a new coat of paint.

Goldsmith & Moffit's picture gallery has closed for a summer vacation.

A. N. Gaouette is making some improvements in his photograph gallery.

Many are the remarks: "What a poor road to Stafford below State Line!"

Thompson Bros. have completed the stone embankment at Blanchardville.

E. J. Osborne has just painted Cushman's tenement, opposite the fountain.

Gage & Reynolds are still doing considerable business at their straw shop.

W. S. Nichols was thrown from his wagon Wednesday and somewhat injured.

A. D. Norcross has a half-dozen Brahma eggs weighing 22 ounces, all laid by one hen.

Rev. Mr. Hatch exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Bassett of Williamstown last Sunday.

Now that the firemen's parade is over, all are looking toward their field-day the Fourth.

Clarence and Ralph Munn were made happy by the arrival of a new boys' safety on Tuesday.

The highway work on Coburn hill and Main street, south of King's bridge, has been completed.

The intermediate school in No. 8 has been closed this week, owing to the illness of the teacher, Miss Sutcliffe.

Several residences and places of business were decorated Tuesday in honor of Bunker Hill Day and the firemen's parade.

G. M. Severy has a bunch of rye on exhibition at Norcross Bros.' measuring 7 feet, 5 inches. This beats them all so far. Next!

Milton Brown, while jumping last Wednesday noon, fell and broke his left arm below the elbow and also threw his wrist out of joint.

Several Odd Fellows of Monson, members of the Palmer lodge, accepted the invitation to visit Amity lodge, Springfield Wednesday evening.

About 50 Monson people will attend the Mary Howe concert to-night. A special train will leave at 7.30, returning at the close of the concert.

James Pendergast had 100 bunches of bananas arrive to-day from Boston, some of them being extra fine and large, the best ever brought to town.

Weeks' tally-ho coach of Palmer brought down a large party of Palmer people to visit Flynt Park last Saturday afternoon. They took their supper on the park, returning in the evening.

Mrs. E. D. Cushman gave a progressive euchre party Monday evening, in honor of her guest, Miss Lizzie Baldwin of Danbury, Conn. Refreshments were served by Barr of Springfield.

The members of Chemical Engine Co. No. 1 had their pictures taken by Gaouette in their parade costume, with the machine and its floral decorations, in front of Memorial Hall Wednesday afternoon.

Charles Stebbins raised a Boston Arrow squash in 1889 weighing 23½ pounds, which was cut last Saturday, and the friends to whom he gave portions of it pronounced it as nice and fresh as if cut in the fall.

G. E. Tucker & Son have on exhibition at Norcross Bros. a stalk of rye measuring 6 feet 11 inches, taken from a field on which was used 400 lbs. of Stockbridge fertilizer. They have had a picture taken of the field.

The second annual reunion of the Co. E Association of the 36th Massachusetts Volunteers will be held in Memorial Hall next Wednesday. About 30 members are expected to be present. Business meeting called at 12.30 p. m. and dinner at 2.

R. M. & Theo. Reynolds report orders for coal coming in rapidly. There have been two advances in price already by the companies and when the purchase now selling is exhausted Messrs. Reynolds will have to raise the present advertised prices.

On Thursday of last week Tray Hollow, in the southwest part of the town, suffered the severest storm since the flood of 1869, destroying crops, washing roads and carrying away bridges. Hail stones were said to be as large as robbins' eggs, while a mile away it did not rain enough to stop men from work in the field, and in the village it did not even sprinkle.

Mrs. Mary E. McMaster, wife of C. H. McMaster, died at her home on High street Wednesday afternoon, after an illness of about three weeks. She was the only daughter of the late Austin Fuller, and was the last of the family. The funeral took place to-day at 2.30 at the house, Rev. Mr. Hatch of the Congregational church officiating, the interment being in the Center cemetery. Mr. McMaster has the sympathy of many friends.

Next week is commencement at the academy, and the graduating exercises will be held Tuesday at 10.30 a. m., with this programme:

Salutatory, Edward Stanley Hobbs
Essay—"What We Read For." Nellie Augusta Bliss
Oration—"Capital Punishment." Harrison Graves Montague
Essay—"Intellect Worship." Joanna Veronica Cantwell
Oration—"Music." Francis Joseph Hadley
Essay—"Not Failure, but Low Aim is Crime." Alice Elizabeth Carpenter
Oration—"Know Thyself." Edward Stanley Hobbs
Valedictory Address. Joanna Veronica Cantwell
Address—"The Art of Conversation." Rev. A. E. Winship

The alumni reunion and dinner will be at the Cushman Hotel at 12 m., and the reception of the senior class at the academy chapel at 8 p. m. The baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Rev. F. S. Hatch at the Congregational church next Sunday evening.

A Surprise Visit.

About forty of the neighbors and friends of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Moore surprised them at their home on Flynt avenue Wednesday evening, it being the twelfth anniversary of their marriage. The company gathered at the house of a neighbor, and soon after 8 o'clock went in a body to Mr. Moore's. Rev. Mr. Martin addressed the couple in a few appropriate words, referring to their happy home, their pleasant surroundings and the blessedness of married life in general, and closed his remarks by presenting in behalf of the friends a few substantial gifts. Mr. Moore responded eloquently, thanking all for their expressed interest and sympathy, and Mrs. Moore added a few feeling words expressing her appreciation. A feature of the evening was the singing of Mr. Beattie, which was much enjoyed by all. Refreshments were served, and it was not until midnight approached that the company dispersed.

Firemen's Parade.

The second annual parade of the fire department took place Tuesday evening. The procession formed on Cushman street and then proceeded down Main street as far as Williams's store, back again, as far north as Depot street, down Washington, and back again to Central Block, being escorted by the Monson Consolidated Band and Drum Corps. The engines and hook and ladder truck were decorated with evergreen, wild and cultivated flowers, etc. Chemical No. 1 had the lead, followed by the hook and ladder with Chemical No. 2. Just before the start every member was presented with a beautiful button-hole bouquet by the ladies. The costumes of the firemen were white caps, white shirts and dark pants, and with the 20 men to each company in procession it made a very fine appearance, and was said by many to excel last year's parade. After the return of the procession to Central Block they adjourned to Central Hall, where they were refreshed with ice cream and cake, which was a great surprise to all. After the refreshments a vote of thanks was passed by giving three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Norcross, who furnished the refreshments, the young lady waiters being included in this, three for the ladies furnishing the flowers and three for the band and drum corps, after which the companies marched back to their machines, which were left in front of the block, to take them to their houses.

Personal.

Mrs. Charles King has gone to Agawam to visit her mother.

Fred Clifford of Easthampton was in town last Monday.

Mrs. Dr. C. W. Jackson left to-day for a two-weeks' stay at Black Rock, Conn.

Miss Nettie Woodworth of Springfield is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Emily J. Green.

C. A. Bradway has been appointed local consul for the League of American Wheelmen.

Dr. N. W. Rand's sister and his two children are visiting at his home in Lyndeboro, N. H.

Mrs. G. H. Perkins of Ware has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs B. A. Day, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cæsar Entwistle of Spencer spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Wood.

Mrs. C. H. Gallup and daughter of Mystic, Conn., are visiting Mrs. Edson on Washington street.

Mrs. Whitney has returned after several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Dutton of Niantic, Conn.

A. M. Amadon starts Monday for Springfield, Mo., where he is to teach about six weeks in a summer school at Drury College.

Edwin Clark of Cleveland, O., and George Clark and family of Highland, N. Y., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Clark.

Harrison Howe, of W. N. Flynt & Sons, is confined to the house this week by illness, John Leahy taking his place on the delivery wagon.

Mrs. Sargent of North Main street is visiting her daughter in Boston, and will also visit Quincy, where she expects to move before long.

Rev. O. W. Adams, pastor of the Methodist church here 16 years ago, made a flying visit to town last Wednesday, and was welcomed by many friends.

Miss Louise Morris and Ralph Tucker, who have been attending the national convention of Christian Endeavor societies at St. Louis, returned home on Wednesday.

Geo. J. Cummings, principal of Howard University, Washington, D. C., and family, are the guests of Mrs. Emily J. Chapin. Mr. Cummings was formerly principal of Monson Academy.

Miss Lizzie Baldwin of Danbury, Conn., is being entertained by Mrs. E. D. Cushman, Miss Baldwin being one of the European party of which Mrs. Cushman was a member on her recent trip abroad.

Mrs. Louis Gallup and Miss Clara Fuller of Springfield, with Mrs. D. M. Gordon of Rochester, N. Y., former residents of Monson, sail for Europe July 2d on the Cunard steamer Bothnia, returning in September.

Henry and Edward Lukeman of North Wilbraham, former residents of town and graduates of Childs' Business College, Springfield, have secured positions in Jordan, Marsh & Co's. office, Boston, as assistant bookkeepers.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Fisher are attending the commencement at Tufts' College this week, where Mr. Fisher has a brother who graduates from the divinity school. Mrs. W. J. Ricketts and son Charles are also in attendance, her son, W. L. Ricketts, also graduating.

T. J. Keefe, Matthew Connolly, Misses Mollie Hanley, Alice and Kate Cantwell attended the Buckley-Dunn wedding at Fitchburg Tuesday morning. Mr. Buckley was a former resident of Monson, and is a brother of Mrs. Connolly and Mrs. William Cantwell. After the wedding there was a grand reception at the home of the bride.

WARE.

Benjamin Davis is quite low. He has been suffering from the effects of a paralytic stroke for nearly a year.

The Ware Cadet Band has been engaged to furnish music at the picnic at Forest Lake on the Fourth of July.

The J. W. Lawton Woman's Relief Corps have paid for the furnishing of a room in the Soldiers' Home at Chelsea.

Joseph Albertine, the fruit man, is soon to remodel the front of his block and make other improvements, including plate glass front.

It is reported that Henry F. Barnes is to sell six houses located in the west part of the village at auction on Saturday, June 28. All are desirable.

The reunion of past scholars of the Ware high school is to be held at the Town Hall next Friday evening. It is under the management of class '92.

Frank W. Harwood of Ware Center has been awarded the contract for building the club house for the Rod and Gun Club at Beaver Lake for $1795.

A curiosity in the way of a vegetable growth has this week been seen by many at Hitchcock's store. It is a potato that sprouted in the bin, and a new tuber formed inside of the old one, which was burst open.

At the civil term of the superior court at Northampton F. G. Fisher was awarded $70 in his suit against Albert Weiss. The case of H. M. Atkinson against the same was decided in favor of the plaintiff, who was awarded $202.40.

The graduating exercises of the Ware high school will be the great event of next week, and will be held in the Town Hall Thursday evening. The following is the programme of exercises:

Song for Commencement.
Oration—"Love of Country," with Salutatory address, William E. Carey
Essay—"The reign of law," Lucy H. Sherman
Essay—"Our Highest Aims," Helen J. Kennedy
Oration—"Government." Robert Delehanty
Essay—"Doors Opening Outward," Etta M. Kennedy
Essay—"Fame," Grace E. Dillon
Essay—"An Age of Development," May A Warner
Class History, Julia Feehan
Class Prophecy, Lucy A. Canavan
Essay—"Beyond the Alps lieth Italy," with Valedictory Addresses, Kate Carroll
Class Song.
Presentation of Diplomas by H. C. Davis, Esq.

Hyde—Hyde.

An occasion which will long be remembered with pleasure by those present was the wedding last evening, at the residence of William S. Hyde on Maple street, the contracting parties being Henry Knight Hyde, cashier of the Ware National Bank, and Miss Lucy Ruth Hyde, daughter of W. S. Hyde. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. M. Hyde, D. D., of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, the father of the groom. The bridemaids were Misses Maude L. and Mary J. Johnson of Milford, and Misses Bessie and Sylvia Hyde of Ware, sisters of the bride. The ushers were Dr. R. L. Carson and Prof. F. J. Fessenden of New York, A. T. Safford of Boston and C. B. Knight of Troy. The guests were nearly all relatives and intimate friends. The happy couple left last night for their wedding tour, taking with them the best wishes of all who knew them. A fine residence is being erected near the Wetherell homestead, which they will occupy as soon as completed.

Senator Fassett of Great Barrington absolutely denies the story that he offered to obtain ten senatorial votes for the People's elevated road for $100,000, and charges that the proposition to pay that sum was made to him by Dr. Moore of Manchester, and that he at once left the room. He tells a straightforward story; the only pity is that he did not expose the matter at once.

Springfield voted against annexing West Springfield, Tuesday, 1261 to 817. The vote of West Springfield was in favor of annexation, 312 to 185.

LEGISLATIVE MATTERS.

Boston, June 18, 1890.

The legislative action lately has been as follows:

On Thursday the House committee on rules reported certain charges of corrupting influence made by the West End company, and of improper advances made by members to West End agents. An order for an investigation was adopted and Messrs. Wardwell of Haverhill, Sanger of Boston, Kimball of Fitchburg, Quincy of Quincy, Powers of Hyde Park, Meade of Salem, and McEnaney of Boston were appointed the committee.

The Senate investigating committee quickly got at the meat of the charges against Senator Fassett of Berkshire in its inquiry Thursday forenoon. Frank E. Sanderson of Boston, Dr. Joseph C. Moore of Nashua, N. H., and Edward Pranker of Saugus corroborated each other in testifying that Senator Fassett had offered to deliver the votes of ten Republican Senators for the People's Elevated Railway Company's bill for $100,000, or $10,000 apiece for the votes. This was flatly and emphatically denied, so far as he knew, by the lobbyist, Louis P. Hagar, who was employed by these men. He asserted that the interviews they described never occurred, that he had never seen a list of ten Senators, and, in general, that the testimony against Senator Fassett was utterly false, as far as he knew.

By 142 to 59, after long debate and without amendment, the House has engrossed the Senate bill to protect the purity of water supplies.

The House resolve for buying regimental histories has been reported on in the Senate, "reference to the next general court."

The street franchise bill has been put over another year.

Friday's developments at the investigation of Senator Fassett were such as to restore public confidence in him completely. He took the stand himself, and not only denied flatly the testimony of Sanderson and Pranker, but said that the proposition of corrupt action was made to him by Dr. Moore. He met the advance by saying that he had made a mistake in his man; that they might do things that way in the New Hampshire Legislature, but that he could not do it in the Massachusetts Senate. Then he took his hat and came away. Testimony relating to the witness, Sanderson, was unfavorable to his reputation, and altogether the day was reassuring in the highest degree to the friends of Senator Fassett.

The House investigating committee accomplished nothing, because Mr. Williams of Dedham, who was their most important witness, was wanted before the Senate committee.

A state tax bill was reported for $1,750,000, which is $250,000 less than the amount of the tax for 1889. Of this total, Boston's share is $645,767. The estimated expenses of the state are $6,507,971, and the revenues $5,049,707, leaving a deficit of $1,458,264.

After a sharp debate the House agreed to the report of the conference committee on the consolidation of gas and electric light companies, by vote of 95 to 65.

The Senate rejected the House bill to make more lenient the penalty for the first offense of drunkenness.

Some business was done at the session of the Senate on Monday. Senator E. J. Donovan of Suffolk tried to weaken the stringency of the House bill to regulate the employment of persons in saloons on the ground that it would prevent the sending of bell boys in hotels to the rooms of guests with liquor. Several Senators attacked the bill, but it was supported by Senators Pinkerton of Worcester, Davenport of Middlesex and Coffin of Suffolk, and was passed to be engrossed by 19 to 7.

The House appropriation of $10,000 for the State Firemen's Association was postponed to Thursday. An attempt was made by Senator Dwinell of Middlesex to get a reconsideration of the reference to the next Legislature of the House bill to permit towns and cities to engage in the business of making gas and electric light for themselves and for their citizens, but it was defeated by a large vote.

Mr. Cook of Weymouth led an attempt to reconsider the acceptance by the House of the report of the conference committee on the bill to permit the consolidation of gas and electric light companies, but after a sharp debate he could get only 63 votes to 86 votes against him.

The interest of the week centers in the sessions, in the green room, of the House investigating committee into the methods employed by the West End Street Railway Company to carry its bill through the Legislature. The inquiry made is pretty thorough, that is, it has been more so in its later stages than at first, apparently. No positive corruption by the use of money has been unearthed, but great disclosures have been made regarding the methods and power of the lobby. They show how utterly hopeless was the effort by Gov. Ames in 1887 to strike a blow at the lobby by the veto of the bill for the division of Beverly, on the ground that improper means had been used to pass it. Practically the consequence of that hearing and of the veto was to advertise to the world that here was a good fat field for a lobby, and thus directly to encourage the evil it was nominally intended to suppress.

So powerful has the lobby become now that, as has been clearly proved at this hearing, the members of it are paid vastly more than they are worth for the service they render. One testified that he received $500 from the West End for speaking to a few members. He did not know as he influenced a single vote. None of these men seem to ever render a bill which covers more than the one item, "services." It was testified to that ex-Speaker Noyes was paid $1000 by the West End, and he rendered no service whatever. He simply did not oppose the road. The rank and file of the lobby who were engaged seem to have done almost nothing to earn their money. They say so themselves. They talk with members, find out how they are going to vote, if they can, or ask them to vote for the bill. They try to get up public sentiment in favor of their measures, but the work they do is of the most indefinite, irresponsible sort. I have been told of a case where a lobbyist agreed to control a Senator's vote for a certain sum. The Senator voted as the lobbyist agreed he should and the money was paid, but an inquiry afterward revealed the fact that the lobbyist had never spoken to the Senator, nor, as far as could be learned, ever asked anyone to speak to him on the matter. He simply had sold the vote, trusting to luck that it would be cast the right way for him.

President Whitney and Mr. Hyde of the West End agreed that the lobby was a sort of blackmailing institution which stood between petitioners and the Legislature, and that it would be folly to defy them or ignore them. If not retained in a corporation's favor, they would fight it. But these men also testified to doing what many people will condemn. The cost of the dinners at the Algonquin Club furnished to members of the Legislature was about $1500, and the hack hire was from $300 to $400. At first the dinners were too lavish and it was ordered to make them moderate, which Mr. Hyde explained to mean about $3.50 per plate, exclusive of wine and cigars.

One of the developments has been the statement by Mr. Hyde that he sent Theodore C. Bates a check for $500 to be used in influencing legislative elections in Worcester county against the Ames-Shepard company, the rivals of the West End. Bates had sent word that this company was at work in that way and asked for the sum, so Hyde sent it.

Landon.

The benefits of vacation season may be greatly enhanced, if at the same time the blood is being cleansed and vitalized by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A good appetite, fresh vigor and buoyant spirits attend the use of this wonderful medicine.

"My father, at about the age of 50, lost all the hair from the top of his head. After one month's trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor the hair began coming, and in three months he had a fine growth of hair of the natural color."—P. J. Cullen, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

An Eminent

Temperance lecturer in New England, Mrs. John John Barton, says: I was subject to those deathly sick headaches and also dyspepsia. Sulphur Bitters cured me when all other remedies failed. Mrs. Barton is the wife of John Barton, superintendent of repairs, Pacific Mills, Lawrence, Mass.

Do You Wish

To regain your health if you are all broken down and suffering from nervous prostration? I will tell you what cured me after suffering for months. I used two bottles of Sulphur Bitters, and now I am a well man.—C. Stiles, Bookkeeper, Canton.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. 1y-23

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.
2y31

To become happy, read about the improved Medical Discovery in another column.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me, and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at LeGro & Lynde's drug store. Regular size 50c and $1. (4)

Empepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you good digestion and oust the demon dyspepsia, and install instead eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases of liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50c and $1 per bottle by LeGro & Lynde, druggists.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by LeGro & Lynde. 52-9

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

Flour, Grain and Feed.

SOUTHERN WHITE CORN

For Ensilage and Fodder.

PLASTER AND PARIS GREEN,

Fence Wire, etc.

—o—

POULTRY SUPPLIES.

GRASS SEED,

Salt and Fertilizers.

—o—

Just received some of the

BEST OATS,

FINE FEED AND WINTER WHEAT BRAN

You ever saw.

N. B.—Some men think that Fertilizers do the most good to apply and hoe in at time of hoeing.

P. S.—I have still a large stock of Stockbridge's SPECIAL MANURES for Corn and Potatoes; also lower grades of Fertilizers for those who want cheap grades.

The FERTILIZER is on farm of J. Gates, Palmer, and on Stever place, Thorndike, (W. W. Whiting).

GOOD GOODS FOR A LOW CASH PRICE.

☞Watch this Space in Future.☜

For prices write or go to

H. C. GATES,

On farm of J. Gates, PALMER, MASS.
P. O. Address, Box 29, THORNDIKE. 52-2

FOLLOW THE

Graduating Class

—o—

The Monson Academy Students this year (the same as in past years) have decided to accept no other Artist than A. N. GAOUETTE to do their work.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

A GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE has taken effect at A. N. GAOUETTE'S for a short time only.

Remember, there will be no reduction in the quality of work. We have a reputation and we are bound to retain it.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

in every way. Please give us encouragement. If you come once you will be pleased to come again.

—o—

Yours very respectfully,

A. N. GAOUETTE,

13-4 MONSON, MASS.

COAL. COAL. COAL. COAL.

We are now ready to receive orders for coal to be delivered after August 1st next, within reasonable distance from either railroad station, at the following prices:

Stove Size,	$5.25	Pittston Egg,	$5.25
Chestnut Size,	5.25	Sugar Loaf Lehigh Egg,	5.50

Will furnish good men to house and bin the same, charging for their time only. We cannot sell any more at the above-named prices than is covered by this purchase, and advise sending in orders early. The Lehigh Egg quoted is from the best Lehigh section, and as a furnace coal cannot be excelled.

Orders by mail or left at our office will have prompt attention.

R. M. & THEO. REYNOLDS.

Monson, Mass., May 23, 1890.

IMPORTANT ∴ BUSINESS ∴ CHANGE.

∴ MONEY FOR THE PEOPLE! ∴

We have leased Patton's entire block, No. 9 Hampden street, and in the future our entire attention is to be given to the WHOLESALE CROCKERY TRADE. To those, therefore, who will give us an early call we will guarantee an opportunity to purchase from our Large Stock of

Crockery, Lamps, Silverware, Bric-a-Brac, Etc.,

at prices very nearly their own. Everything to be closed out without reserve, and prices are marked so low as to insure the closing out of the stock in the shortest time possible.

We start this sale with a stock in every department second to none of its class in Western Massachusetts. An early call will secure magnificent bargains.

QUIMBY, CRAIG & CO.,

KINSMAN'S BLOCK, 328 MAIN ST., 4-12 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

—THE—

GREAT RUSH

—FOR THE—

LADIES'

Oxford Ties

UNABATED.

Our store is thronged with appreciative customers anxious to secure one of the many bargains offered.

This is the Story:

3000 PAIRS

Ladies' Oxford Ties,

Worth from $1.50 to $2.00,

AT 98 CENTS.

This is the SHOE EVENT of the season.

Potter & Hunt,

Distributors of Shoes.

GILL'S BLOCK,

Main Street, near Bridge Street,

SPRINGFIELD, - 26-6 MASS.

NEW REPOSITORY,

33 and 35 SANFORD STREET,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

BOSTON SURREYS, BISMARK, CANOPY TOPS, PHAETONS, CORNINGS, GODDARDS, PIANO BOX, CONCORDS, 2-WHEEL CARTS,

AND

ALL LEADING STYLES.

A Large Stock to select from. Low Prices.

13-52 J. H. ROGERS.

NEW STOCK OF

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

FINE ∴ SHOES.

W. E. STONE.

PAINLESS Extraction of Teeth by using Dr. Holden's Compound Anæsthetic. All operations in dentistry performed with care.
D. HOLDEN, Fuller's Block, Springfield; Perkins' Block, Holyoke. 52-12

Meekins, Packard & Co.

Ingrain Carpets.

Another lot of Best All-Wool

INGRAIN CARPETS

ONLY 50c PER YARD.

NO CARPET MADE EQUALS THEM AT THE SAME COST.

BRUSSELS CARPETS.

We place on sale to-day

50 Pieces Best Brussels Made.

LOWELLS, BIGELOWS AND HARTFORDS.

ONLY $1 PER YARD.

100 Fancy Tables

—ONLY—

42 Cents Each.

EVERY LADY WANTS ONE.

Meekins, Packard & Co.,

355 to 359 Main Street,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

BANANAS

Direct from the importers. For sale at

Wholesale and Retail.

SPECIAL PRICES

FOR TEN BUNCH LOTS.

James Pendergast.

Monson, Mass., May 21st, 1890. 13-8

BUNKER HILL

$3.00-PANTS.-$3.00

Lots of Orders this Spring.

300 SAMPLES.

W. E. STONE.

WHITE FROST FLOUR AT SMITH & CO'S.

CASTORIA.

CASTORIA promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.
82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."
ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D.
1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent-up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD.
Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
77 Murray Street. - - New York.

D. W. FOSKETT,
GRAIN DEALER,
FOSKETT'S MILLS,

HAS JUST RECEIVED A FULL LINE OF

Agricultural Tools,

Which he proposes to sell at lowest prices.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF ALL THE BEST GRADES OF PLOWS, DISC, CUTAWAY AND ACME HARROWS, HORSE HOES & CULTIVATORS.

A FULL LINE OF

SHOVELS, FORKS, RAKES AND HOES

Of the best makes for the least money. Anything in the line of Agricultural Implements not in stock we will procure for you at short notice.

MOWING MACHINES.

THE ADRIANCE IS THE ORIGINAL.

Under our original trade mark of BUCKEYE and NEW MODEL BUCKEYE (first applied by us to mowers) the machines built at our works have won a world-wide reputation. To avoid being misled and disappointed, see that you get a machine bering our exclusive trade mark, "ADRIANCE."

The Clipper Mower,

Also a first-class machine.

The "TAYLOR" and "ROYAL" RAKES and a full line of haying tools. 53-3

SULPHUR BITTERS.

For those deathly Bilious spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS. It will cure you.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up, and make you strong and healthy.

Do you suffer with that tired and all-gone feeling? If so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in-doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

$1000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich, and strong, and your flesh hard.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting thro' the skin in Pimples, Blotches and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send three 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & CO., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

WORCESTER BRAND SALT.
At SMITH & CO'S.

PALMER IRON FOUNDRY
AND MACHINE SHOP.
At the junction of B. & A. and N. L. N. Railroads. West of Depot.
MACHINERY CASTINGS MADE & GENERAL JOBBING DONE
At short notice and reasonable prices.
52-35 EDGERTON & FRANCIS.

BANANAS, ORANGES AND LEMONS.
PINE APPLES. GARDEN SEEDS.
W. E. STONE.

FOR SALE.
CONCORD BUGGIES,
HANDY WAGONS,
ROAD WAGONS,
TOP CARRIAGES
OF ALL KINDS.
A first-class shifting carriage-pole for $10.
If you want any kind of a wagon or cart, call on me, and I will give you as low a price as they can be sold for.
Plain Horse-Shoeing, $1.25.
G. O. HENRY,
52-1 PALMER, Mass.

WARE FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP.
FIRST-CLASS IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS
—AND—
GENERAL MACHINE REPAIRS.
WE have in stock, or make to order at short notice: Plow Points of all kinds, Cultivator Teeth, Scrapers, Stall Collars and Guards, Hitching Posts, Lawn Settees and Chairs, Umbrella Stands, Sinks, Kettles, Wagon Shoes, Window Weights, Building Columns, and all kinds of iron and brass castings.
We also do all kinds of machine repairing promptly and in the best manner, at reasonable prices.
2-tf. J. P. PERO, Proprietor.

A FULL LINE OF FOLDERS,
SUITABLE FOR
OPENINGS, ANNOUNCEMENTS, &c.
AT JOURNAL OFFICE.

BORAX SOAP. AT SMITH & CO'S

A Political Paradox.

A politician loved a maid,
And, for his delectation,
Taught her the theory of free trade,
And how to run the Nation.

She listened with an ardent zeal
To all her lover told her,
Till her fond interest made him feel
Emboldened to be bolder.

And so one moonlight eve he popped
The one momentous question.
Her heart its beating almost stopped
Just at the bare suggestion

Of matrimonial joys, but soon
She owned his love requited;
And so beneath the silver moon
Their troth the lovers plighted.

Then said the statesman: "Tell me, now,
My precious darling, whether
You know the meaning of the vow
That we have sworn together."

With a shy blush, she whispered then:
"To me its meaning this is:—
Protection,—from all other men;
With you,—free trade in kisses."
—*Somerville Journal.*

AMONG THE PARAGRAPHERS.

"Oh, Lord! how you made me jump!" as the grasshopper remarked when he was first created.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The man who thinks quick and speaks slow will be very apt to get along in the world safely.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Mean? Why Brown is so mean that should he be fortunate to reach heaven, he will kick because there is no fire there."—*Life.*

"The cat drank all the milk." "Did you see her?" "No; Johnny told me she did it." "Don't touch the cat; go and catch Johnny for me."—*New York Sun.*

Whitlow—"I hear Jones has been arrested for keeping a cow!" Bitso—"For keeping a cow! What an outrage!" Whitlow—"Yes, she belonged to another man."—*Time.*

Society in Washington.—Dasher—"Were the ladies in full dress at the reception?" Crasher—"I should say they were. Full, and running over."—*Somerville Journal.*

"Begorra," said Bridget, as she opened a bottle of champagne for the first time, "the blame fool that filled this quart bottle must 'a' put two quarts in instid of wan!"—*Life.*

A Cordial Invitation.—His Honor—"What made you steal this gentleman's door-mat?" Prisoner—"Sure, yer Honor, it said 'Welcome' on it in letters as long as your ar-rm."—*Puck.*

No Hurry.—Elephants have been known to live to the age of four hundred years. Moral—Young man, don't be in too much of a hurry to see the elephant. He'll keep.—*Boston Transcript.*

Cantwaite—"Say, do you remember that five-dollar bill I loaned you?" Owen Long—"Remember it, sir, I never forget a favor like that. You haven't got another one about you."—*Epoch.*

Fond Mother (addressing infant)—"You precious little lump of sweetness! I should just like to eat you up." The Next Eldest—"I wish you would, ma! I'll help carve."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Neighbor—"I hear your master has married again and is taking a bridal tour." Daddy Mose—"Don' know 'bout him takin' a bridle to dis 'un, hoss, but he did tek a paddle to his fust wife, shure."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Literal Version.—Clara's Mother (calling) "Clara, Mr. Smithers is in the parlor and says he wants you." Clara (entering parlor and throwing herself into Smithers' arms)—"Oh, Charlie, this is so sudden."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Guest at Restaurant (looking dubiously at boiled fowl—"Waiter, if this is your spring chicken take it back and bring me a little old hen." Waiter (changing 60-cent check for 30-cent)—"All right, sah, there you are."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Wife (sobbing)—"Some day you'll find me lying at death's door, and then what will you do?" Husband (contemptuously)—"My dear, have you ever known me to be so ungallant as to allow a lady to open a door when I was present?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Dejected Youth—"I would like to return this engagement ring I purchased here a few days ago." Jeweler—"Didn't it suit the lady?" D. Y.—"Yes, but another young man had already given her one just like it, and I would like to exchange it for a wedding present."—*Life.*

She Lived to Learn.—Mr. Canstique—"And so old Mrs. Gadd is dead?" Mr. Cary News—"Yes; dead and buried." Mr. Canstique—"Dead and buried! Humph! I'll wager that by this time she knows all the family antecedents of the woman in the adjacent lot."—*Life.*

Mistress—"I am very sorry, Nora, to see the way you are carrying on with the butler's boy." Nora—"Indade, mem, and it's a nice young man he is for all that." Mistress—"Oh, no doubt, but as Lent is here now I thought it might be more to our interest to commence a flirtation with the fish-dealer."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Bad Boy (getting in a body blow)—"There, take that!" "Good Boy (folding his arms with a saintly expression)—"No, Tommy, I will not hit you back, because I promised my mother that I would never strike a playmate, but"—kicking him in the stomach—"How do you like that?"

New Reporter (auxiously)—"Say, lend me a few sheets out of your note-book. I've forgot mine, and I've got to interview the city officials to see what they know about gambling in Chicago." Old Reporter—"Haven't you a visiting card?" "Yes." "Well, use the back of it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mr. Case (who has married his typewriter)—"Well, my dear, I suppose I must be looking around for somebody to take your place in the office." Mrs. Case—"Yes; I have been thinking of that. My cousin is just out of school." Mr. Case—"What is her name?" Mrs. Case (sweetly)—"John Henry Briggs."—*Puck.*

"Well, Augustus," said a vapid youth, who was prondly making a confession of various entanglements, "we all have our little troubles, haven't we? Perhaps there is a skeleton in your own closet! Eh, old boy?" "Oh, deah, no; you must have caught a glimpse of my twouser stwetcher."—*Washington Capital.*

Miss Riverside Rives—"My dear Miss Fulton, how lovely to see you here. Were parties very different in your day?" Miss Ann Fulton—"Well, somewhat. In my day the girls wore one-buttoned gloves and dresses buttoned up to the neck; now they wear one-buttoned dresses and gloves buttoned up to the neck."—*Puck.*

Stranger—"There doesn't seem to be any choir this morning." Texas Sexton—"No, the organist and tenor are both laid up with pistol wounds." Stranger—"Has there been any trouble hereabouts lately?" Texas Sexton—"Oh, no. Them two fellows just got into a friendly dispute over the hymns to be sung to-day, that's all."—*Judge.*

WEAK AND WEARY

In early summer the warmer weather is especially weakening and enervating, and that tired feeling prevails everywhere. The great benefit which people at this season derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength, but Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts, and purifies the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Pure Blood

—MAKES—

THE HAPPY BODY.

To coin a good word Dear Reader are you "Blood-happy," or is your blood dragging you through the depths of distress with

Influenza,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Biliousness,
Scrofula or
Kindred Diseases? Then

Free the blood from these poisons. Don't mope along half alive, half dead, but rouse up your system. Give your good old friend, the stomach, a chance to do its work.

Here is the Remedy.

Tried, Trusty and True. The ingredients of this wonderful remedy have been used as a favorite and successful medicine for many years, but like the improvements in the telegraph since Morse, the sewing machine since Howe, and the electric light since Franklin forced the first spark, the new and perfect combination of these ingredients has never been reached until combined as now in FISCHER'S IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
This medicine purifies the blood as naturally as water quenches thirst. *It cures.* This is its history in a nutshell. Grateful testimonials are received every day. Price $1.00.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
Roxbury Medical Co.
52 WARREN STREET, ROXBURY, MASS.
☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 4t
mmrap 52-41

GILL'S ART STORE.

Note Papers 8c, 10c and 12c per lb.
100 Blank Notes or Receipts 10c.
125 sheets Parson's Paper 25c.
20c, 15c and 10c envelopes only 5c a pack.

For polite correspondence buy only
Gill's Royal Linen
WITH ENVELOPES TO MATCH
At Special Price. Wedding and Visiting Cards a specialty.

FRAMED UP PICTURES

Well Mounted, Good Subjects, Quality Right,

$2, 2.50, 3, 4, 5 to 10 Each.

Well adapted for the home of good taste and moderate means.

GILL'S BOOK SALES

Are all made on the worth of the book. Poor books, like poor pictures, bring nothing, and are not worth anything.

—TRADE AT—

GILL'S ART STORE,
13-4 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

AT C. W. ROBINSON'S
—A LINE OF—
FANCY CROCKERY.
GIVE HIM A CALL.

A full line of Fresh and Choice
GROCERIES
New goods received every day,

TEAS		
Fancy 70.	Choice 60.	Fine 50.
COFFEE		
Fancy 38.	Choice 35.	Fine 30.
MOLASSES		
Fancy 65.	Choice 50.	Syrup 65.

12 POUNDS REVERE FINE SUGAR 99 CENTS.

ALL KINDS OF
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
JOB PRINTING
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED
At the
JOURNAL OFFICE,
Palmer, Mass.
Send for samples and estimates.

A NEW LINE OF
Wall Papers.
A New Line of
SCOTCH AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS.
APRON AND SHIRTING PRINTS
FIVE CENTS PER YARD.
W. E. STONE.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND
CONCORDS, FARM WAGONS, AND TWO 2-HORSE CARTS,
FOR SALE BY
G. W. BURDICK
Monson. 10-tf

BOSTON AND MAINE R. R.
CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.
TIME TABLE COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 26, 1890.

LEAVE BOSTON for Northampton, Hadley, Amherst, So. Amherst, Belchertown and Bondsville, 7.00 and 8.00 a. m., 1.30 and 4.00 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Northampton, 6.00, 8.05 a. m., 2.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.00 a. m.
Hadley, 6.06, 8.11 a. m., 2.05 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 a. m.
Amherst, 6.15, 8.20 a. m., 2.14 p. m. Sunday, 6.15 a. m.
So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19 p. m. Sunday, 6.20 a. m.
Belchertown, 6.34, 8.37 a. m., 2.32 p. m. Sunday, 6.34 a. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 8.46 a. m., 2.42 p. m. Sunday, 6.45 a. m.

LOCAL SERVICE BETWEEN WARE & NORTHAMPTON
LEAVE, Ware, 6.10, 10.44 a. m., 4.36, 6.45 p. m. Sunday, 4.33 p. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 10.59 a. m., 4.50, 7.01 p. m. Sunday, 4.50 p. m.
Belchertown, 7.10, 10.31 11.09 a. m., 5.00, 7.11 p. m. Sunday, 5.03 p. m.
So. Amherst, 7.40, 11.22 a. m., 5.13, 7.23 p. m. Sunday, 5.17 p. m.
Amherst, 7.55, 10.47, 11.28 a. m., 5.19, 7.29 p. m. Sunday, 5.23 p. m.
Hadley, 8.21, 11.38 a. m., 5.28, 7.38 p. m. Sunday 5.33 p. m.
ARRIVE, Northampton, 8.38, 11.00, 11.45 a. m., 5.35, 7.45 p. m. Sunday, 5.40 p. m.
LEAVE, Northampton, 6.00, 8.05 a. m., 2.00, 6.22, 7.20 p. m. Sunday, 6.00 a. m.
Hadley, 6.06, 8.11 a. m., 2.05, 7.30 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 a. m.
Amherst, 6.15, 8.20 a. m., 2.14, 6.35, 7.56 p. m. Sunday, 6.15 a. m.
So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19, 8.05 p. m. Sunday, 6.20 a. m.
Belchertown, 6.34, 8.37 a. m., 2.32, 6.52, 8.35 p. m. Sunday, 6.34 a. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 8.46 a. m., 2.42, 8.55 p. m. Sunday, 6.45 a. m.
ARRIVE, Ware, 7.00, 9.00 a. m., 3.00, 7.15, 9.25 p. m. Sunday, 7.00 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for Ware, Gilbertville, Barre, Rutland, Oakdale and West Boylston, 7.00 a. m., 1.30, 4.00 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Ware, 7.00, 9.00 a. m., 3.00, 7.15 p. m. Sunday, 7.00 a. m.
Gilbertville, 7.09, 9.07 a. m., 3.08, 7.22 p. m. Sunday, 7.09 a. m.
Barre, 7.35, 9.22 a. m., 3.27 p. m. Sunday, 7.35 a. m.
Rutland, 7.59, 9.57 a. m., 3.45 p. m. Sunday, 7.59 a. m.
Oakdale, 8.35, 10.04 a. m., 4.11, 8.17 p. m. Sunday, 8.30 a. m.
West Boylston, 8.39, 10.08 a. m., 4.15 p. m. Sunday, 8.34 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for New Braintree, Hardwick, Barre Plains, Coldbrook, 7.00 a. m., 1.30, 4.00 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, New Braintree, 7.16 a. m., 3.14 p. m., Sunday, 7.16 a. m.
Hardwick, 7.20 a. m., 3.17 p. m. Sunday, 7.20 a. m.
Barre Plains, 7.28 a. m., 3.23 p. m. Sunday, 7.28 a. m.
Coldbrook, 7.42 a. m., 3.32 p. m. Sunday, 7.42 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for So. Clinton and Berlin, 7.00 a. m., 1.30, 4.00 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN
So. Clinton, 8.48 a. m., 4.22 p. m. Sunday, 8.43 a. m.
Berlin, 9.00 a. m., 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 8.51 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for Hudson, So. Sudbury, 7.00, 8.00, 9.20 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, 5.25, 6.25, p. m. Sunday 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Hudson, 6.30, 7.40, 9.10, 10.30 a. m., 12.35, 4.39 p. m. Sunday, 9.01 a. m.
So. Sudbury, 6.46, 7.55, 9.28 a. m., 12.52, 4.55 p. m. Sunday, 9.21 a. m.
LEAVE for WAYLAND, 7.12, 7.00, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WAYLAND, 5.50, 6.53, 8.02, 8.45, 9.36 a. m., 12.58, 2.40, 5.01, 5.15, 8.59 p. m. Sunday, 9.29 a. m.
LEAVE for WESTON, 7.12, 7.00, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WESTON, 6.00, 7.02, 8.10, 8.54, 9.44 10.52 a. m., 1.07, 2.40, 5.25, 5.09, 9.04 p. m. Sunday, 9.37 a. m.
LEAVE for WALTHAM, 7.00, 7.12, 8.00, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WALTHAM, 6.08, 7.10, 8.17, 9.02, 9.52, 10.58 a. m., 1.15, 2.57, 5.33, 5.16, 9.10 p. m. Sunday, 9.45 a. m.
LEAVE for WAVERLY, 7.00 7.12, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WAVERLY, 6.15, 7.18, 8.23, 9.07, 9.56 a. m., 1.20, 3.02, 5.40, 5.20 p. m. Sunday, 9.51 a. m.
LEAVE for BELMONT, 7.00, 7.12, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN BELMONT, 6.18, 7.21, 8.25, 9.10, 9.57 a. m., 1.23, 3.05, 5.48, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.54 a. m.

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The Palmer Journal.

VOL. XLI. PALMER, MASS., FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 27, 1890. NUMBER 13.

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FANCY CROCKERY.
GIVE HIM A CALL.
A full line of Fresh and Choice
GROCERIES
New goods received every day,
TEAS
Fancy 70. Choice 60. Fine 50.
COFFEE
Fancy 38. Choice 35. Fine 30.
MOLASSES
Fancy 65. Choice 50. Syrup 65.
12 POUNDS REVERE FINE SUGAR 99 CENTS.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
SICK HEADACHE
POSITIVELY CURED BY THESE LITTLE PILLS.
They also relieve distress from dyspepsia, indigestion and too hearty eating. A perfect remedy for dizziness, nausea, drowsiness, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, pain in the side, etc. They regulate the bowels and prevent constipation and piles. The smallest and easiest to take.
ONLY ONE PILL A DOSE.
40 in a vial. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents. Five vials by mail $1.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., PROPRIETORS.
NEW YORK.
Sold by druggists. nrmlply28

JAPANESE SOAP
Is made of the PUREST, CLEANEST and BEST MATERIALS. For the Laundry, Bath or Toilet it has no rival, saving many times its cost to any household in clothes. The price is less than for inferior soaps of equal weight. Send 20 trade marks from wrappers and get handsome Christmas picture.
FISK
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WHITE ROSE OIL AT SMITH & CO'S

The Old Cradle.

I'm banished to the garret now;
My busy days are o'er;
Within my sheltering embrace
The babies sleep no more.
No more, as in the by-gone hours
My drowsy beat keeps time
In patient, sleepy monotone
With the old nursery rhyme,
"Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top;
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

The last rays of the setting sun
Slant through the windows small;
They light the garret's dusky gloom,
And on my head they fall.
Along their level bars of gold
Old pictures come and go;
Again I hear the mother's voice
Singing so soft and low,
"Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top;
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

Ah me! where once the baby heads
The downy pillows prest
Within my ample oaken hood,
The spider has her nest.
Empty, forgotten, and alone,
A useless thing am I,
The last words of the quaint old song
Fall like a parting sigh,
"When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall;
Down will go baby and cradle and all."
—*Harper's Bazar.*

BEING ENGAGED.

When Mehitable's mother leaned on the chair-back and looked at her daughter, after the departure of Parrot Smith, that daughter felt that she would almost be willing to forego the pleasure of hearing a man ask if he might come to see her Sunday night, if that pleasure were to result in such a gaze as this. She could not account for her suffering from such a guilty feeling when she was not guilty of anything, unless it were of being so attractive that gentlemen desired her society. At this thought she blushed, and then common sense whispered to her that she was not attractive.

It was of no use to try to look her mother in the face, and she gave up the attempt. After a terrific silence Mrs. Green cried out:

"I never; I declare I never did!"

Mehitable trembled.

"He was a-weighin' the roosters," she said feebly.

"He wa'nt a-weighin' no roosters when you'n he was stan'in' by the fence, without bein' nigh no roosters," was the stern reply.

Mehitable felt that there was nothing for her to say, and so she said nothing. She only tried to hold herself so that her mother should be as little aggravated as possible.

"Has that man buried his second wife?"

"He has."

"Oh, gracious land!"

Here Mrs. Green deliberately withdrew her hands from the back of the chair, sat down in that chair, and then with unostentatious carefulness, began to untie the handkerchief from her head and to fold it on her knees. When she had done this she looked up at her girl and made this inquiry:

"When d' he bury her?"

"About six months ago."

"He's been a mourner ever sence, I s'pose?"

"I s'pose so," dejectedly came from Mehitable's lips.

The poor thing was endeavoring to brace herself in some way. She knew she had a right to receive Mr. Smith's addresses, but this knowledge was of singularly little avail to her.

She was immensely astonished and indefinitely alarmed when her mother said, rising to her feet as she spoke:

"We musn't be a foolin' here if we want to get them bunnits sewed, 'fore the man comes."

Mehitable eagerly sat down to the straw work. For two hours she expected, every time her mother opened her lips, to hear something more on the dread subject. But no, Mrs. Green was remarkably amiable, and "the gentlemen" were not mentioned in any way.

So the days passed, and nothing was said. It will be guessed that Mrs. Green had not only inherited the Farnsworth look, but the Farnsworth shrewdness as well. What she said to herself was: "If I go against that Parrot Smith, she'll take up all the more for him, so I'll hold my tongue."

She was one of those exceptional women, who, having resolved to hold her tongue, can do so.

Thus it came to be Saturday night. When Mehitable went upstairs to her cold and dismal room, she stood with her small kerosene lamp in her hand before her foot-square looking-glass. She was meditating the act of doing her hair up in "crimps." She had not hitherto had any occasion for crimps, but it seemed to her now that the time had come for this adornment. When she had gone to the library that afternoon she had stopped into the store and bought a pair of crimping-pins. These instruments were shaped like very stout hair pins, each furnished with a slide which confined the hair. When she had come into the house she had felt as if her mother could see these articles, although they were wrapped up at the bottom of her pocket, and her circular was over her pocket. She never felt exactly certain how far her mother's knowledge extended.

It was cold in her chamber. The wind made a loud whistling when it was that side of the house. At this moment, however, the occupant of the room was not cold. She looked at herself full-front, quartering, and tried to see her face in profile, with but poor success. Finally, she set down the lamp with a dreary sigh.

"I'm jest a fright, that's what I be," she said aloud.

She held a crimping-pin for a long time in her hand. She wondered how they would make her look. She wished her mother were going to stay over Sunday somewhere, and then she, Mehitable, might experiment with those pins. But her mother never went away. She was always there, to oversee everything. Mehitable shuddered at the thought of what might be said when her hair was seen done up in those pins.

Then a kind of convulsion of courage came to her, and she did what she believed to be the bravest act of her life. She twisted her hair up in those instruments, and without waiting to consider what she had done or what she should do to-morrow, she hurriedly crept into bed.

When she went down stairs the next morning, Mrs. Green did not seem to see that her girl had her head bound up in a handkerchief, which carefully concealed her brows. The excessive amiability continued even up to the time when Mehitable came from her room after their late dinner, in her best black woolen dress, and with a wavy fluff of iron-gray hair over her forehead. That Mrs. Green experienced a shock at that moment cannot be doubted, but she did not make it manifest.

The two women sat in the kitchen. The elder one had a book of the Psalms in very large print open in her lap. She appeared to be reading diligently. The younger was holding a Bible, but she did not even make the pretense of pernsing it. She was thinking that the fire was ready to "touch off" in the sett'n room stove, and wondering how long it would be before the room would be warm, if Mr. Smith should come, and if he came, what would he say? She had done the barn chores a full half-hour earlier than she had ever done them before, and her mother had made no remark.

If he came, what would he say? This question occurred again and again. She could not, by any possibility put it from her mind. It hummed over and over in her thoughts.

It is pitiable to have to relate that Mehitable had never had "Sunday-night company" in all her life. She had a hazy belief that this was a very sad fact, and she hoped that it might never be said with truth of her again.

Surely somebody had driven into the yard; somebody said "whoa" very loudly and emphatically.

"I guess we're goin' to have callers, M'hitable," said Mrs. Green sweetly. "You run right 'n light the settin'-room stove, 'n I'll go to the door."

While Mehitable was "lighting the stove," her mother ushered into the kitchen Mr. Alphonzo Smith. He said he guessed he "might's well take out his hoss 'n stan' it in the barn, as 't was kinder bitin' out."

He immediately disappeared, and was evidently "stan'in his hoss in the barn." When he returned Mehitable was in the kitchen and he shook hands with great cordiality with both women, and said with gusto that he had an idea that two women alone so might be lonesome like, 'n he jest dropped in to be sociable.

He unwound a gray "comforter" from his neck, and as he did so one might have observed that his overcoat was not as long by a foot, as the garment beneath it. This kind of disparity in length does not give an agreeable appearance to a gentleman, and when a lover appears with this relatively wrong position of coat skirts it is very hard indeed to bear. Not that Miss Green was fastidious in such matters. Still she could not control a fleeting wish that Mr. Smith's coats had agreed with each other better.

When, however, his outer garment was removed, and she had hung it on a nail in the back entry, where she used to hang her father's hat, she saw, as her visitor stood rubbing his hands by the cook-stove, that she ought not to blame him for not having anything long enough to conceal the immense extent of his frock coat. The skirts of that article of apparel were so wide and long, they waved and flapped so when their wearer moved, that they were almost awe-inspiring. Mehitable, in spite of the great significance of this visit, suddenly found her mind almost completely occupied by the wonder as to where Mr. Smith found that coat. Did they have those coats ready-made anywhere? Could any man go and get one?

As for the rest of this person's dress, his black pantaloons were very short and small, as if all the cloth had been used in the coat, and his shirt front bulged a good deal, and seemed threatening to crack.

It had an effect as if it were veneered.

Mrs. Green made some inquiries about the hen business, and found that Mr. Smith had permanently taken the place of that young man who had "gone up." He was only driver now, but he "figgered on gittin' in with the boss."

After a while Mrs. Green suggested that the front room was probably warm enough now, and Mehitable conducted her suitor into that apartment, where they both sat down somewhat awkwardly. But Mr. Smith was too much accustomed to this "kind of thing" as he would have said, to be much at a loss. He did not attempt the sentimental. He talked a good deal about what an advantage it would be for them two women to have jest the kind of a man he was to come there and set the old farm ter goin' agin. He said he should bring his cow over, 'n his pigs, and M'hitable could take eare of 'em while he was pickin' up hens. His children were all shirking for themselves now, though his youngest was only twelve.

As she listened to him Mehitable was conscious of the most curious mixture of disappointment and exultation. She exulted over the mere fact that she now had a "gentleman friend" of her own, and that he was visibly before her. Still there was an underlying sense that this mere fact was not so very interesting, after all. Was it so lacking in interest to every woman! She couldn't understand it in the least. She tried to listen when he related how much meal he gave his cow, and when he expressed a firm conviction that "shorts did a critter more harm than good."

His upper lip was certainly very dreadful, and it was particularly dreadful when he smiled. She supposed she could marry him, of course. It was almost as good as an engagement that she had allowed him to come on Sunday night, and she knew he thought so. Her mind went forward to the time when she should have to ask the librarian to change the name on her membership card from Miss Mehitable Green to Mrs. Alphonso Smith. What would be her sensations at a moment like that?

Would her mother rule Parrot as she had ruled every one with whom she had ever lived? Why did Parrot — looking at his mouth she found herself obliged, mentally, to call him thus—propose to come to his bride's home instead of taking his bride to his home? She could not know that a foreclosure of a mortgage was about to take place on the Smith estate.

After her guest had conversed an hour about "critters," and hens and cotton-seed meal and cracked corn and kindred subjects, and she had done her best to listen and reply occasionally, it became evident that the visitor was getting very sleepy. His sentences grew more isolated, so to speak, and he would close his eyes for some minutes, then open them with a snap, and hold his head up straight. After what seemed an interminable time, the clock struck nine. Mr. Smith tried to sit a little while longer, then he decided mentally that it was a pesky foolish thing to spend much time in courting M'hitable Green. He rose from his chair, saying something to the effect that his "hoss was mighty uneasy if it was out much 'n' he 'sposed he'd better be goin'; he s'posed it was all settled between 'em, and he'd come over next Sunday night ag'n, 'n' she might have a talk with her mother, 'n' be sure 'n' tell the old lady 't he meant the fair thing by 'em both, 'n' they needed a man. When he'd come ag'in they'd set the day, as 'twa'n't no use put'n' things off when they knew their own minds; 'n' he'd like to git settled all comfortable 'fore New Year's."

He stood looking at Mehitable, where she still sat in her chair with her work-worn hands folded tightly on her lap.

"I guess it's all settled, ain't it?" he said.

She looked up at him, her honest, patient eyes having an unusual appearance under her fluffed hair.

"I guess 'tis," she said feebly.

"All right, then," he responded with briskness, "I'll be a-goin," and he walked out of the room.

She did not follow him. She remained quiet. She heard him bustling on with his coat and talking to her mother; then the outside kitchen door shut, and soon after came the sound of a horse and wagon leaving the yard.

She was engaged. She kept telling herself that she was engaged, while she was doing the little things she did every night before going to bed.

In half an hour she was upstairs. Her mother had continued amiable. She would try to inform her in the morning.

She stood a moment and looked in the glass. She had become engaged since she had seen her own reflection last. Finally she blew out the light and crept in between the home-made flannel sheets.

It was between twelve and one o'clock in the night that Mrs. Green became aware that her daughter was standing beside her couch, with a bed-comforter wrapped about her, and holding the lighted lamp in her hand.

"Mother," exclaimed Mehitable, with explosive force, "you can tell him I can't do it, 'n' I won't, I won't!"

Mrs. Green smiled as soon as she could recover herself sufficiently to do so.

"So you've ben an' ingaged yourself, have ye?"

"Yes, but I ain't goin' to stay engaged, I can't bear him. I—oh—mother, you can tell him!"

Mehitable showed symptoms of hysterical sobbing.

Her mother reached out and patted her daughter's arm.

"Don't you worry," she said, "the Farnsworths ain't afraid of nothin', 'n' I ain't lived to this day to be afraid of that Parrot Smith, I guess. I'll tell him I wa'nt goin' to let him git ye, anyway. He's arter this farm. I'll tell him it was left to me, 'n' I e'n will it where I please, 'n' I sha'n't will it to Parrot Smith's wife. Sakes! did ye think I didn't know what I was up to? Go to bed, child. We'll git 'long here by ourselves a spell louger, I reckon."

Must it be confessed that, as Miss Green again climbed the narrow yellow stair, in the midst of her sensations of relief there was a dull pang that her mother should have thought, and have said, that this gentleman friend was "arter the farm?" — *New York Tribune.*

WHITEWASH.

Every spring it is well to brighten up the home surroundings by whitewashing the outbuildings. Certain fences and the interior of the stables and hen-house should also receive one or more good coats of whitewash. Besides the improved appearance that whitewashing gives it preserves woodwork, keeps down and destroys many noxious insects and imparts purifying qualities. To secure the best results whitewash should be applied when the weather is warm and free from moisture, as the sooner it dries after it is applied the purer and brighter it will be. During the past two months the *Weekly Sun* has in the inquiry column published two excellent receipts for whitewash in answer to inquirers, and still the inquiries continue to arrive asking how to make good whitewash. Evidently many of the readers do not peruse the correspondents' column unless they have sent an inquiry. It would be well for all to read this column, for it may contain just the information the reader desires. Either of the two whitewash formulas below will give excellent results:

Slake one-half bushel of lime in a barrel; add to it one quart of common salt. Dissolve in a separate vessel one-quarter pound of common glue in cold water, and then add it to the contents of the barrel. Dissolve two ounces of lamp black in vinegar or sour beer, the latter preferred; this also must be kept in a separate vessel and added to the wash in the barrel until it has, when first applied, a light lead or pale blue shade. When it dries out it will be absolutely white and will not rub off. Another good outside whitewash may be made by slacking one-half bushel of lime in a barrel, adding one pound common salt, one-half pound sulphate of zinc and one gallon of sweet milk.—*Baltimore Sun.*

HOW WOMEN SHOULD SIT.—Women who sit with their legs crossed, to sew or to read, or to hold the baby, are not aware that they are inviting serious physical ailments; but it is true, nevertheless. When a man crosses his legs he places the ankle of one limb across the knee of the other, and rests it lightly there. A woman, more modest and restricted in her movements, rests the entire weight of one limb on the upper part of the other, and this pressure upon the sensitive nerves and cords, if indulged in for continued lengths of time, as is often done by ladies who sew or embroider, will produce disease. Sciatica, neuralgia, and other serious troubles frequently result from this simple cause. The muscles and nerves in the upper portion of a woman's legs are extremely sensitive, and much of her whole physical structure can become deranged if they are overtaxed in the manner referred to.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

AVOID THE SKELETON.—One should be very tender in one's handling of the skeletons in other people's closets. Whenever you enter a house, no matter how handsome or how cheerful it is, be assured that the closet and the skeleton are there. Do not only be content to not drag the skeleton out, but steer clear of it, go around it. If you hear its bones clanking, shut your ears; if some thoughtless or cruel hand tears the door open, shut your eyes.

To the people in that house that skeleton is a living sorrow, a daily horror, and seldom is it their fault that it is there. However young you may be, however pure may be the atmosphere of your house, there is a little secret closet in it; and you don't like to think any one save God knows what is in it. When you are in other people's houses, remember the closet and its grim occupant in your own house.—*West Shore.*

The Apple Blossoms.

Meet me where the apple blossoms blow;
Softly now the fragrant boughs are swinging.
Greet me when the moon begins to glow,
And in the pines the whippoorwills are singing,
With loyal heart a-beat,
Oh, haste with flying feet
And shame the sluggish hours that wing too slow.
The day was long and dreary,
My heart is worn and weary,
I count the laggard moments as they go,
Love.
Oh,
Meet me where the apple blossoms blow.

Meet me where the apple blossoms blow;
Let the floating petals flake your tresses,
Breathing us a benison below,
Crowning our betrothal with caresses.
Far in the upper deep,
The stars are now a-peep,
The drowsy river murmurs in its flow,
I hear its voice repeating:
"Life's blossom-time is fleeting,"
Ah! let us catch the fragrance ere it go,
Love.
Oh,
Meet me where the apple blossoms blow!
Samuel Minturn Peck, in the Home Journal.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR COWARDICE.

Just before the battle of Antietam five recruits came down for my company. There were no bounty jumpers at this stage of the game, although the courage and patriotism of all the recruits could not be vouched for. One of the batch was named Danforth, a farmer's son, fresh from the cornfields, and as we took up the line of march to head Lee off and bring him to bay Danforth said to me:

"See, here, sergeant, I've made a mistake."

"How."

"I hain't got no sand. I allus thought I had, but when I come down here and see what war is, I find I hain't got the the spunk of a rabbit."

"That's bad."

"So it is. We're going to have a fight purty soon, and I know what will happen. I shall bolt as sure as shooting."

"Then you'll be called a coward, and disgraced forever."

"That's so, and I don't want it. I want you to do me a great favor."

"Well."

"If I kin git mad I'll be all right, and forgit my shaking. Keep your eye on me, and as soon as we git within five miles of the rebels kick me good and stout."

After some further talk I promised him. We were in Hookers' corps, and as we moved in against Jackson, Danforth obliqued alongside and said:

"Sergeant, kick me or I shall bolt. I haven't got sand enough to see a chicken die."

We were moving through the timber, and I stepped behind him and "lifted" him twice as hard as I could kick. He shot aside, and the next time I saw him we were at a fence on the edge of a corn field. The fire was hot and the the men were falling thick. I had just fired from a rest on the top rail when Danforth came up, faced the other way, and said:

"More kicks, sergeant! I know I've dropped two of 'em, but my sand is going!"

I kicked him again with a good deal of vigor, and just then we got the order to advance, and he was the first man over the fence. Half an hour later we were driven back, considerably disorganized, and as I reached the fence I came across Danforth again. He had a rebel captain by the collar, and was carrying the officer's sword in his hand. As he saw me he cried out:

"Sand is all right, sergeant. No more kicks. As soon as I take this chap to the rear I'm going back and collar old Stonewall himself or die trying!"

EXCELLENCE OF SALT.

If the feet are tired or painful after long standing, great relief can be had by bathing them in salt water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can be comfortably borne. Immerse the feet and throw the water over the legs as far as the knees with the hands. When the water becomes too cool, rub briskly with a flesh towel. This method, if used night and morning, will cure neuralgia of the feet.

Carpets may be greatly brightened by first sweeping thoroughly and then going over them with a clean cloth and clear salt and water. Use a cupful of coarse salt to a large basin of water.

Salt as a tooth powder is better than almost anything that can be bought. It keeps the teeth brilliantly white and the gums hard and rosy.

If, after having a tooth pulled, the mouth is filled with salt and water, it will allay the danger of having a hemorrhage.

To clean willow furniture use salt and water. Apply with a nail brush, scrub well and dry thoroughly.

When broiling steak throw a little salt on the coals and the blaze from the dripping fat will not annoy.

Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers, caused by tea and careless washing.

Brass work can be kept beautifully bright by occasionally rubbing it with salt and vinegar.

Wash the mica of the stove doors with salt and vinegar.

Salt in whitewash will make it stick better.

HARD TO SATISFY.

Dominie Campbell was one day watching a carpenter making repairs in his house. The carpenter whistled "Maggie Lander," as he labored and worked in time to the tune.

"Saunders," said the dominie, presently, can you no whustle a more solemn and godly tune while ye're at work?"

"Ay, weel, minister, if it be your will," and he immediately changed the tune to the "Dead March in Saul," still planing in tune to the music.

The worthy dominie looked on for some minutes in silence, and then said, "Saunders, I hae another word to say till ye. Did the guid wife hire ye by the day's work, or by the job."

"The day's work was our agreein', minister."

"Then on the whole, Saunders, I think ye may jist as weel gae back to whustling 'Maggie Lander!'"—*Birmingham Post.*

Time, 2.30 a. m. Druggist—"Well, what is it; is it a case of extreme necessity?" Caller—"I—hic—should think—sho. Would you—hic—please let me look at—hic—your directory 'till I—hic—find out where I live?" *Life.*

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 27, 1890.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Stone has the A. & N. cigar, the best 10 in town.

Money loaned on personal security. S. H. Hellyar.

Sewing Machines, Belts, Oils and Needles at F. M. Eager's.

C. W. Robinson says he sells more Brussels soap than all other soaps combined.

Blessings often come in disguise, but W. E. Stone says there is no disguising the fact that Brussels soap is a blessing.

Ladies' and Gent's Russet Oxfords, Gent's Russet Bals and Tennis Shoes are a few of the novelties in summer goods found at Milligan's Shoe Store.

A stranger in Palmer recently remarked upon the cleanliness of the people. He probably didn't know what a large quantity of Brussels soap Dwyer & Sullivan have been selling lately.

PALMER NEWS.

J. W. Weeks is making an addition to the kitchen of his hotel.

The farmers have commenced harvesting an unusually large crop of hay.

H. W. Munger is improving the appearance of his residence by a coat of paint.

Rev. F. W. Betts will preach in St. Paul's Universalist church next Sunday evening.

Rev. J. C. Brock of Philadelphia will preach at the Congregational church next Sunday.

Jacob Lacouline broke a finger by getting it caught in the machinery at the rail shop one day last week.

Clark & Hastings have constructed a large awning over the driveway and delivery platform at their market.

Washington Council, R. and S. M., will work the three degrees on six candidates next Tuesday evening.

At the district court last Saturday one civil entry was made, O. W. Studley vs. Felix Boyle, action of contract.

The trustees of the Palmer Savings Bank declared a semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent last Saturday, payable July 1st.

Tuesday and Wednesday were the hottest days of the season so far, the mercury having a close affection for the 90s both days.

The Baptist Sunday-school is making preparations for its annual picnic, and will probably go to Evergreen Park at State Line.

In regard to the man who meets you with the query "I— t—h— e— f— y—?" we're sure you'll agree that it isn't for him, anyway.

The JOURNAL job rooms are working on an order for 50,000 horse-radish labels for H. D. Geer of Three Rivers, to be printed in four colors.

The high school closed this forenoon, and the scholars presented the principal, H. B. Knox, with a purse of $56 for use in his European trip.

South Main street, from the residence of Mrs. L. E. Child to that of C. E. Fuller, has been hardened by a coating of clay brought from Tenneyville.

A new timetable went into effect on the Boston and Albany road Monday, but no change was made in the running time of trains at this station.

The JOURNAL office will be closed next Friday, the "Glorious Fourth," and the paper will be issued Thursday evening, one day earlier than usual.

The grade for admission to the high school has been raised this year, and out of the 42 pupils recently examined for admission only 17 passed, and only six were conditioned.

Next Wednesday will be a big day for Forest Lake, when the Baptist societies of Springfield will picnic there. They have guaranteed that 1000 people shall be there.

H. C. Strong is constructing a summer resort on his land near the trotting park, where he may secure the fresh breezes and benefits of country life without going out of town for them.

The premium list for the 38th annual exhibition of the Eastern Hampden Agricultural Society, September 17th and 18th, is in the hands of the printers and will be ready for distribution early next week.

A meeting of those interested in forming a lodge of the "Royal Ark" was held at the court room Tuesday evening, and J. L. Wilder chosen secretary. Another meeting will be held next Tuesday evening to perfect the organization. The lodge has already nearly 20 members.

The plan to close the stores at 6 o'clock two evenings a week for a year has failed. There were two who declined to sign the agreement, and an attempt was made to get the rest to close even if these two did not, but the matter was blocked by the refusal of one man, and so the scheme had to be given up.

Since the organization of the fire district taxes to the amount of $11,249.08 have been assessed. Of this amount the treasurer has received $8804.73, leaving $2344.35 uncollected. About $1200 of this was due on unpaid bills of the district April 1st. Is there any good reason why these back taxes should remain unpaid?

The question is often asked: "Why don't the Boston and Albany road build that passageway to the station?" The railroad claims that it is only waiting for the town to give the word—that whenever the selectmen say "go ahead," they will commence at once. If this is so, let's have the passageway, Messrs. Selectmen.

There is a good deal of complaint about the depredations of flower thieves in the village. One man tried for two years to raise a rare rosebush, and the first bud on it was stolen the night it opened. Other places have been visited, and all at night. It wouldn't be exactly beneficial to the health of those parties if they should happen to get caught.

This afternoon was the first of the Palmer Driving Association's second annual meeting and three races were trotted, the three-minute with five entries, the 2.45 with six entries, and the 2.34 with six entries. The track has been put in excellent condition, new railings put up, and some good sport is expected in the 2.37 and free-for-all classes to-morrow.

Strawberries have been at their best this week, the berries being fine and the average price being 15 and 13 cents per box. Next week will probably close the season. The buyer of fruit for Sunday will have a choice lot to select from, for besides the usual oranges and bananas there will be nice strawberries, cherries, peaches, apricots and watermelons.

Two persons united with the Congregational church last Sunday, one on profession of faith and one by letter, and one infant was baptized. In the evening the children of the Sunday-school gave a very pretty concert exercise. The flower decorations were profuse and tastefully arranged, and the seating capacity of the audience-room was taxed to its utmost.

The prudential committee of the fire district left the matter of the choice of lights to be cut off with the electric company, and six lights as follows have been discontinued: South Main street near the woolen mill, corner of Pleasant and Pearl streets, corner Commercial and River, corner Main and Commercial, corner Park and Thorndike, Shearer's Corner.

C. B. Fiske has been attending the annual meeting of the National Editorial Association in Boston this week, as a delegate and member of the entertainment committee. The sessions began on Tuesday and they finish up this evening with a double banquet, the ladies at Parker's and the gentlemen at the American House. About 450 delegates and ladies have been in attendance, from over thirty states.

It is expected that work on Holden's block, to change the Masonic rooms into an amusement hall, will be begun in a short time. It is probable that on the triangular space at the corner of Main and Central streets will be built an addition two stories in height, with a store beneath, thus giving much more stage room in the hall above than Wales Hall had. Negotiations are being made for the opening of the hall October 1st, and it is not unlikely that Mary Howe, with other talent equally good, will be engaged.

Next Friday is the Glorious Fourth, the "day we celebrate," but as far as can be learned Palmer doesn't seem to be preparing to celebrate very much. There will be the usual closing of the business places in the afternoon, and the average number of private gatherings, while some will attend the celebration at Forest Lake and the field-day of the firemen at Monson. The racket will of course begin soon after midnight of Thursday; the air will smell of powder for the next 24 hours, and there will be the usual proportion of burned fingers, etc., but let us hope there may be no fires or serious accidents.

The Boston and Albany railroad has petitioned for the separation of the grades and the apportioning of the expense in the case of the following grade crossings: Hastings's crossing in Monson, the street to pass above the railroad at a point 205 feet west of the present location; Moran's crossing in Monson, the street to pass above the railroad 110 feet east; the Silver-street crossing in Monson, the street to pass under the railroad 440 feet west and just inside the Wilbraham line; Butler's crossing at Wilbraham, the street to pass over the railroad 450 feet east; and Cooley's crossing in Palmer, the street to pass above the railroad 300 feet east of the present location.

The Congregational church was crowded to its utmost last Friday evening at the Mary Howe concert. Many came from out of town, about 100 coming on the special train from Monson, and the seating capacity of the room was increased by a row of chairs in each aisle. Miss Howe's singing was very fine, and evidently appreciated by the audience, as she was obliged to respond to an encore after each selection. Her Alpine echo song was the best, and the precision with which she struck the high notes and the length of time they were continued was simply wonderful. But with it all, if for an encore she had given some of the old familiar pieces — "Home, Sweet Home," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," or "Swanee River"—she would have made herself doubly a favorite with the audience, if such a thing were possible.

To the chief engineer of the fire district it is respectfully suggested that he instruct his men to get *all* the apparatus out and to the fire or the box from which the alarm is rung *as quickly as possible on all occasions*. Last Saturday night the men with the small hose cart waited for orders because they "didn't know whether the steamer would go or not," and if not the hose would not be needed. To be sure the steamer is owned by the town, the jumper by the district, and should not be taken outside the limits except on orders from the chief, but surely no one will object to this being done if there is any possibility of saving property. As to orders, it is the chief's business to get to a fire first and direct the movements of the apparatus when it arrives, and it is the duty of the firemen to *get there* as soon as they can, without any further instructions.

John Callahan paid $7.50 at the district court Monday for drunkenness, and Timothy Sullivan deposited $7.65 on Tuesday. Yesterday Nelson Lamphear of Monson was called to answer to a charge of malicious mischief. Nelson's colt, in running about the yard, had stepped on one of his mother's chickens and killed it. Naturally she didn't want her chickens dispatched thus summarily and waved her apron at the colt to "shoo" it away. This scared the animal and made Nelson mad, and not happening to abide in a crystal palace, he concluded that the well-known injunction to such people couldn't apply to him, so proceeded to riddle the windows of his mother's house. The court thought he ought not to have done this, and assessed him $8.63 costs, placing the complaint on file during the period of Nelson's good behavior.

Hon. Velorus Taft, father of Lawyer S. S. Taft of this place, died at his home in Upton Monday night in the 71st year of his age, of general debility. He had been in failing health for a long time, but had so persistently fought against the disease that he had greatly delayed the final result, and was only confined to his bed about a week. Mr. Taft was born Dec. 16th, 1819, in the house in which he died, and which was his home during his life. Mr. Taft followed the vocation of farmer. He was a prominent member of the Republican party from the time of its birth, and for the last 50 years has held some important public office, and often several at a time. He served several years in both branches of the Legislature, was commissioner of Worcester county for 18 years, and at the time of his death was chairman of the board of overseers of poor in his town. A wife, two daughters and a son, survive him. Mr. Taft was a man of great personal character and sterling integrity, and his loss is much mourned by his townsmen.

Base Ball.

A picked six went to Three Rivers Saturday and with the aid of three players from that place made up a nine which was defeated 13 to 0 by the regular Three Rivers team.

The Brotherhood nine went to Thorndike the same day and was defeated 12 to 5 by the second nine of that place. The feature of the game was the costume of the Brotherhood's first-baseman.

To-morrow afternoon the High School nine goes to Three Rivers, to play the team at that place.

Reception and Presentation.

A reception was given in the parlors of the Congregational church Wednesday evening to the pastor, Rev. H. W. Pope, who sails for Europe to-morrow. The rooms were well filled, and after a social time a short musical programme was given, at the close of which Dea. W. A. Breckenridge, in a pleasant little speech, presented Mr. Pope with an envelope containing $135, from his parishioners. Mr. Pope responded in a happy manner, thanking his friends for their kindness and liberality, and hoping that all might be spared to meet again," after which all joined in singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." Ice cream and cake were then served by the ladies, under whose auspices the affair was gotten up.

Installation of Rev. J. F. Albion.

A large number from out of town, as well as many from the other congregations of the village, were present Tuesday afternoon at St. Paul's Universalist church to witness the installation of Rev. James Francis Albion. After the organ voluntary the choir, composed of Misses Edie Stone, Jennie Eastman, Georgia Packard and Edie Moffatt, and W. A. Weld, A. C. Page and J. W. Phelp, sang an anthem, and the 95th Psalm was chosen for the responsive reading. The choir then sang a gloria, and the Scripture lesson was read by Prof. J. S. Lee of St. Lawrence University, Rev. F. W. Betts making the prayer of installation. A hymn written for the occasion by Rev. B. V. Stevenson of Ware was then sung by the congregation. Rev. C. H. Leonard, D. D., of Tufts divinity school, preached the sermon, taking for his text St. John vi :63, "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." With the sermon was also combined the charge to the pastor. In behalf of the parish George Robinson welcomed him as pastor, friend, counsellor and consoler, who together with them would labor for the Master's cause. Rev. Marion Crossley of Springfield welcomed him in behalf of the sister churches to his new field of work and bid him God speed on his way. The address to the parish was by Rev. C. H. Eaton, D. D., of New York, whose talk was largely of personal reminescences of his own pastorate here, with the assurance that if the parish would only treat its present pastor as it did him on his coming among them, he surely would have no cause for complaint. After the benediction by Rev. Mr. Albion there was a general shaking of hands, followed by supper in the dining-rooms.

Big Barn Burned.

The large barn on the Overlook Stock Farm, owned by George W. Ely, the largest and best-built farm barn in town, took fire about 9.30 Saturday night, and was wholly destroyed, with about 15 tons of hay, a few farming tools and a bull. Mr. Ely had been to this village, and on returning placed his lantern inside a hay-cutter for safety while unharnessing the horse. When ready to go to the house he reached for the lantern, and although he cannot tell exactly how it happened, thinks the cutter must have stood unevenly on the floor and he in some way hit it, the lantern tipped from him and before he could touch it it had fallen bottom side up on a pile of hay on the floor. The globe and cap covering the oil reservoir came off, and in less time than it takes to tell it the oil had saturated the hay and was on fire. Mr. Ely looked for a blanket to smother the fire, but the nearest was at the other end of the barn, and before he could reach it the whole hay mow at the side was ablaze and nothing could be done to save it. Fortunately there was no stock in the building. The stallions were not kept in this barn, and the brood mares were all in the pasture. About a week before the fire a tramp who was refused food at the house threatened to burn the buildings, and after that the cows were turned out every night, for fear he would carry out his threats. But for this fact they would all have been burned. The fire department was called out by an alarm from box 37 at Shearer's Corner, but could do nothing beyond protecting the other buildings. The barn was valued at $6500, on which there was $4800 insurance—$2400 in the Home of New York, and $1200 each in the Holyoke Mutual and Quincy Mutual. The loss on personal property has not been figured yet, but will be covered by insurance. Mr. Ely is already at work on another barn the same size of the one burned.

Personal.

J. N. Lacey of Danvers was in town Monday.

Miss Ellie Smith is rusticating on a farm near Worcester.

Rev. J. F. Albion has engaged rooms at O. W. Studley's.

Miss Mabel Sedgwick is home from school at South Hadley Falls.

Mrs. F. D. Barton and children are at Pittsfield for a vacation.

Deputy Sheriff Healey is moving into his new house on Park street.

H. E. Huntley of Boston spent Sunday and Monday with his family here.

Ernest Hoyt, a former resident, has been in town a portion of the week.

Miss Robb of New York has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Fisherdick.

Mrs. E. C. Sexton is at Newburg, N. Y., for a stay of three or four weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leland of Worcester spent Sunday with E. S. Brooks.

Julian Tuthill was home from Boston for the high school graduation Monday.

James Dewey is clerking for E. A. Buck & Co., taking the place of John Ronan.

D. W. Taft and wife of Boston have been spending the week with friends in town.

Everett Carpenter of New York has been visiting his mother, Mrs. L. E. Carpenter.

Mrs. W. E. Wetherell of Westboro is stopping with her friend, Miss Lillian Edgerton.

W. G. Kelton has returned to his former position as bookkeeper at the Smith shoddy mill.

Mrs. Leonard Walker and son of Springfield are visiting Mrs. Robert Henry on Pine street.

Mrs. L. M. Burleigh is to sail for Europe next Wednesday, to be gone about two months.

Mrs. M. E. Daniels of Northampton has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. J. Keith, this week.

H. A. Wright of Philadelphia, formerly dyer at the carpet mill, was in town the first of the week.

Mrs. G. E. Buck and family are at Westford, Ct., Mr. Buck's old home, for a stay of a few weeks.

Miss Belle Breckenridge of Fitchburg has been spending the week with Mrs. J. A. Breckenridge.

Mrs. F. L. Brooks and daughters of East Providence, R.I., have been the guests of Mrs. C. B. Fiske this week.

Mrs. M. and Miss Jessie Whitney of Bondsville were guests of Mrs. E. G. Hastings the early part of the week.

Mrs. H. B. Knox and daughter leave to-morrow for Wakefield, N. H., where they will spend the summer.

Oliver LaSalle has leased the house on Main street recently vacated by S. W. Smith, and will occupy it next week.

C. A. Andrews and J. E. Breckenridge went to New Haven Wednesday to take the entrance examinations to Yale College.

Rev. F. W. Betts of Syracuse, N. Y., arrived in Palmer Monday and was warmly greeted by his many friends. He will be the guest of C. E. Fish until the latter part of next week.

Principal H. B. Knox of the high school, Rev. H. W. Pope of the Congregational church and Mrs. O. P. Allen, all of this village, with Master H. C. Newell of Three Rivers, sail for Europe to-morrow from New York on the Anchor Line steamer "Furnessia," as members of the Brookings party. The route includes visits to Glasgow, Edinburgh, Melrose Abbey, Abbotsford, Durham, York, Hull, Amsterdam, the Hague, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Paris, Versailles, London, Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Chester, Holyhead, Dublin, Belfast, Giants' Causeway, Portrush, Londonderry and Moville, and occupies 38 days from New York, though Mr. Knox will remain until the first of September.

High School Graduating Exercises.

The fifteen members of the class of '90 of the Palmer high school were well scattered among the different parts of the town, and so St. Paul's Universalist church was crowded with their friends at the graduating exercises Monday afternoon. The church was handsomely trimmed with ferns and flowers, while at the back of the platform was a large bank of ferns and white daisies. Overhead, suspended from the organ, was the classmotto, "Per Augusta ad Victoriam," in gold letters on a white ground bordered with green. The members of the graduating class occupied seats in the choir-loft at the left of the platform.

The exercises opened with prayer by Rev. C. H. Hanks of Thorndike, followed by a piano solo by C. S. O'Regan. The salutatory was by Mabel E. Smith, who took for her subject "Dux Femina Facti," saying that although women had proved themselves capable of leadership in cases of emergency, such as Cleopatra, Zenobia, Elizabeth of England and Joan of Arc, these were not the ideal type of womanhood, that being found in characters like that of Florence Nightingale. In "American Political Parties" Richard F. Twiss gave the origin of the political parties in this country, and their history to the present time. "Two Friends," by Cora B. Clark, was a glance at the relations of France and the United States during and since the Revolutionary war. "The Literature of the Elizabethan Period" was thought by Emma F. Demming to be the best the world had ever produced, Shakespeare, Milton, Raleigh, Bacon and the poet Edmund Spencer having lived in this age. "America's Relation to Her Republican Neighbors," Mexico and the South American states, and her failure to adopt commercial relations which might be greatly to her advantage, was presented by Edward C. Lyons. Annie E. O'Connor spoke of "The Composition of Our Language," as derived from the Latin, Greek and Anglo-Saxon, giving some interesting examples of word-derivation, and closing with a prophecy that English would some day be the universal language of the world. The subject of Lucy A. Talmadge was "The Touch-Stone," the speaker holding that the secret of success in any pursuit in life was the person's love for his work, and that the difference between the Christian and ancient religions was that the latter was one of fear and the former one of love, and only through love could we rightly interpret Christ's character. "What We Owe to Inventors" was presented by Jerry F. Crowley; although this class had existed only about 100 years, civilization owed it vastly more than warriors or statesmen, and the limit of possibilities had not been even approached. "The Roman Forum" was described by Arabel Knox, together with some of the exciting historic scenes enacted there. "Time," the uselessness of attempting to defraud it, and the means employed by the different ages for the measurement of it, was presented by Anna G. Taft. John E. Breckenridge's subject was "The Composition of the English Race," the greatest of the world, its source and the secrets of its prosperity. Marion R. Paine spoke on "Pearls," and as these beautiful gems are formed in the lowest form of animal life at the bottom of the sea, produced by the introduction of some irritant into the existence of its author, so pearls might be found in the most unpromising places in everyday life, and the trials which come to us may be only for the production of good hereafter. The "Rise of the English Drama," from the year 1300 to the present time, with its various changes, was given by Gertrude Ball. "Shylock as a Type," by Effie W. Moffatt, was a presentation of the causes which led to the production of this type in the Jewish race. The valedictory, "Education and Citizenship," was by Charles A. Andrews. The requisites of a good citizen are honesty and integrity, which only education could produce, hence we should educate ourselves and make a more perfect nation, one in which the Lord's will on earth shall be done. The exercises were necessarily long, but the excellent handling of the various subjects made the two hours and 20 minutes seem much shorter than it really was. The diplomas was presented by W. A. Breckenridge, and the benediction pronounced by Rev. G. W. Christie of Three Rivers. Music was interspersed through the programme, Mrs. H. E. Huntley singing two excellent solos, and Messrs. Lynde and Greaves rendering a flute and violin duet.

In the evening the graduating class held a social in the school building from 8 to 11. About 500 invitations had been issued, and the rooms were more than full. Ice cream and cake were served to all, and everybody seemed to thoroughly enjoy the occasion.

A few of the former graduates of the high school formed an alumni association Monday and made choice of these officers: President, Norman W. Chandler, '88; vice-president, Chester W. Cross; '89; secretary, Miss Mina Ball, '88; treasurer, W. E. Breckenridge, '86. All graduates of the school are requested to send their name and present address, with year of graduation, to the secretary, at Palmer.

THREE RIVERS.

Mrs. M. R. Wheeler and children are visiting friends in Slatersville, R. I.

Miss Nora Shaw and Miss Bogardus spent Sunday at the Mountain View House on Baptist Hill.

Harry Strickland, grandson of Jerre Burlingame, celebrated his fifth birthday last week by a party to a number of little friends.

THORNDIKE.

John Molloy has taken the management of the Temperance ball club.

The Temperance Society is to hold a picnic sometime after the 4th of July.

The Thorndikes defeated the Palmer Brotherhood club on Saturday by a score of 11 to 5.

John Sullivan, formerly of this place, now of Connecticut, was in town this week visiting friends.

Mrs. Martin Kennedy and son and Mrs. James Broshnan are visiting friends in Syracuse, N. Y.

A large number from this place attended the graduating exercises at Palmer on Monday afternoon and evening.

Miss Sara Tuttle of Boston will receive pupils in voice-culture during vacation at the residence of E. B. Williams.

The Temperance club wsa defeated in a closely-contested game at North Brookfield Saturday by a score of 10 to 6.

John McCarty had the end of one finger taken off last Friday by getting it caught in the machinery at the dye house.

The foundation for Mrs. George Smith's new building on Gay avenue is being laid this week, and the wood work will be pushed forward at once.

Miss Cora Furkey, who was injured by falling down the elevator well in the No. 1 mill, has satisfactorily settled her suit against the Thorndike Co.

Mrs. Edward Hogan, who has been ill for a long time, died on Friday. The funeral took place Sunday afternoon. A husband and several children survive her, and have the sympathy of the community.

George L. Smith of New Bedford, Principal of the grammar school the past year, is soon to take charge of a Military school in California, near San Fransico, his duties to begin about the first of July. The best of friends he has made here wish him success in his new home.

The interest felt here in the high school and its pupils was demonstrated Monday by the large number which attended the closing exercises of the year. Mr. Knox and his associates have cause to be proud of the class of 15, who each and all did so wonderfully well in the literary feast provided. Four from this place were among the graduates and shared the honors of the class of '90—Misses Emma F. Demming, Cora B. Clark, Lucy A. Talmadge and Edward C. Lyons.

THERE is only one thing for our Legislature to do in this West End business, in justice to itself, and that is to wash its hands of any suspicion of undue influence upon its members by refusing to grant the legislation desired. The fact that this corporation has bought off all opposition and expended thousands of dollars in "retaining" influential lawyers, politicians and lobbyists, coupled with its dining and wining of members, should be sufficient to open the eyes of our legislators to the seriousness of the situation and lead them to call a halt. Nothing can be lost by putting the matter over another year, but much may be gained by the delay.

BORN.

At Palmer, 19th, a son to DANIEL and BRIDGET CONNOR.

At Palmer, 21st, a daughter to HUGH and NELLIE HANLEY.

At Monson, 25th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. DANFORTH.

At Brimfield, 20th, a daughter to JOHN FOSTER and LIZZIE WYLES CONVERSE.

MARRIED.

At Northampton, 26th, GEORGE L. LEONARD of Monson and Miss EFFIE CLAPP of Northampton.

DIED.

At Thorndike, 20th, ELLEN E. HOGAN, 29.

At Ware, 22d, MARY, 55, widow of the late G. V. Jacobs.

At Upton, 23d, Hon. VELORUS TAFT, 71, father of S. S. Taft of Palmer.

TENEMENT TO RENT on Fox Avenue at $6.50, 8-tf D. F. HOLDEN.

FOR SALE—Standing grass. A fine lot of it. 1-13 A. D. NORCROSS, Monson.

TO RENT—Pleasant front room on Main street, furnished. Inquire at JOURNAL office. 10-tf

TO RENT—Two tenements. Inquire of MRS. JOSEPH THOMPSON, 100 Main St., Palmer. 3-12

TO RENT—May 1st, very desirable tenement for small family. REV. A. W. WEEKS, 2-tf Palmer.

FOR SALE—A single tenement house on Dewey's hill. Address P. O. BOX 274, 3t13 Palmer, Mass.

LOST—On the road from Monson to Palmer, June 12, a lady's new gossamer waterproof. Finder please return to JOURNAL office. 2-13

LOST—A sum of money, June 20th, supposed to have been lost between Palmer and Monson. Any one returning same will receive a reward of $5.00. 1-13 JAMES DALRYMPLE, Monson.

NOTICE is hereby given that my wife, Mary Osborne, having left my bed and board, all persons are forbidden harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no bills of her contracting after this date. D. W. OSBORNE. Monson, June 21, 1890. 2t13

JULY FOURTH!

AT FOREST LAKE GARDEN, PALMER,

Two Ball Games, Running, Jumping, Swimming and Boat Races, Bathing, Boating, Bowling, Target Practice.

DANCING ALL DAY AND EVENING! Steamer trips on lake, etc. Be sure and come. 1t13 FOREST LAKE CO.

MISS SARA TUTTLE of Boston will receive a few pupils in voice culture at the residence of Mr. E. B. Williams, Thorndike, during the summer vacation. We publish below extracts from a letter given Miss Tuttle by her teacher, Mr. Geo. L. Osgood, testifying to her ability as a voice builder: "I take pleasure in recommending Miss Sara S. Tuttle as an earnest teacher of the voice. She understands unusually well the placing of the voice and tone development." Signed, 2t13 GEORGE L. OSGOOD.

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SEASON OF 1890.

Now open to the general public for the entertainment of Church and Society Picnics and others.

EVENING PARTIES A SPECIALTY.

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You may not be fully informed, or perhaps convinced that there is something of interest to you transpiring at

D. H. Brigham & Co's.,

LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S

OUTFITTERS.

The building is to be remodeled and the rooms enlarged. Work *must commence* by August 1st.

OUR ENTIRE STOCK

must be sold to avoid damage by dust and removing. This is your great opportunity. We expect that we must sacrifice on our goods to get them out of the way, and we are going to do it.

Every Department Included.

GARMENTS

FOR LADIES, FOR MISSES, FOR CHILDREN.

Tailor-made Garments, Wraps and Shoulder Capes, Children's Gretchen Cloaks, Ladies' White Suits, Ladies' Seasonable Dresses, School Girls' Outfits, Jersey Waists and Blouses.

They Must Be Sold.

It is not often that the choicest merchandise, both foreign and domestic, can be bought at prices here named. A little money will go a great ways.

D. H. Brigham & Co.,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,

LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S FURRIERS AND OUTFITTERS. 1-13

DINNERS IN SPRINGFIELD.—Ladies and families wishing a quiet and pleasant place to take dinner or lunch while in the city should visit The Vendome, centrally located on Vernon street just off from Main. Choice bill of fare, good service, and reasonable prices. Mrs. A. F. BLACKMAN, formerly of the Blackman House.

NOW IS THE TIME

TO CONTRACT FOR

Heating Your House

—WITH—

Steam, Warm Air or Hot Water

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Graduating Class

The Monson Academy Students this year (the same as in past years) have decided to accept no other Artist than A. N. GAOUETTE to do their work.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

A GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE has taken effect at A. N. GAOUETTE'S for a short time only.

Remember, there will be no reduction in the quality of work. We have a reputation and we are bound to retain it.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

in every way. Please give us encouragement. If you come once you will be pleased to come again.

Yours very respectfully,

A. N. GAOUETTE,

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40 CENTS BUYS A FIRST-CLASS

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PHOTOGRAPHS.

For the next 30 days I will make FULL FIGURE CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS of grown people for

$2.00---Per Dozen---$2.00

TO INTRODUCE MY WORK.

This is a $4 Picture at any other gallery in the state.

BABIES ARE MY PETS

and I never fail to please.

I have the only set of Dallmeyer Instruments in the county and guarantee as good work as is made in Springfield or Boston, or no charge will be made.

J. W. WEBSTER,

CENTRAL STREET, NEAR MAIN, PALMER, MASS. 12-tf

NORTHFIELD CREAMERY BUTTER, 30c.

CHOICEST DAIRY BUTTER, 28c.

GOOD BUTTER, 20 to 25c.

Butter is one of our specialties.

W. E. STONE.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN, ss. PROBATE COURT.—To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Oramel S. Bourn, late of Palmer, in said county, deceased, GREETING:

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Charlotte C. Bourn of said Palmer, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, and that she may be exempt from giving a surety on her official bond as such executrix. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Springfield, in said county of Hampden, on the first Wednesday of July next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Palmer Journal, published at Palmer, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court, and to mail a copy of such notice to each of said next-of-kin, whose name and residence is known to the petitioner, who may reside out of this county, fourteen days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this ninth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

3-11 SAMUEL B. SPOONER, Register.

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of us. Our stock complete, with all the latest Paris Novelties. Our reason for selling our stock so cheap is to turn our stock into cash inside of thirty days, as fast as we can. Come to this sale sure. The earlier the better.

GRAND

Clearing Sale

Summer Dress Fabrics.

Our entire line of FINE DRESS GOODS must be sold. Our stock of

COTTON DRESS GOODS

is complete with bright bargains.

Best Prints, 6¼c.
French Sateens, 17c.
Challies, 6¼, 8, 10, 12½ and 25c.

Ladies' Cotton Underwear

GREAT BARGAINS.

We are cleaning stock and as fast as one line is cleaned up we take another. Every broken line offers a rare bargain, as it will be sold regardless of cost.

Meekins, Packard & Co.,

259 Main Street,

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NEW ATTRACTIONS IN

MILLINERY!

We have just received from New York a line of SUMMER MILLINERY in

HATS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, LACES, ETC.,

which we would invite you to call and inspect. The calls have been many and the hats few for Ladies' Cheap Shade Hats and Children's Sailors, but we can now supply our customers with these, and at the low price of 25c. Don't forget that our line of

Ladies' Muslin Underwear

CORSETS, HOSIERY, GLOVES AND LADIES' WRAPPERS

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FAMILY CARRIAGES, LIGHT TOP AND OPEN WAGONS, CONCORDS, DELIVERY WAGONS and ROAD CARTS.

Buckboards, Surreys and Road Wagons in quartered oak, natural wood finish.

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Will get any music or music book wanted.

W. E. STONE.

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 27, 1890.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

WALES.

The semi-annual meeting of the Wales Savings Bank will be held next Wednesday at 2.30.

Ezekiel Dimmick and Ernest Needham have each come out with a pair of fine Western horses.

Clinton Rogers and family have arrived at their country home to spend the summer. Mr. Harry Needham has also arrived to get the house and surroundings in readiness for the family.

The Dell mill, run as the Excelsior Woolen Co., is under full headway. Several cases of goods have been shipped. The Valley mill, owned by the same company, is being extensively repaired, it having been rented to Worcester parties.

WARREN.

Miss Royce, of Mr. French's store, is taking a vacation.

The Misses Gay, from Boston, are the guests of Mrs. Dr. Hastings.

Mrs. Davis from Berlin, Conn., visited friends in town the past week.

Mr. Hathaway of the draughting room is here on a vacation for a couple of weeks.

Miss Fannie Strickland and Miss Nellie Cummings are home from Smith College.

Mrs. Blair and daughter from Worcester have been the guests of Mrs. Guilbert the past week.

The band gave another of their out-door concerts Monday evening which drew a large crowd.

There was a very enjoyable picnic up the river Wednesday afternoon by a party of young people.

Robert Hastings is home from medical college in Boston, and Joseph Hastings from Amherst College.

Rev. D. O. Clark has completed his road, which is a broad handsome street, and will build a fine residence this fall.

The Warren Public Library has been presented with 400 books by a gentleman in New York, through the interest of Mrs. Amidon.

Mr. Joseph Kingman spent last Sabbath at Mr. J. Ramsdell's and left Monday for New York, whence he is to sail for Europe to be absent three months.

The graduating exercises of the high school took place Tuesday evening, only two graduating. The hall was handsomely decorated with ferns and flowers, and there was music by the scholars. All the parts were well rendered.

The dedication of the Warren Public Library will take place at the town hall, next Tuesday at two o'clock, with this order of exercise: Music, prayer, report of building committee, acceptance by the directors, music, address by Rev. J. T. Forbes, music, benediction.

WILBRAHAM.

Miss Lizzie Booth of East Longmeadow spent last Sabbath with Miss Lillie Phelps.

Mrs. Olin Fiske and daughter of Boston have been the guests of Rev. Franklin Fiske the past week.

At the semi-annual business meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. the following officers were chosen: President, Harry Clark; vice-president, Edward Pease; secretary, M. Adelle Pease; treasurer, Arthur Stebbins; lookout committee, Florence Clark, Emily Phelps, David McGuire; prayer-meeting committee, Carrie A. Moody, Harry Clark, Mary F. Beebe, J. F. Phelps; social committee, Ida Bolles, Cora M. Pease, May F. Merrick; Sunday-school committee, C. E. Peck, Fannie Merrick, Mrs. W. L. Phelps.

The closing exercises of Wesleyan Academy took place last week Tuesday at the Memorial church, 70 graduates receiving diplomas. Dr. Steele had so far recovered from his recent illness as to be present long enough to confer the diplomas and address a few words of farewell to the class from his seat upon the platform. The prize for the best orations delivered that morning were awarded at the social interview in the evening to Wilbur C. Johnson of Marblehead and Miss Alice A. Holden of Bennington, Vt. Other prizes awarded commencement week were the following: Boothby mathematical prize for the senior in the college preparatory course who shall pass the best examination in mathematics, Wilbur C. Johnson; Upham prizes for best declamation by member of junior class, Harry L. St. Claire and Miss Pauline Cushing; principal's prize for best declamation by lady and gentlemen of first and second years, Arthur Bonner and Miss Annie Howard; Davison prize for the best record in Greek during the year by a senior, Miss Etta L. Davis. The year has been a very prosperous one and the financial report showed a gain of $9280. There were but few changes made in the faculty for the coming year. The library now numbers nearly 8000 volumes, and has received valuable additions.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.

Mrs. H. Willis Cutler visited friends in Spencer this week.

W. H. McGuire has purchased a bicycle of the Hartford type.

Charlie Lawler has discarded his crutches, now using only a cane.

W. J. Skillings has the job of painting Cutler & Co's. elevator.

The improving of Lee Park has come to a dead standstill. Why is this thus?

W. M. Converse of Ludlow is a welcome visitor this side the river, as he brings us ice.

Mrs. J. M. Perry and Mrs. H. W. Cutler have been in New York a few days this week.

The manufacturing department of the paper mill will shut down for a week, beginning July 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Cooley went to Three Rivers last Saturday, remaining over Sunday with his mother.

Several local base ball cranks will attend the Yale-Harvard game Saturday on Hampden Park, Springfield.

The Ladies' Society of Grace church, at a meeting held Monday afternoon, voted to buy a suitable lot of land on which to build a parsonage.

At a meeting of Grace chapel parish Monday evening a sum of money was appropriated for the building of a parsonage, and the committee having the matter in charge will begin operations at once.

Mrs. M. A. Lane entertained the Ladies' Society at the Lake View House Tuesday afternoon and evening. The supper of strawberries, ice cream and cake, was excellent, and the sum of $15 was added to the treasury of the society.

The steamship State of Nebraska, which sailed from New York Thursday for Glasgow, took three of our villagers, Henry Cutler and his daughter Isabel, and Miss Emma Blades, who will take a trip through Europe, visiting Switzerland, Italy and other places, returning in September.

George Gates has received word from a friend in California of the death of James Brooks, who met with an accident from which death resulted two days later. "Jim," as he was familiarly called, was at one time clerk in the store of E. B. Gates, and went to the Pacific coast about five years ago.

BRIMFIELD.

Miss Pierce of Warren is the guest of Mrs. John Morgan.

Miss Allen of Monson is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Arthur Brown.

Irwin Sherman of New York has arrived in town for his summer vacation.

Mrs. Clifford Sweet and daughters are visiting relatives in Providence, R. I.

Rev. Charles Wheeler of North Attleboro visited at Amos Munroe's last week.

The walks of the Common are much improved by the grading and widening.

Mrs. Bullock and son of Wellesley Hills are visiting Mr. Bullock, assistant teacher.

Frank Potter of Rhode Island, a former student at the high school, is visiting Louis Brown.

Mrs. Whittier and daughter of Providence, R. I., are visiting Mrs. W's. father, Daniel Haynes.

Mr. Kenney of Springfield, Vt., will be assistant teacher in the high school the coming term.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Converse are rejoicing over the birth of a little daughter, born June 20th.

Mr. Armes and family of Washington, D. C., arrived in town Thursday at Dea. N. S. Hubbard's.

Miss Lillian Brown, a graduate of the teachers' training school at Springfield, arrived in town Thursday at her home.

The ladies of the first church gave a very entertaining strawberry supper Tuesday evening, a large gathering being present. The entertainment consisted of reading and singing.

The commencement exercises of the Hitchcock free high school class of '90 took place at the First Congregational church this afternoon, the church being filled with parents and friends of the graduates. Music was furnished by the Philharmonic Club of Springfield. The church was decorated with laurels and potted plants. Following was the programme:

Salutatory—"The Mind a Portrait Painter," Clara F. Chase
Essay—"He Who Wad Eat the Kernel Mann Crack the Nut," Fannie D. Travers
Oration—"Biennial Elections," Arthur P. Plimpton
Oration—"The Latest Labor Movement," Harry C. Shepard
Essay—"National Airs," Lydia B. Hitchcock
Essay—"The Race Problem," Minnie F. Pierson
Essay—"A Step in Advance," Flora D. Jaynes
Essay—"Our Country's Flag," Alice M. Smith
Valedictory—"The Real and the Ideal," Marguerite M. Locke

The graduates will give an entertainment this evening in the high school hall, consisting of singing and recitations, and the reading of the class prophecy by Fannie D. Travers and class history by Arthur P. Plympton.

MONSON.

James Pendergast had 16 boxes of lemons come one day this week.

Regular meeting of Marcus Keep Post, G. A. R., next Monday night.

Running water is being put into the Methodist church, connecting from Munn's spring.

Norcross Bros. had new potatoes for sale on the 17th inst. raised by A. J. Robbins of this place.

A. J. Robbins has a bunch of herds-grass at Norcross Bros.' store, the heads measuring 10½ inches long.

Our road-makers having secured the services of Luther Clark, are now having some good work done.

G. L. Keeney is erecting a barn on his Pease avenue premises, Harvey & Stewart having the contract.

All of the out-of-town students of Monson academy have returned to their homes for the summer vacation.

Orrin McCray has begun haying for S. F. Cushman, and there are several others who have begun this week.

All of the district schools close to-day with the exception of Nos. 1 and 8 intermediate, and No. 14, which will close next week.

The examinations for the high school or academy will take place next Wednesday in schoolhouse No. 1, beginning at 9 o'clock a. m.

E. P. Keep has on exhibition at Norcross Bros.' store a bunch of rye measuring 7 feet 6½ inches, which is ahead of all previous competitors.

The academy dormitory is to be occupied by the families of Henry A. King of Troy, N. Y., and W. A. Lincoln of Springfield during the summer vacation.

Johnson's Encyclopedia, in eight volumes, and the Standard Natural History, in six volumes, has been added to the reference department of the public library.

Regular monthly meeting of the official board of the Methodist church next Monday evening, when matters of considerable importance will be brought before it.

Nelson A. Bugbee and Rufus Fay, the local census enumerators, finished their duties this week, and it is estimated by some that the population of the town will be in the neighborhood of 3800.

The W. N. Flynt Granite Co. is soon to erect a building near the residence of William Smith for a place of meeting for the stone cutters, who now have somewhat cramped quarters in Davis' block.

The Universalist Sunday-school has been invited by the Springfield Sunday-schools to unite with them and the Palmer, Thompsonville and Westfield schools in a picnic at Riverside Park next Wednesday, but have been obliged to decline on account of railroad connections.

Druggist Chapin has now removed his building directly across the street to Mrs. C. A. Puffer's lot, this making four distinct buildings closely connected, containing a barber shop, fancy goods and millinery, boot and shoe store, clothing store, music rooms and drug store. The name of Merchants Row has been suggested for this section.

Prof. A. M. Amidon, teacher at the academy, was presented by the scholars shortly before his departure for the west, where he is to teach at a summer school, with a very fine pearl-handled knife, and Miss Alice Brockway, who has resigned, was presented with a very fine etching. A short time ago Prof. D. M. Dunstan, principal, was presented with $30 in gold.

The Misses Cantwell gave a lawn party at their home in Cushman village Tuesday evening in honor of their sister, Miss Joanna V. Cantwell, a graduate of the academy this year, and she was presented with a fine gold watch and chain by the family. There was a goodly number present, and singing and dancing on the turf made the evening pass pleasantly. There was a large display of Chinese lanterns, making a very pretty view from a distance.

The Company E. Association of the 36th Mass. Vols. had a pleasant but hot day for their 2d annual reunion in Memorial Hall Wednesday. They arrived a little before noon with Weeks's tally-ho and six. There were 24 members present, 17 from out of town. The meeting was called to order by President John Aldrich of this place, and the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, George O. Henry of Palmer; vice president, F. L. Perry of Springfield; secretary and treasurer, L. L. Gage of Warren: executive committee, J. V. Clark of Palmer, Col. S. C. Warriner of Springfield, J. B. Davis of Monson. It was voted to hold the next reunion at Palmer. They were entertained here by Marcus Keep Post, No. 155, G. A. R., and after a most bountiful dinner the members dispersed to Flynt Park, where they were shown around by Mr. Flynt, who took pains to make it pleasant for them. They then went to his house and gave him three rousing cheers. At the meeting they adopted resolutions thanking Marcus Keep Post and the citizens for their entertainment. All in all it was a very pleasant and enthusiastic meeting.

Firemen's Field-day.

Posters are out announcing the grand field-day of the Monson Fire Department on Flynt Park July 4th, which is expected to be a grand event if pleasant. There is to be three base ball games for the championship of the department, team dash and banner race between teams from the different companies, and among the open events a 100-yards dash, 120-yards hurdle race, 200-yards obstacle race, 75-yards dash (boys under 14), 50-yards dash (girls under 13), and throwing base ball. Dancing afternoon and evening, with music by an orchestra of 4 pieces. Refreshments served on the grounds by Pendergast. The open events are open to any resident of Monson, and entries can be made on or before Thursday, July 3d, to either member of the board of engineers, A. D. Norcross, D. B. Needham, C. E. Smith. Sports will commence at 1 o'clock. No stone has been left unturned to make this a pleasant and interesting event, and much fun is expected, especially the sports among the different companies, as there will be considerable rivalry. It is hoped that the towns-people will give a large turnout to witness and encourage.

The Academy Graduation.

Every seat in Memorial Hall was filled Tuesday morning at the graduation exercises of the academy. The platform was handsomely decorated with flowers and ferns, the class motto, "Esse quam videri," being suspended overhead. Seated on the platform with the class were the teachers and trustees of the institution. Rev. C. L. Woodworth of Watertown made the opening prayer, after which came the parts by the graduates. The salutatory was by Edwards S. Hobbs, who later on gave an oration, "Know Thyself;" "What We Read For" was an essay by Miss Nellie A. Bliss, followed by an oration on "Capital Punishment" by Harrison G. Montague. "Intellect Worship," by Joanna V. Cantwell, was excellent; "Music" was Francis J. Hanley's subject, and "Not Failure, but Low Aim, is crime," that of Alice E. Carpenter. The valedictory address by Joanna V. Cantwell was followed by an interesting address on "The Art of Conversation," by Rev. A. E. Winship of Boston.

The alumni dinner at Cushman's Hotel was attended by about 100. After dinner the company remained until nearly 4 o'clock, enjoying the speeches called for by the toastmaster, Dr. F. W. Ellis. "Monson Academy" was responded to by Rev. F. S. Hatch, "Our Trustees," by Rev. J. P. Hawley of New Hartford, Ct., and Rev. James Tufts was found "One of those gentlemen to whom we are always pleased to listen." Mr. E. F. Morris told of the academy's connection with its daughter, the academy at Monson, Me., and presented to the home school, for Mrs. N. M. Field, a handsome gavel made of maple from its own grounds and of beechwood from the academy in Maine. This was encircled with a golden band with the inscription "Presented to Monson academy by Mrs. N. M. Field." The other speakers and their subjects were Mr. Wasson, superintendent of the public schools; Rev. C. H. Ricketts, "The sweet girl graduate;" Rev. Mr. Martin, "The clergy, our moral guide-boards;" Cyrus Holmes, Jr., "Our benefactors;" Representative Field, father of two of the students, "Our parents;" Principal Dunstan and H. M. Graves of the graduating class.

During the year the academy has received gifts aggregating $5000 — W. N. Flynt has given $1000 for the endowment of the Flynt and Packard library, C. W. Holmes, Jr. has guaranteed $1000 for improvements at Hammond Hall, $2234 has come from the Mary S. Porter estate, and a $500 collection of shells, etc., from S. F. Cushman.

In the evening the senior class held a reception in the academy chapel, which was well attended.

Personal.

M. C. Bradway has moved to Palmer.

Mrs. John Carr and family have gone north for a two-months' visit.

Miss Maggie Leary of Scituate is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. N. Hayes.

F. L. Bliss has taken a position with W. N. Flynt & Son as bookkeeper.

Miss Catherine Hale of Pigeon Cove is the guest of Mrs. W. A. Squier.

Miss Minnie Dillon has returned from a brief visit at Milford, Conn.

Miss Edith Gleason of Warren is visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Norcross.

Miss Mary Barlow of Hardwick is the guest of Miss Blanche Anderson.

John Marriott of Amherst is spending a two-weeks' vacation at his home here.

Miss Annie Taylor of Easthampton is visiting her uncles, Julius and Ed. Graves.

Mrs. Leonard of Dansville, N. Y., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. D. Cushman.

Mrs. George Buckley of West Fitchburg has been visiting Mrs. Matthew Connolly.

Mrs. Sarah Converse and her grandson of Brooklyn are the guests of C. W. Holmes, Jr.

Miss Mary Peck of the Boston Conservatory of Music has returned to her home here.

John and Thomas Rafftery of Mystic, Conn., visited their sister, Mrs. John Leahy, this week.

C. H. Wright of Troy, N. Y., made a flying visit to his mother, Mrs. Abigail Wright, last Monday.

Miss Alice A. Morris attended the wedding of a college friend at Bridgeport, Conn., on Wednesday.

Warren Newton of West Upton, and Fred Fay of New York have been visiting their parents in town.

Prof. James H. Tufts of Michigan University, Ann Arbor, Mich., is spending his vacation at his home here.

Frank C. Park attended the annual meeting of the 10th Massachusetts regiment, held at Westfield last Saturday.

W. C. Felton left for Monument Beach on Wednesday, where he has taken the position of steward in a large new hotel.

Lewis Royce has moved from Truesdell Hill to Henry Robbins's house, being employed by Mr. Robbins as a farm hand.

Rev. J. H. Wrin, curate of St. Patrick's church, is to leave his position here in about two weeks to take a similar position at West Fitchburg.

S. B. Knowlton of Amherst College has been visiting friends in town this week. He took the first Thompson prize for highest excellence in Latin in the junior year, which was $40.

The college attendants who have homes here are beginning to arrive, among them being W. L. Ricketts, a graduate of Tufts this year, E. L. Morris of Amherst, F. D. Tucker of Yale University, Arthur Tucker of Mt. Hermon, A. Thresher of Dennison University, Granville, O., and Miss Helen Thresher of Lassell Seminary, Auburndale.

WARE.

Peaches and watermelons have appeared in the market.

The strawberry festival and dance by the Canadien Circle Tuesday evening was largely attended, and was a success financially.

There was a large attendance at the School house in district No. 9, Hardwick, last Sunday, to hear Rev. C. M. Hall of Ware preach.

A Frenchman at work in Aspen Grove cemetery was overcome by the heat Tuesday and taken to his home in a critical condition.

The long-looked-for post office inspector was in town Wednesday, but left without expressing an opinion in regard to locating the post office.

The real estate of the late Joseph C. Breckenridge was sold at auction for $100 above the mortgages to Miss Drinkwater of Boston, formerly of Ware.

By an error it was stated last week that Mrs. Williams had been appointed executrix of the will of Franklin D. Richards. It should have been Mrs. Richards.

Dr. W. O. Barrett writes from the Yellowstone National Park that he is having a delightful time among the wonderful scenery. He is expected to arrive home July 1st.

Mrs. Mary Jacobs, 55, widow of the late G. V. Jacobs, and who has been an invalid for several years, died at the residence of her son-in-law, William C. March, on High street on Sunday.

All the storekeepers in Ware, except the proprietors of the drug and confectionery stores and saloons, have signed the following: "We, merchants of Ware, agree to close our respective places of business on Thursday afternoons of each week at 12.30, commencing the second Thursday in July, and continue the closing each Thursday afternoon through July and August."

Last Saturday the Wares had no trouble in beating the Charlton Citys 21 to 0. To-morrow the Wares are to play the Chicopee Amateurs with Sears and Sullivan for a battery, while the Wares are to have Hare and Healy. Hare is the celebrated pitcher of the Amherst College team. The Wares have arranged to play two games with the West Warrens July 4th—at Ware in the forenoon and at West Warren in the afternoon.

Rev. Dr. Graham Taylor of Hartford preached at the East Congregational church last Sunday morning and evening. The evening service was addressed principally to the young men. Theme, "The Heroism of Christian Manliness," the text being from the 13th verse of the 16th chapter of 1st Corinthians, "Quit You Like Men." He held that to become a man in the fullest sense of the word it was necessary to be a Christian. His sermon was eloquent and able, and was closely followed by a large audience.

There was a large audience of our music-loving people at the song recital given by the pupils of Miss H. G. Richardson Monday evening, and judging from their enthusiastic applause all were greatly delighted. All without exception showed a wonderful training of their vocal powers. Especially noticeable were the clear, bird-like tones, with a full richness that could seldom if ever be reached without careful study and practice. The thanks of the community are due Miss Richardson for this musical treat. The program was:

Che Faro Senza Euridice,	Miss Mary R. Moore.	*Gluck*
Florians Song,	Mrs. May N. Lee.	*Godard*
Only the Sound of a Voice,	Miss Roxy Collins.	*Watson*
When the Heart is Young,	Miss Hattie Owen.	*Dudley Buck*
Tom Bowling,	Mr. C. H. Lee.	*Old English Song*
Herz Mein Herz,	Miss Mary H. Lawton.	*Beethoven*
Polka Chantante,	Miss Lottie H. Richardson.	*Strelcski*
Fur Dicesti,	Miss Mary Root.	*Lotti*
Disappointment,	Miss Fannie Eaton.	*Hood*
The Asra,	Miss Florence Richardson.	*Rubenstein*
Song,	Mr. C. H. Lee.	
One Summer Night,	Miss Lottie H. Richardson.	*Thomas*
Awake Saturnia,	Miss Mary H. Lawton.	*Handel*
Lethe,	Miss Mary R. Moore.	*Boott*
Quartette.		

LEGISLATIVE MATTERS.

BOSTON, June 21, 1890.

A session of the Senate was held on Thursday, and a long debate occurred on the House bill to appropriate $10,000 to the State Firemen's Association. It was opposed by Senators Hosmer, Parker and Robbins, but when it came to a vote only those three and Senator Pinkerton of Worcester were recorded against it. They adjourned to Monday, and the House also, without action, met and adjourned to Monday.

Thursday's developments at the West End investigation were of interest. Mr. Fernald, the Worcester lobbyist, said he spent nearly $100 in traveling about to locate the rumors as to the work of the Ames-Shepard people, but found nothing. Theodore C. Bates paid his expenses. Mr. Bates told of his great financial interest in the West End Land Co. and of his intimate relations with President Whitney of the West End Street Railway Co., so he could not really tell on which account the $7500 he had from Mr. Whitney should be applied. He expected to refund to Mr. Hyde the balance of the $500 not spent. He denied most positively any improper use of money in politics.

Ex-Gov. Long said he had a retainer of $1000 and sent in his bill for $1500 more for services before the committee. He thought it perfectly proper to speak to the speaker about the make-up of his committees. Chairman Burdett of the Republican State committee said that his retainer of $250 was given with the expectation that he would appear before the committee, but he did not and did nothing for the money. Mr. Whitney said P. A. Collins and William Gaston were retained at $1000, and William E. Russell at $500, all for accident cases. Mr. Hyde wrote that the Algonquin Club dinners cost $1922.12, and hack hire $584.50.

Friday forenoon's testimony was to show that the Mack people were wholly free from the improper influences charged upon the West End. Their solitary counsel testified that he had no associates, had hired none of the third House and had practically done nothing with the Legislature. Then came Representative Story of Gloucester, telling how his lodging at the Tremont House was paid for him by some unknown person (presumably by the West End.) He was followed by William H. Shaw, a two-months' resident of Boston, who said that Representative Grossman of Boston asked him regarding the Mack bill, if there was anything in it for him. But Shaw very clearly made a poor impression on the committee as to veracity. He was found to be mixed up with Sanderson and Pranker, who testified against Senator Fassett, and one of the committee asked him whether he had ever heard of Ananias being connected with the elevated roads—a question which was immediately ruled out.

In the afternoon Attorney E. C. Gilman of the Ames-Shepard syndicate was on, but added little light. He did attack the lobby, however, as having a highwayman's methods, but not his courage. He could not give much information about the Ames-Shepard lobby. It employed Callender, Marsh, Young, Ladd, Walker and others. The bookkeeper of the West End was put on and gave figures in agreement with previous statements as to amounts paid to the counsel and lobby engaged.

This week has brought the conclusion of the West End investigation, and since its close on Tuesday afternoon the investigating committee has been at work on its report. Though that report might have been presented this week, yet as the business of the Legislature could not probably have also been dispatched before Sunday, they concluded to postpone the whole matter to next week. This will carry the session into July and make it the longest of any year in the history of the state, except in 1883, when Gov. Butler and the Tewksbury scandal kept them here till July 27. But this great length is only nominal, for the real business of the session closed June 13, and the Legislature would have been prorogued on that day had it not been for the West End investigation. Of actual working time this legislature has consumed less than several others in recent years, and this should be remembered when one is disposed to scold the solons for being prorogued so late.

All of Tuesday forenoon was occupied by George M. Stearns in his argument to defend the course of the West End, and the afternoon was given to Attorney General Waterman to make the closing argument for what must be regarded as the prosecution. Mr. Stearns was very humorous and often provoked the laughter and applause of his listeners. He did the best he could, too, to show that the West End was innocent. He reminded the committee that the West End did not create the lobby, but found it, and that the Legislature itself was responsible for its existence. It was the tout law of the state, he asserted, that the lobby was employed. Then he went on to ridicule the lobby, deriding them as weak and little men, without influence, but imagining themselves of vast importance, "whooping up West End with voices as juiceless as a sun-dried bladder." He pictured the big lobbies of former Legislatures, when the members were carried from one end of the state to the other by the Boston and Albany road, when the Fitchburg railroad's lobby went into conventions all over the state and dictated the nomination of a Republican candidate for governor, yet earned the title of "king of the lobby," and when the Conservatory of Music and woman suffragists had dined the legislators. He also told how essential it was that the West End should get the ear of the Legislature, and as it could be done in no other way, it way necessary to take them to the Algonquin Club dinners. Of course decent hospitality and politeness required that they should be given something to eat and that they should not come at their own expense, hence the dinners and hack hires. So, all through Mr. Stearns' argument it was a belittleing of the offense, an excusing of it by saying that other people did so, that it was not so bad after all, but it was necessary, that the Legislature was responsible, and so on. Perhaps it satisfied the committee. For myself, with all its brilliancy and humor, it seemed to be a weak and tame effort to excuse the inexcusable, and what Mr. Stearns knew was inexcusable.

Attorney General Waterman put the case on its moral ground and showed the thinness of the excuses made in behalf of the West End. He traced the growth of the plans of the West End, the buying out of the Ames-Shepard syndicate and the transfer to the West End of the large lobby which had been employed by that syndicate. He showed how eminent lawyers of both political parties—John D. Long, William G. Russell, William E. Russell, Patrick A. Collins, William Gaston and so on, not to mention Chairman Joseph O. Burdett of the Republican state committee, and Theodore C. Bates, chairman of the executive committee of that committee—had been retained, how leading political workers all over the state had been secured for the sake of influencing men of both political parties, and how a vast sum of money had been spent. Mr. Waterman showed that for legitimate and illegitimate purposes the West End had spent $53,414.87 on its petition and bill, aside from the large but unknown sum which was paid to the Ames-Shepard syndicate for getting out of the way. He pictured the blunting of the moral faculties which was evident in the West End's operations, so that it even sent money into Worcester county for the sake of influencing the election of members of the Legislature. He also stated to the committee that if certain witnesses had not been away and others had not now denied what they had previously said, the charges of bribery, which Mr. Williams decided not to press, could have been proved. LANDON.

SAVED.—A fine family of children were all afflicted with scrofula. Two died early; the rest would soon have followed but for the timely and persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which built them up into a healthy and vigorous manhood.

A Wonder Worker.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case to be consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found, before he had used half of a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it and is to-day enjoying good health. If you have any throat, lung or chest trouble try it. We guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free at LeGro & Lynde's drug store.(5)

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price 50c and $1 per bottle at LeGro & Lynde's drug store. (5)

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by LeGro & Lynde. 52-9

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

Spring Goods.

A Fine Line of LINEN GOODS Stamped and Plain.

China Silk, Plush, Scrim, And all Desiralde Materials for Fancy Work.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF SMALL WARES.

BASKETS IN GREAT VARIETY.

5 and 10 Cent Counters Full of Useful Goods and constantly receiving additions. Call and see

E. L. DAVIS, HOLDEN'S BLOCK, MAIN ST., PALMER.

DR. HART'S KING OF REMEDIES, —FOR— RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA, LIVER AND KIDNEYS, MALARIA, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.

SOUTHINGTON MEDICINE CO.
Dear Sirs:—I can truthfully and cheerfully say that having procured one bottle of your "King of all Remedies" for my wife, it has benefited her very much. She has great faith in it. For months her appetite was very poor, but after taking one bottle of the medicine her appetite has increased, and she wishes me to express her thanks for this timely and valuable remedy. Yours, CHARLES A. WAY.
Holyoke, Oct. 21, 1889.

SOUTHINGTON MEDICINE CO.
Gentlemen:—One year ago last February my wife fell down stairs and received injuries which brought on a severe illness from that time until the early part of the present month. She has suffered with almost continuous pains, especially in her bones. Hearing of your great remedy, she tried it, and at the present time, after using two bottles, feels as well as ever, and her pains have entirely ceased. In connection with the Remedy she used Cyclone Liniment. Respectfully yours, ROBERT BOWEN.
So. Hadley Falls, Mass., Oct. 3, 1889.

For sale by all druggists. One dollar per bottle, or six for $5. Prepared by SOUTHINGTON MED. CO., Southington, Conn. 52-35.

BANANAS Direct from the importers. For sale at Wholesale and Retail. SPECIAL PRICES FOR TEN BUNCH LOTS.

James Pendergast.

Monson, Mass., May 21st, 1890. 13-8

BUNKER HILL $3.00-PANTS.-$3.00 Lots of Orders this Spring. 300 SAMPLES.

W. E. STONE.

WHITE FROST FLOUR AT SMITH & CO'S.

CARD.—I wish to thank the many kind friends who came to my aid in the time when trial came to me with such crushing weight. The kindness expressed in flowers—the loved one said if flowers would cure her, her kind friends certainly would bring her back health. She had daily remembrances of the kind sympathy which cheered her in her sufferings to the last. Words fail me to express my thankfulness to you for the kindnesses in that last great trial. May the kind Father give you his choicest blessings and bestrew your pathway through life with flowers, as you did my loved companion. C. H. MCMASTER.
Monson, June 26th, 1890.

You can never know till you try, how quickly a dose of Ayer's Pills will cure your sick headache. Your stomach and bowels need cleansing, and these pills will accomplish it more effectually and comfortably than any other medicine you can find.

Eleven Years in Charge

of the package department, Boston and Maine depot, Boston, Mass. Miss Helen Jones says: "I was a sufferer from general debility, biliousness and water brash for several years, and life seemed almost a burden to me. After using almost everything, Sulphur Bitters cured me.

The Captain

of good Ship Storm King says: "For the past five years I have used Sulphur Bitters on board my vessel, and have not lost a man. They are a sure preventive of all contagious fevers, so incident to warm climates. Please send me at once two dozen bottles, and oblige J. Starret.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. 1y-23

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

When Baby was sick we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.
2y31

To become happy, read about the improved Medical Discovery in another column.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

Potter & Hunt,

Our popular and original "SPECIAL SALE PRICE" of

$2.29

We have this day affixed to the regular line of Gentlemen's Russet Bals which we have sold all the season for $3.50. Also

$2.29

will be the price of the Bongola Bicycle Bals which were $3.50 at the regular price. Also Men's, Boys' and Youths'

TENNIS OXFORDS (First Quality)

50c.

These prices hold good for the remainder of the month. Every week we offer a

"SPECIAL SALE."

The one above is of EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

THINK OF IT.

Two dollars in Shoe value for one.

Potter & Hunt, DISTRIBUTORS OF SHOES. GILL'S BLOCK, 344 Main Street, SPRINGFIELD, - 26-6 MASS.

Flour, Grain and Feed.

SOUTHERN WHITE CORN For Ensilage and Fodder.

PLASTER AND PARIS GREEN, Fence Wire, etc.

POULTRY SUPPLIES.

GRASS SEED, Salt and Fertilizers.

Just received some of the BEST OATS, FINE FEED AND WINTER WHEAT BRAN You ever saw.

N. B.—Some men think that Fertilizers do the most good to apply and hoe in at time of hoeing.
P. S.—I have still a large stock of Stockbridge's SPECIAL MANURES for Corn and Potatoes; also lower grades of Fertilizers for those who want cheap grades.

The FERTILIZER is on farm of J. Gates, Palmer, and on Stever place, Thorndike, (W. W. Whiting).

GOOD GOODS FOR A LOW CASH PRICE.
☞ Watch this Space in Future. ☜
For prices write or go to

H. C. GATES, On farm of J. Gates, PALMER, MASS. P. O. Address, Box 23, THORNDIKE. 52-2

COAL. COAL. COAL. COAL.

We are now ready to receive orders for coal to be delivered after August 1st next, within reasonable distance from either railroad station, at the following prices:

Stove Size,	$5.25	Pittston Egg,	$5.25
Chestnut Size,	5.25	Sugar Loaf Lehigh Egg,	5.50

Will furnish good men to house and bin the same, charging for their time only. We cannot sell any more at the above-named prices than is covered by this purchase, and advise sending in orders early. The Lehigh Egg quoted is from the best Lehigh section, and as a furnace coal cannot be excelled.

Orders by mail or left at our office will have prompt attention.

R. M. & THEO. REYNOLDS.

Monson, Mass., May 23, 1890.

CASTORIA.

CASTORIA promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.
82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."
ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D.
1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent-up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD.
Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
77 Murray Street. - - New York.

D. W. FOSKETT,
GRAIN DEALER,
FOSKETT'S MILLS,

HAS JUST RECEIVED A FULL LINE OF

Agricultural Tools,

Which he proposes to sell at lowest prices.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF ALL THE BEST GRADES OF PLOWS, DISC, CUTAWAY AND ACME HARROWS, HORSE HOES & CULTIVATORS.

A FULL LINE OF

SHOVELS, FORKS, RAKES AND HOES

Of the best makes for the least money. Anything in the line of Agricultural Implements not in stock we will procure for you at short notice.

MOWING MACHINES.

THE ADRIANCE IS THE ORIGINAL.

Under our original trade mark of BUCKEYE and NEW MODEL BUCKEYE (first applied by us to mowers) the machines built at our works have won a world-wide reputation. To avoid being misled and disappointed, see that you get a machine bering our exclusive trade mark, "ADRIANCE."

The Clipper Mower,

Also a first-class machine.

The "TAYLOR" and "ROYAL" RAKES and a full line of haying tools. 53-3

SULPHUR BITTERS.

For those deathly Bilious spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS. It will cure you.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up, and make you strong and healthy.

Do you suffer with that tired and all-gone feeling? If so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in-doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

$1000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich, and strong, and your flesh hard.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting thro' the skin in Pimples, Blotches and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send three 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & Co., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy free.

WORCESTER BRAND SALT. At SMITH & CO'S.

PALMER IRON FOUNDRY
AND MACHINE SHOP.
At the junction of B. & A. and N. L. N. Railroads. West of Depot.
MACHINERY CASTINGS MADE & GENERAL JOBBING DONE
At short notice and reasonable prices.
52-35 EDGERTON & FRANCIS.

BANANAS, ORANGES AND LEMONS.
PINE APPLES. GARDEN SEEDS.
W. E. STONE.

FOR SALE.
CONCORD BUGGIES,
HANDY WAGONS,
ROAD WAGONS,
TOP CARRIAGES
OF ALL KINDS.
A first-class shifting carriage-pole for $10.
If you want any kind of a wagon or cart, call on me, and I will give you as low a price as they can be sold for.
Plain Horse-Shoeing, $1.25.
G. O. HENRY,
52-1 PALMER, Mass.

WARE FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP.
FIRST-CLASS IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS
—AND—
GENERAL MACHINE REPAIRS.
WE have in stock, or make to order at short notice: Plow Points of all kinds, Cultivator Teeth, Scrapers, Stall Collars and Guards, Hitching Posts, Lawn Settees and Chairs, Umbrella Stands, Sinks, Kettles, Wagon Shoes, Window Weights, Building Columns, and all kinds of iron and brass castings.
We also do all kinds of machine repairing promptly and in the best manner, at reasonable prices.
2-tf. J. P. PERO, Proprietor.

DR. ELMER E. HILL,
DENTIST,
HATCH'S BLOCK, PALMER, MASS.

BORAX SOAP. AT SMITH & CO'S

A Romance Spoiled.

Two lovers went to the base-ball game
One afternoon in May.
He was a "crank;" she never had seen
Professional players play.

He faithfully tried to explain it all,
She tried to understand;
But the more he talked, the less she knew
Why he thought the game was "grand."

He cheered, he danced, he yelled "Hi! hi!"
She calmly looked about;
And if any one made a three-base hit,
She asked if the man was out.

She tried her best to keep the score,
But when the game was done
He found that whenever a foul was hit
She had given the man a run.

It dampened his ardor to have her say:
"Why doesn't the umpire bat?"
And each question she asked diminished his love,
Though he wouldn't have owned to that,

Till at last she asked in her guileless way,
"Which nine is playing now?"
He broke the engagement then and there,
And now they don't even bow.
—*Somerville Journal.*

AMONG THE PARAGRAPHERS.

YE POOR CENSUS MAN.

"Pray what is your age?" said ye census man sage,
And ye damsel spoke never a word.
"Are you foolish, insane, deaf, humpbacked or lame?"
And she smiled at a thought so absurd.
"Do you powder or paint?" and her smile it grew faint,
"Do you snore, Miss, and have you cold feet?"
Ye damsel yet she spake not, you bet,
But ye man he lay dead in ye street.
—*Washington Critic.*

No language can express the feelings of a deaf mute who steps on a tack in a dark room.—*Elmira Gazette.*

"You say that drinking is one of your husband's failings?" "Failings? Oh, no; it is one of his successes."—*Life.*

"You smoke a dark cigar, don't you?" "Well, not altogether. It is generally light at one end."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

In the bright lexicon of youth there may be no such word as fail, but it's very different with Bradstreet's.—*Washington Post.*

His Mother—"Johnny, what are you sucking that whetstone for?" The Terror—"I'm sharpening my appetite."—*Van Dorn's Magazine.*

"So you had your clothes made by Worth? Did you get a good fit?" "No! My husband will have the fit when the bill comes in."—*Liverpool Post.*

Customer—"What's the price of butter?" Grocer—"Different prices; accordin' to quality. Do you want it fer eatin', cookin' er greasin'."—*New York Weekly.*

"Clara," said he—"Clara—" "Thomas," she whispered, "I do love you; but aren't you a little mistaken? This is Friday night, and I am Sarah."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mistress (to new hired girl)—"Bridget, you can go now and put the mackerel in soak." Bridget (sympathetically)—"Sure, ma'am, air ye reduced to that?"—*New York Herald.*

He—"I've a great mind to kiss you." She—"If you do I'll ring!" He—"Oh, please—" She—"To have James tell mamma that I'm very busy and must not be disturbed."—*Chatter.*

Not an Expert. Barber—"How is the razor, sir?" Victim—"I wouldn't know I was being shaved." Barber (flattered)—"Glad to—" Victim—"I'd think I was being sandpapered."—*Stray.*

Lover—"Don't withhold your consent on account of my income, sir. I can support your daughter on $25 a week." Pater—"Then you are a jim dandy. I never could."—*New York Sun.*

Anxious Father—"And could you support my daughter, sir?" Student—"I have two strong arms." Anxious Father—"But can they support her?" Student—"They often have, sir."—*The Tuftonian.*

A Woman of Resources. Poet (in despair)—"Wife, the wolf is at the door. What shall we do?" Poet's Wife—"Go up on the second floor and lasso him with the clothes-line, and we'll cook him."—*Life.*

Broken-nosed Willie. Nurse—"See, Willie, you have two little brothers. Aren't they pretty?" Willie (remembering the usual disposal of surplus kittens)—"Which one are we going to drown?"—*America.*

"Here, waiter, is a dollar for a tip. I've just been looking over the bill of fare. Now, tell me honest, what you can recommend?" Waiter (in a hoarse whisper)—"Go to some other restaurant."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Doctor (to Mrs. Limberchin)—"Let me see your tongue, please." Mr. L. (soliloquizing)—"There's caution for you! Wish I'd thought to examine that unruly member before I bound myself for life."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Affectionate Sex. Mabel (enviously)—"Look at that conceited girl. How she shows off. Why did you kiss such a creature?" Ethel—"Oh, she's awfully painted, and I made a spot on her cheek to show how she's made up."—*Pick Me Up.*

Five-Year-Old (to minister)—"Can a church whistle?" Minister—"Why do you ask such a silly question, my lad?" "Oh, just 'cause pa owes $15 back pew rent, and he says he's going to let the church whistle for it."—*New York Morning Journal.*

Frenzied Citizen (to census enumerator)—"I hope, sir, you have completed your inquisitorial list of questions." Enumerator—"There's but one more." Citizen—"Out with it." Enumerator—"Where did you get that hat?"—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

New Shakespearian Critic. Miss B.—"And you have just returned from Verona? Did you enjoy your winter there?" Miss S. (with emphasis)—"No; it's a perfectly stupid old place. Really, I don't believe there were ever two gentlemen in Verona."—*Chautauquan.*

"Hab yo' got any medicine dat will purify de blood?" "Yes; we keep this sarsaparilla at one dollar a bottle. It purifies the blood and clears the complexion." "Well, boss, hasn't yo' got sumfin' fo' about fifty cents, jess fo' de blood? I don't keer about de complexion."—*Life.*

Little Gracie had been very naughty about something, and her mother told her she might take her choice between being put to bed in the daytime or being spanked. Grace thought a minute and then replied: "Bedness is awful, but spanking is worse."—*New York Independent.*

Evaporated. Mrs. Pennifeather—"Goodness gracious! I wonder what in the world has become of all my tarts?" Mr. Pennifeather—"Where did you put them?" Mrs. P.—"Right on the window sill, here." Mr. P.—"That accounts for it. You have carelessly exposed them to the son."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Clarkson—"You said in your advertisement that a fine stream of water where bathing may be had ran near the house; (facetiously) I see nothing but the pump." Skinnem (proprietor of the Catskill Gem)—"See here, mister, you don't expect the Niagary Falls for $6 a week, do you?"—*American Grocer.*

GOOD AS GOLD

So enthusiastic are thousands of people over the benefits derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, that they can hardly find words to express their confidence in and gratitude for this medicine. "Worth its weight in gold" is a favorite expression of these warm friends.

If you are in need of a good medicine to purify your blood, build up your strength, cure dyspepsia, or create an appetite, try

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Pure Blood

—MAKES—

THE HAPPY BODY.

To coin a good word Dear Reader are you "Blood-happy," or is your blood dragging you through the depths of distress with

Influenza,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Biliousness,
Scrofula or
Kindred Diseases? Then

Free the blood from these poisons. Don't mope along half alive, half dead, but rouse up your system. Give your good old friend, the stomach, a chance to do its work.

Here is the Remedy.

Tried, Trusty and True. The ingredients of this wonderful remedy have been used as a favorite and successful medicine for many years, but like the improvements in the telegraph since Morse, the sewing machine since Howe, and the electric light since Franklin forced the first spark, the new and perfect combination of these ingredients has never been reached until combined as now in FISCHER'S IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

This medicine purifies the blood as naturally as water quenches thirst. *It cures.* This is its history in a nutshell. Grateful testimonials are received every day. Price $1.00.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Roxbury Medical Co.

52 WARREN STREET, ROXBURY, MASS.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 4t
nmr4p 52-44

GILL'S ART STORE.

Note Papers 8c, 10c and 12c per lb.
100 Blank Notes or Receipts 10c.
125 sheets Parson's Paper 25c.
20c, 15c and 10c envelopes only 5c a pack.

For polite correspondence buy only

Gill's Royal Linen

WITH ENVELOPES TO MATCH

At Special Price. Wedding and Visiting Cards a specialty.

FRAMED UP PICTURES

Well Mounted, Good Subjects, Quality Right,

$2, 2.50, 3, 4, 5 to 10 Each.

Well adapted for the home of good taste and moderate means.

GILL'S BOOK SALES

Are all made on the worth of the book. Poor books, like poor pictures, bring nothing, and are not worth anything.

—TRADE AT—

GILL'S ART STORE,

13-4 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

BRICK.

I am and shall continue to be prepared to furnish First-Class

Building Brick

from my yard. The brick manufactured at this yard have no superior, being of large size, good color, great hardness and perfect shape. My

BRICK YARD

Is located at West Brimfield, the first station east of Palmer on the Boston and Albany railroad, and my facilities for getting out

BRICK

Are first-class. Prompt attention and satisfaction in all cases.

C. L. ALEXANDER,
PALMER, - MASS.

ANCHOR LINE.
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS
Sail weekly to and from
NEW YORK AND GLASGOW
And regularly between
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL
VIA QUEENSTOWN.
Passage tickets and Drafts For Sale by
DWYER & SULLIVAN,
52-37 77 Main Street, Palmer.

A NEW LINE OF
Wall Papers.
A New Line of
SCOTCH AND DOMESTIC GINGHAMS.
APRON AND SHIRTING PRINTS
FIVE CENTS PER YARD.
W. E. STONE.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND
CONCORDS, FARM WAGONS, AND TWO 2-HORSE CARTS,
FOR SALE BY
G. W. BURDICK
Monson. 10-tf

BOSTON AND MAINE R. R.
CENTRAL MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION.
TIME TABLE COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 26, 1890.

LEAVE BOSTON for Northampton, Hadley, Amherst, So. Amherst, Belchertown and Bondsville, 7.00 and 8.00 a. m., 1.30 and 4.00 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Northampton, 6.00, 8.05 a. m., 2.00 p. m. Sunday, 6.00 a. m.
Hadley, 6.06, 8.11 a. m., 2.05 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 a. m.
Amherst, 6.15, 8.20 a. m., 2.14 p. m. Sunday, 6.15 a. m.
So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19 p. m. Sunday, 6.20 a. m.
Belchertown, 6.34, 8.37 a. m., 2.32 p. m. Sunday, 6.34 a. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 8.46 a. m., 2.42 p. m. Sunday, 6.45 a. m.

LOCAL SERVICE BETWEEN WARE & NORTHAMPTON
LEAVE, Ware, 6.10, 10.44 a. m., 4.36, 6.45 p. m. Sunday, 4.33 p. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 10.59 a. m., 4.50, 7.01 p. m. Sunday, 4.50 p. m.
Belchertown, 7.10, 10.31 11.09 a. m., 5.00, 7.11 p. m. Sunday, 5.03 p. m.
So. Amherst, 7.40, 11.22 a. m., 5.43, 7.23 p. m. Sunday, 5.17 p. m.
Amherst, 7.55, 10.47, 11.28 a. m., 5.19, 7.29 p. m. Sunday, 5.23 p. m.
Hadley, 8.21, 11.38 a. m., 5.28, 7.38 p. m. Sunday 5.33 p. m.
ARRIVE, Northampton, 8.38, 11.00, 11.45 a. m., 5.35, 7.45 p. m. Sunday, 5.40 p. m.
LEAVE, Northampton, 6.00, 8.05 a. m., 2.00, 6.22, 7.20 p. m. Sunday, 6.00 a. m.
Hadley, 6.06, 8.11 a. m., 2.05, 7.30 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 a. m.
Amherst, 6.15, 8.20 a. m., 2.14, 6.35, 7.56 p. m. Sunday, 6.15 a. m.
So. Amherst, 6.20 a. m., 2.19, 8.05 p. m. Sunday, 6.20 a. m.
Belchertown, 6.34, 8.37 a. m., 2.32, 6.52, 8.35 p. m. Sunday, 6.34 a. m.
Bondsville, 6.45, 8.46 a. m., 2.42, 8.55 p. m. Sunday, 6.45 a. m.
ARRIVE, Ware, 7.00, 9.00 a. m., 3.00, 7.15, 9.25 p. m. Sunday, 7.00 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for Ware, Gilbertville, Barre, Rutland, Oakdale and West Boylston, 7.00 a. m., 1.30, 4.00 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Ware, 7.00, 9.00 a. m., 3.00, 7.15 p. m. Sunday, 7.00 a. m.
Gilbertville, 7.09, 9.07 a. m., 3.08, 7.22 p. m. Sunday, 7.09 a. m.
Barre, 7.35, 9.22 a. m., 3.27 p. m. Sunday, 7.35 a. m.
Rutland, 7.59, 9.37 a. m., 3.45 p. m. Sunday, 7.59 a. m.
Oakdale, 8.35, 10.04 a. m., 4.11. 8.17 p. m. Sunday, 8.30 a. m.
West Boylston, 8.39, 10.08 a. m., 4.15 p. m. Sunday, 8.34 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for New Braintree, Hardwick, Barre Plains, Coldbrook, 7.00 a. m., 1.30, 4.00 p. m. Sunday, 1. 15 p. m.
RETURN, New Baintree, 7.16 a. m., 3.14 p. m., Sunday, 7.16 a. m.
Hardwick, 7.20 a. m., 3.17 p. m. Sunday, 7.20 a. m.
Barre Plains, 7.28 a. m., 3.23 p. m. Sunday, 7.28 a. m.
Coldbrook, 7.42 a. m., 3.32 p. m. Sunday, 7.42 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for So. Clinton and Berlin, 7.00 a. m., 1.30, 4.00 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN
So. Clinton, 8.48 a. m., 4.22 p. m. Sunday, 8.43 a. m.
Berlin, 9.00 a. m., 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 8.51 a. m.
LEAVE BOSTON for Hudson, So. Sudbury, 7.00, 8.00, 9.20 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, 5.25, 6.25, p. m. Sunday 1.15 p. m.
RETURN, Hudson, 6.30, 7.40, 9.10, 10.30 a. m., 12.35, 4.39 p. m. Sunday, 9.01 a. m.
So. Sudbury, 6.46, 7.55, 9.28 a. m., 12.52, 4.55 p. m. Sunday, 9.21 a. m.
LEAVE for WAYLAND, 7.12, 7.00, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WAYLAND, 5.50, 6.53, 8.02, 8.45, 9.36 a. m., 12.58, 2.40, 5.01, 5.15, 8.59 p. m. Sunday, 9.29 a. m.
LEAVE for WESTON, 7.12, 7.00, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WESTON, 6.00, 7.02, 8.10, 8.54, 9.44 10.52 a. m., 1.07, 2.49, 5.25, 5.09, 9.04 p. m. Sunday, 9.37 a. m.
LEAVE for WALTHAM, 7.00, 7.12, 8.00, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 1.30, 4.00, 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WALTHAM, 6.08, 7.10, 8.17, 9.02, 9.52, 10.58 a. m., 1.15, 2.57, 5.33, 5.16, 9.10 p. m. Sunday, 9.45 a. m.
LEAVE for WAVERLY, 7.00 7.12, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN WAVERLY, 6.15, 7.18, 8.23, 9.07, 9.56 a. m., 1.30, 3.02, 5.40, 5.20 p. m. Sunday, 9.51 a. m.
LEAVE for BELMONT, 7.00, 7.12, 9.20, 11.40 a. m., 4.20, 5.25, 6.00, 6.25 p. m. Sunday, 1.15 p. m.
RETURN BELMONT, 6.18, 7.21, 8.25, 9.10, 9.57 a. m., 1.23, 3.05, 5.48, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.54 a. m.
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